# Outdoor America

SEPTEMBER, 1927

Price 25 Cents

*Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America*

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

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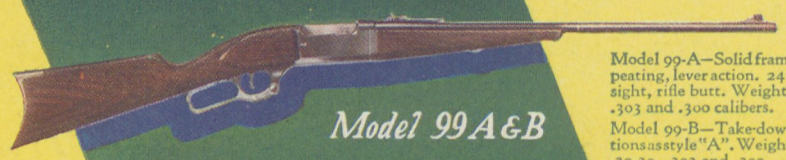

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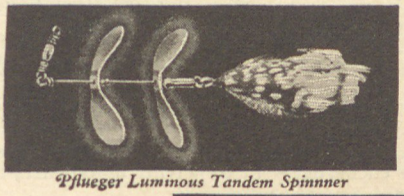

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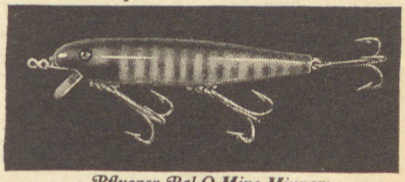

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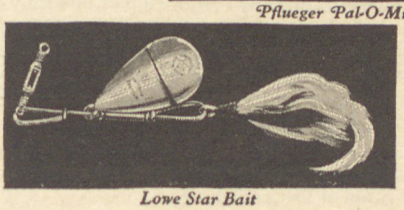

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THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a national organization of sportsmen and sportswomen actively interested in the preservation and restoration of America's recreational areas and the perpetuation of sports afield and astream, having more than 2900 chapter units throughout North America.

The League has no commercial interests, political alliances or religious affiliations. No officer or director receives a salary.

This magazine, to which the leading writers and artists of America contribute, is published only for the purpose of further disseminating information on the necessity for conserving the remnants of our national heritage.

The objects of the Izaak Walton League of America are:

To develop opportunities for the enjoyment of the great outdoors as an essential part of the character building and the spiritual and physical development of our people.

To encourage the protection and restoration of woods, wild flowers and wild life.

To safeguard the public health and conserve aquatic life by the elimination of pollution, and

To restore and transmit to posterity the Outdoor America of our ancestors.

The League's platform is as follows:

1. A comprehensive system of forest extension and management, reforestation of denuded areas, and proper encouragement to private landowners to grow timber.

2. A copious supply of pure water to safeguard public health and conserve aquatic life, and an aggressive campaign to eradicate pollution from inland and coastal waters.

3. Opposition to drainage projects which injure natural resources without equivalent benefit to the general public, and the restoration of unwisely drained areas.

4. More adequate protection for beneficial wild life, and the establishment of an ample number of properly administered fish and game refuges, and public fishing and hunting grounds.

5. The establishment of sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

6. The establishment of biological experiment stations for the training of scientific workers to guarantee expert supervision of all game and fish propagation and distribution.

7. Opposition to the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes, except for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. Encouragement of a more universal appreciation of the aesthetic and economic value of our birds and wild flowers.

10. To develop greater opportunities for and encouragement of outdoor recreation as an essential part of the character-building, and the spiritual and physical development of the American people, especially our boys and girls.

11. The practice of true sportsmanship, respect for the property of others, and strenuous opposition to all unfair and illegal methods.

12. The teaching of nature study and the fundamental principles of conservation in all schools of America.

13. Co-operation with all organizations having like aims and better co-ordination of the efforts of such organizations with state and governmental agencies.

14. An unceasing militant educational campaign to attain the declared objects of the Izaak Walton League.

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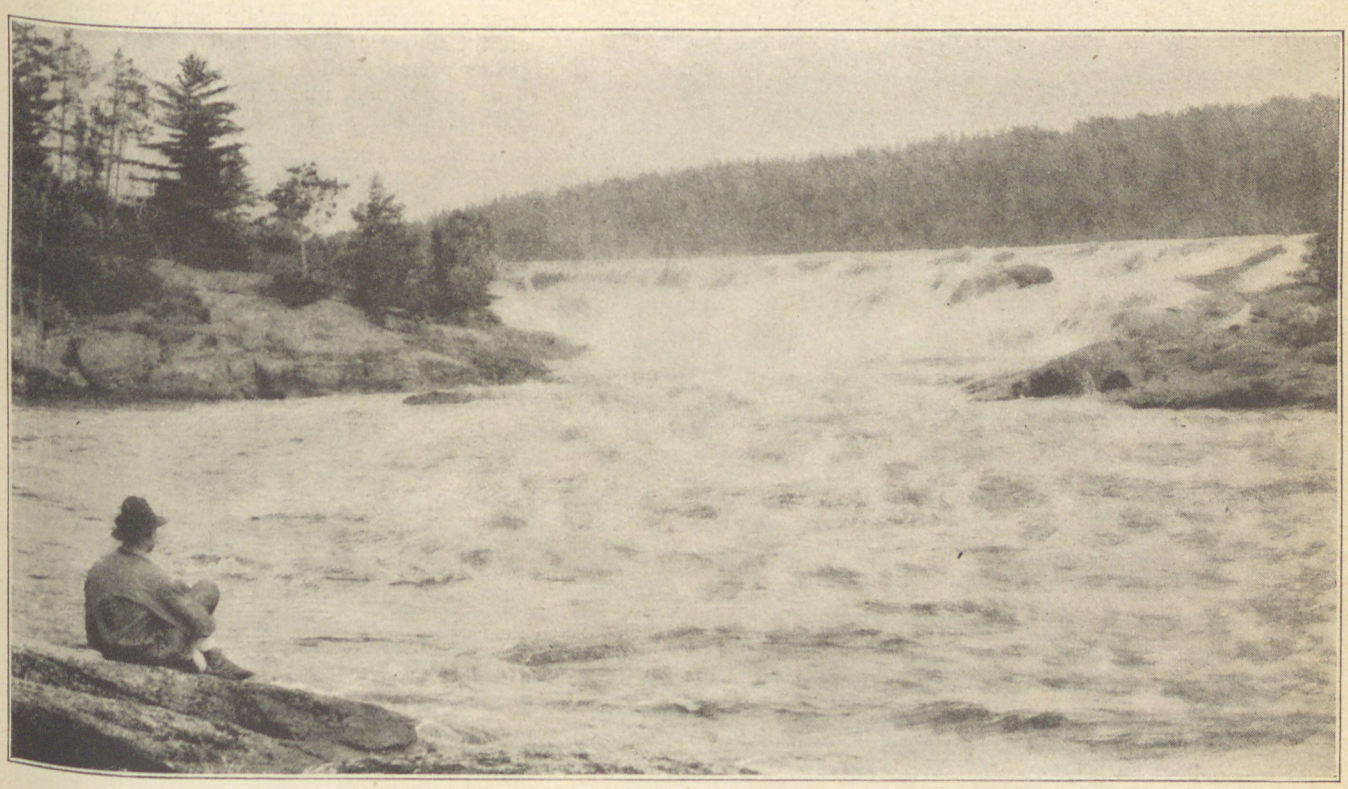
The sand beaches of the Superior Forest, the front line trenches of a battlefield of conservation.

# A Battlefield of Conservation

*The Superior National Forest, last wilderness in the heart of the continent, again imperilled.*

By DONALD HOUGH



*"Curtain Falls, great spectacle and pride of the boundary region, would be gone—"*

IN the early summer of 1917 I sat in the stern of a canoe that glided smoothly over the calm water of Rainy Lake, on the boundary between Minnesota and Canada. The canoe in which I rode was flanked by two others; our little flotilla moved evenly forward under the impulse of paddles wielded by six eager youths who gazed open-eyed at the beautiful vistas that opened up among the islands, through the narrows, beyond pine-clad points.

From Rainy we went into Namakon lake, traced our course among many islands, camped on a sloping sand beach beneath great pines. The next day we went up the Namakon river, portaged thundering cascades, caught big pike in the rapids, and after camping for two days at Myrtle falls, continued up the river, passed the dashing Snake falls, came to Lac La Croix.

Lac La Croix, most charming of all lakes in that north country, spread its hundreds of pine-crested islands before our delighted gaze; the Minnesota shores in the distance rose high and green above it all. I shall never forget the joys of that day's paddle as we wound among the islands; nor of the next, when we first saw Curtain Falls, pride of the boundary; nor shall I forget the next, when we saw seven moose at one time in Crooked lake and raced one old bull to the shore.

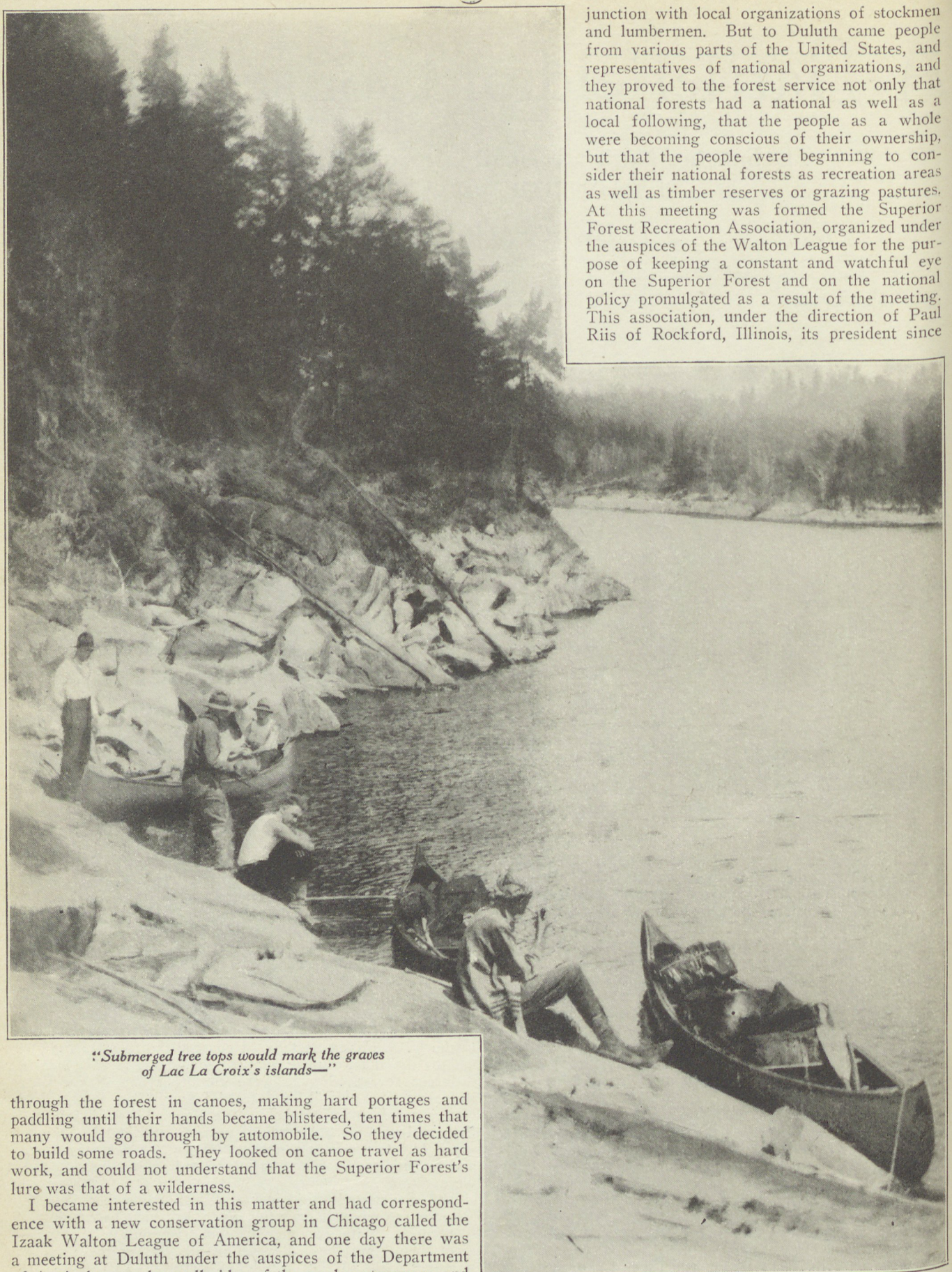
During that trip we saw, now and then, a sign nailed to a tree. These signs bore the green shield of the United States Forest Service, and told us that on the American side of the boundary waters was the Superior National Forest—a place of which none of us, though we all had been born and raised in Minnesota, ever had heard. We knew that the great pine forests on the Canadian side were in the Quetico Provincial Park—we had sent to Canada for our maps—but the fact that there was a national forest on the Minnesota side was news to all of us. During that trip of three weeks or more along the boundary, we saw two other canoes. These were paddled by Canadian rangers.

That was only ten years ago. Today the Superior Forest is known throughout America.

When our party returned home we went to the war. That required two years. It was three years later, therefore, that I next saw the Superior Forest. Then I wore on my shirt the bronze badge emblematic of employment in the U. S. Forest Service. I covered the forest from one end to the other during that season. But it was now a different forest. People were coming from all parts of the country to see it, and once I saw more than thirty canoes on Lac La Croix in one day. When I left the Service I gave an old canoe of mine to a friend in Ely and urged him to use it as a nucleus for a great fleet of canoes, and to build up an outfitting business, because the canoeists were coming.

And the tourists did come. Last September M. W. Peterson, to whom I gave the canoe, said that he had sixty-five canoes, with complete camping equipment to supplement them, that they all were in use during the summer together with all that could be borrowed, that there are four other outfitting agencies going full blast, and that, of course, a large percentage of the visitors bring their own canoes and outfits. And Ely is only one of several entrances to the Superior.

In fact, the canoeists came in such numbers that some people began to figure that if a thousand people would go



*"Submerged tree tops would mark the graves of Lac La Croix's islands—"*

through the forest in canoes, making hard portages and paddling until their hands became blistered, ten times that many would go through by automobile. So they decided to build some roads. They looked on canoe travel as hard work, and could not understand that the Superior Forest's lure was that of a wilderness.

I became interested in this matter and had correspondence with a new conservation group in Chicago called the Izaak Walton League of America, and one day there was a meeting at Duluth under the auspices of the Department of Agriculture to hear all sides of the road controversy, and it was there I met Will H. Dilg, founder of the Izaak Walton League. That meeting was probably the most significant ever held by the Department of Agriculture or the Forest Service. Previous to that meeting, affairs of the national forest had been conducted by the Forest Service in conjunction with local organizations of stockmen and lumbermen. But to Duluth came people from various parts of the United States, and representatives of national organizations, and they proved to the forest service not only that national forests had a national as well as a local following, that the people as a whole were becoming conscious of their ownership, but that the people were beginning to consider their national forests as recreation areas as well as timber reserves or grazing pastures. At this meeting was formed the Superior Forest Recreation Association, organized under the auspices of the Walton League for the purpose of keeping a constant and watchful eye on the Superior Forest and on the national policy promulgated as a result of the meeting. This association, under the direction of Paul Riis of Rockford, Illinois, its president since its inception, is in very active existence today, and it is the only national association in America concerned with the recreational phase of a national forest.

The result of that meeting, and of subsequent meetings which continued up to a year ago, was that the recreational

use of the Superior Forest was definitely recognized, and the road program was made subservient to such use. But the stopping of the comprehensive road program in the Superior was only a drop in the bucket compared to the real result of those meetings. They gave impetus to a move within the bureau ranks which has resulted in an entirely new phase of national forest use receiving full recognition.

The effects are more and more noticeable in all parts of this country where national control of the public domain is in effect. It is significant that since then—and this was helped by the elk situation in Jackson's Hole and the subsequent discussions—a statement of policy by the Secretary of Agriculture in regard to the Teton National Forest in Wyoming pointed out that in that particular forest the recreational values were to be primary, the timber values secondary, and that stock grazing was to be subservient to the needs of the wild life. That is perhaps the only national forest which, in its entirety, is being administered under such a policy. It represents the extreme application of the recreational use of national forests. But there are few forests in the West today which are not so designated in part, and most of them have definite "wilderness areas" set aside.

The Superior Forest has become a sort of a test ground on which such battles to determine national policy are fought. Many people have hinted to me that the Walton League directs a good deal of its attention to Minnesota, and especially to the Superior Forest. This is true. The League is fighting a national fight, but in this day of organized and standardized control of the public domain, it is necessary to decide issues and formulate broad policies on definite cases.

The reason that the Superior Forest figures so prominently in this national fight is that it is the last of the wilderness areas east of the Rocky Mountains. It constitutes, with the Quetico reserve which adjoins it on the Canadian side, a vast holding of timber and potential water power, possibly of minerals and metals, situated exactly in the heart of the North American continent. Because of its location it is perhaps one of the juiciest prizes dangling before the eyes of private exploiters today, and for the same reason it is one of the important recreation areas of the country—it is the principal one of the middle west, so far as wilderness areas go.

It is little wonder, then, that it is the battle ground on which the issue of the "greatest public use" must be decided. Things are constantly being brought to a head there, and the conservationists and the commercial interests are today struggling over the Superior Forest, and the results of this fight will be truly national in scope.

In order to show the importance of such battles, let me turn for a moment to the Upper Mississippi River Wild Life and Fish Refuge. The situation of the Upper Mississippi is similar to that of the Superior Forest—one of the few remaining wild places in the heart of the middle west. The river was not such a valuable commercial prize as the Superior, therefore the setting aside of that wonderful reserve did not result so much from a battle between commercial and conservation interests, as it did from an effort to establish a new idea in the administration of the national recreation areas and the public domain.

To many people that great fight by the Walton League, resulting in the setting aside of the Mississippi river bottom lands for a distance along the river of three hundred miles, was for the purpose of accomplishing only that immediate result.

But the battle put up by the League had a far greater significance than that.

It occurred to those interested in the national phase of outdoor recreation, and it especially occurred to Will H. Dilg, that there lay between the administration of the National Park Service and the Forest Service, each one of which operates under the direction of a different department of the government and views the public domain through different eyes, a middle-ground form of administration combining the best recreational angles of each.

The National Parks, under the administration of the Department of the Interior, are inviolable preserves of all natural resources and wild life excepting fish. Recreation is controlled and organized under government supervision.

The National Forests, on the other hand, are under the Department of Agriculture, and the inference of the name, which means growing and harvesting, is significant. They administer the natural resources in respect to their fullest use. National Forests, however, have no control over the game and fish within the forests. The states in which the forests are situated regulate hunting and fishing. For example, the Forest Service cannot even create game refuges within national forest boundaries.

Thus we have, on the one hand—viewed for the moment entirely from the recreational angle—perhaps too complete a control, and on the other, not quite enough.

And so the Walton League fought for the Upper Mississippi. The regulations governing the administration of this area were made public recently, and it is now in existence as the closest approach to an ideal recreation area that the best planning of conservationists can make it. It consists of scientifically laid out game refuges and shooting grounds, fish spawning refuges and fishing areas, all within a single tract devoted not only to the perpetuation, but to the fullest use, of the natural resources.

It is administered jointly by the Department of Commerce—through the Bureau of Fisheries—and the Department of Agriculture. It represents a decided step forward in the administration of recreational areas by the government. The results of this innovation are bound to be widespread, and will unquestionably be in evidence in the general plan of administration of the public domain. Many foresee such radical results as a new department of the government arising out of it, in keeping with the growing demands of the increasing army of recreationalists for a more flexible and complete administration of the outdoor places.

Thus the battle waged by the League in this instance was as much a campaign for more comprehensive and popular control of nationalized recreation as it was for the perpetuation of this particular area. To quote part of the editorial in last month's OUTDOOR AMERICA:

> "It is, in practice, the ideal combination toward which conservationists have been striving. It marks a distinct phase of progress in such affairs, and it will undoubtedly exert great influence on the future policy of the federal government in respect to administration of fish, game and public recreation areas.
>
> "It was as such that Will H. Dilg, founder of the Izaak Walton League, visioned it, and it was as such that the entire membership of the League fought for it.
>
> "It was a new idea, and radical, but so was the Izaak Walton League a new idea and radical. It has proven itself, as has the League; it will continue to exert the same far-reaching influence in the administration and use of our great outdoor places as the Izaak Walton League of America, backed by the sportsmen of America, will continue to exert on the progressive, sound, practical conservation of our outdoors."

But let us get back to the Superior Forest.

It has become, within the space of a decade, not only one of the major recreation areas of the country, but it has become a battle ground for national issues. When I paddled through it in 1917 it was unknown—at least to Minnesotans. Now it is increasingly a mecca for canoeists and wilderness lovers not only of the entire Mississippi Valley, but of the United States.

And its development along this line during the past few years is exceeded only by its possibilities for the future. Its future as a major recreation area of constantly increasing importance is safe, provided only that it can remain a recreation area at all.

Two years ago this month people from various parts of the country, especially from northern Minnesota, met at the town of International Falls to attend a hearing conducted by the International Joint Commission. The hearing was on a question which may be stated briefly as follows: Shall the boundary waters—which constitute the backbone of the Quetico Park-Superior Forest region—be made into water-storage reservoirs, wiping out the natural system of island-studded lakes, of waterfalls and of rivers, and substituting three or four monster overflow basins established, and subsequently controlled, by a series of dams?

I was living in Wyoming at that time, and was out of touch with the developments, but while in Minnesota this

summer I took occasion to study the transcript of the hearing and to read other documents bearing on the case. Many pages of testimony were given; the Joint Commission took the matter under advisement and a report is expected this Fall. That the best interests of all the people will form the basis of the decision goes without saying, but the recommendations by commercial interests presented a spectacle so unusual, that, aside from any speculation on the decision of the Commission, an item of the most absorbing interest to all people interested in conservation is provided.

For example, I found that, if the recommendations of the power or lumber interests were to be adopted, the following results, among many others, would accrue:

The Namakon river, that beautiful stream up which we paddled in 1917, with its cascades and waterfalls, would disappear from the face of the earth.

Loon lake, one of the beauty spots along the boundary, would lose its identity and be merged in one of the great overflow basins.

At least a dozen lakes along the boundary would be "under water" and lost.

Curtain Falls, Rebecca Falls, Basswood Falls, Birch Falls, great spectacles of the region, would be gone.

The eight hundred islands of Lac La Croix, forming the most amazing natural phenomenon, would be, with a few exceptions, submerged.

Great areas of privately owned, state owned, and nationally owned timber would be flooded and killed.

Which would be all right if there were corresponding benefits to mankind. But I could discover none, and expert lawyers, reviewing the case, could discover none. A single man, holder of power interests largely in Canada, would receive a more even flow of water for his power plants hundreds of miles away, and the need of this at the present time not only was not shown, but was largely refuted by other testimony. It developed entirely as a deal in "futures," with the object of tying up the boundary water power before the area becomes so important recreationally that such a request would not even be given a hearing.

The very magnitude, the boldness, of this proposition makes it stand out as the most interesting thing of its kind before the American people today. It is interesting, if for no other reason, in showing how, fifty years ago, the natural resources of America, dominated by individuals, laid the foundations of immense fortunes. It has no place in today's picture. It is a hang-over from another age. As such, it captivates the imagination, and as such I am going to tell about it in the next issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

(Continued in October)

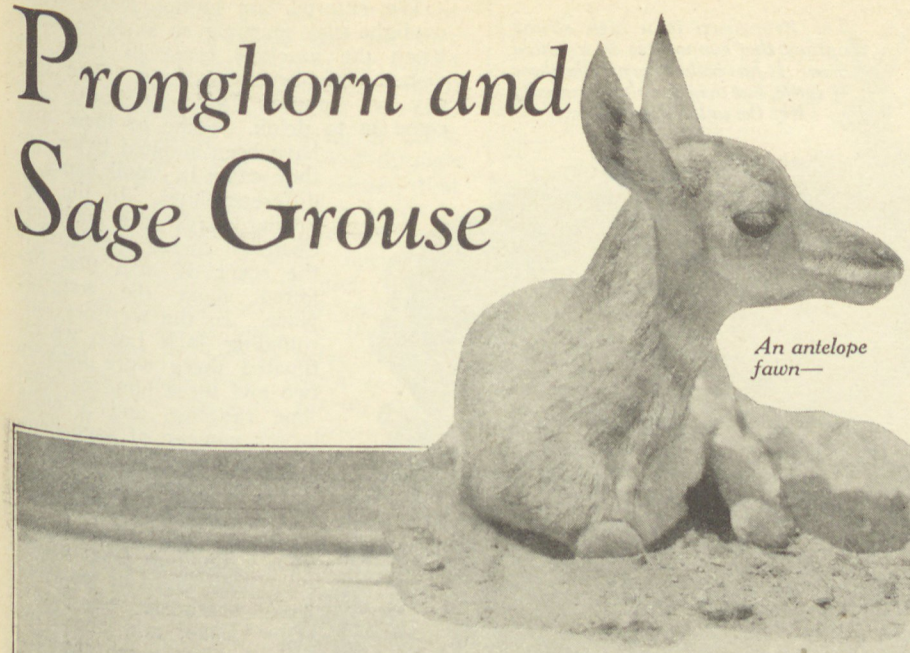
# Who Shall Have the Superior?

IT is, as Donald Hough points out, "one of the juiciest prizes dangling before the eyes of commercial exploiters today." But he has not told half of it. The story of the most amazing effort in recent years to divert a great public playground to private use and despoliation will be told by Mr. Hough in the next issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

The attempted grab of the boundary waters in the Superior Forest region is arousing attention throughout the United States. If you want to know how such things were done several decades ago, if you are interested in a vivid picture of how such an attempt is being made TODAY, don't fail to read the story in the October issue.

# Pronghorn and Sage Grouse

By
WILLIAM L. FINLEY
*Director of the American Nature Association*
Photographs by the Author



*An antelope fawn—*

*Remarkable close-up view of sage grouse at the border of Jack Lake in southern Oregon.*

BACK in the sixteenth century, when the early Spaniards explored Mexico and the southwestern part of the United States, they discovered an animal that not only ran but fairly flew over the ground. While there was some mention of the pronghorned, or American antelope in the early Spanish records, yet the first scientific specimens taken of the antelope and sage grouse were brought back by Lewis and Clark on their famous expedition to the Pacific Coast. The name "cock of the plains" was given to the sage grouse by these early explorers. Both species were native to the sage brush and high plateaus of the West.

Perhaps the lonely explorers did not realize that the antelope is the speediest mammal of America, and is in a family distinct from all others. He has hoofs, is called a ruminant because he chews cud, and is therefore a member of the Bovidae family. If we were writing the "Who's Who" of pronghorn history we would say he is like the deer in some respects, and like a mountain sheep or big-horn in others, but differs radically from both. The antlers of a deer are solid and branched into several tines. Once a year these loosen near the skull and drop off, but the only resemblance between an antelope and a deer in the matter of headpieces is that both alter the style with changing seasons.

Other hollow-horned animals, like buffalo, big-horned sheep and mountain goat, do not shed horns. The antelope, however, has a core of porous bone inside the horn. The outer covering, or sheath, loosens around the base and drops off after the rutting season. The new horn begins to grow from the top of the bony core that is left, and grows down instead of up, unlike the way a deer's antlers are formed.

Among homesteaders and hunters the argument always arises as to whether the doe antelope has horns. This is not surprising, for naturalists have differed very widely. In his "American Natural History," Mr. William T. Hornaday says "the female has no horns." Mr. E. W. Nelson says "both sexes have horns, those of the doe being smaller and slenderer." Mr. Nelson is right in this case, although sometimes a doe really has this badge of masculinity lacking.

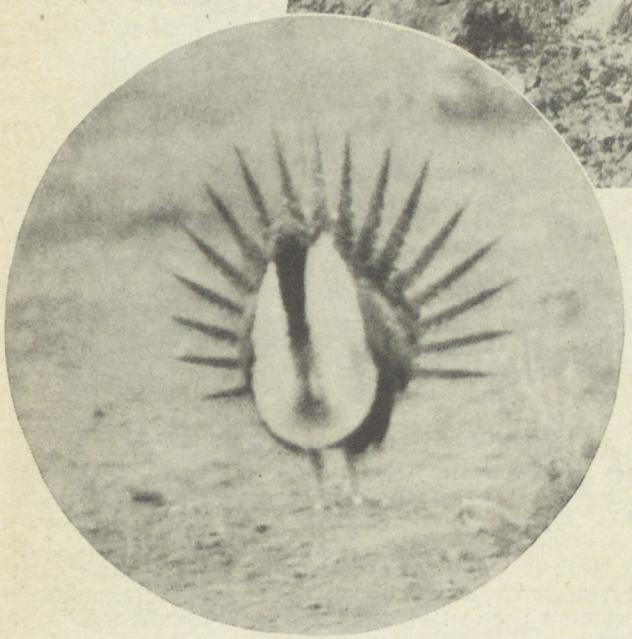
Odd traits and habits have moulded the sage grouse into the most unique of its family in America. Desert regions that are sun-parched in summer and unprotected from the sweeping blasts of winter are the native heath of the sage grouse. It lives under conditions that seem so entirely hostile. Sage leaves that would starve other species of game birds make up its menu. It has always lived in surroundings where little other food is available. So well has it adapted itself to meet conditions that the very anatomy of the bird has changed. Other grouse and quail eat gravel and grit to aid the grinding muscles of the stomach to digest food, but the sage hen does not have a crop or craw like the quail or grouse. It lacks a true gizzard. Its stomach is not a grist-mill. The bird browses instead of scratching for a living. Its food goes into a single big pouch, with no grinding muscles.

How well the dress of the sage grouse harmonizes with the gray tone of the sand and sage. The bird walks slowly, or squats in time of danger, and the desert appears to have swallowed it up. While these grouse of the rocky barrens are able to get along with little water, yet they fly a long distance at times to find a water hole in their desert-like

domain. I have watched them come sailing in just before daylight, and settling around the edge of an alkali rimmed pond. After a drink they pick up dry pieces of dirt for dessert. This habit has perhaps replaced the old grouse trait of swallowing small pebbles.

Many yarns have been spun as to the value of sage grouse for camp menu. Hunters that have taken old sage cocks in anticipation of a tender dish may have been disappointed, in fact age makes any species less palatable. An old Sooty or blue grouse may require a saw and hatchet instead of a knife and fork. On the other hand, young sage grouse will tempt the palate as keenly as any other member of the grouse family. The flight of the cock of the plains is vigorous,

*The Pronghorn is a high strung animal that cannot live in a fenced area. It has hollow horns, like those of cattle, but they are shed annually like the antlers of the deer.*



*"Cock of the Plains." An old male sage grouse strutting. He goes through a fantastic dance with his tail spread and the air sacs on the side of his neck extended, showing a covering of white feathers. Taken at 6 a. m.*

rising with a rapid beating of wings like any other grouse, he sails for a short distance, and as the wings begin beating again the flyer swerves with a peculiar sideways turn which is distinctive. This sailing and flapping alternately gives the bird rather an unsteady flight.

During 1912 and 1915, we made a study of antelope and sage grouse through southeastern Oregon. In September of 1915, R. B. Horsfall, Stanley Jewett and I were on the high plateau south of Warner Range, in Lake County. At the time, antelope and sage grouse were frequenting an alkali sink or water-hole known as Jack Lake. Late one afternoon we cut sage-brush and built a blind near this watering place. The big sage-bush that suddenly grew up in an open place by Jack Lake made the animals suspicious at first. We spent four days in this blind watching, studying and taking pictures with both graflex and motion picture cameras.

We entered our hiding place before daylight each morning so as to be ready when the antelope came in from the distant sage-brush plateaus. The first day we counted 142 pronghorns that came in to drink. Some of these may have been counted twice, for they came in small bands at different times. In the following days the numbers dwindled owing, perhaps, to the scent of man that lingered about the watering place. In the territory surrounding Jack Lake, we estimated there were between two and three hundred antelope ranging, and a much larger number of sage hens.

During the fall of 1921 a report was spread broadcast that a large number of dead antelope had been found in Guano Valley, eight or ten miles southeast of Jack Lake, and about ten miles north of the Nevada line. Stanley Jewett of the Biological Survey, F. M. Brown and I. B. Hazeltine of Oregon Game Commission, investigated the report. Around the dry lake bed, known on the map as Guano Lake, the remains of seventy-five antelope were found, five on the west side and seventy on the east side. The animals had been dead for several months and at the time were in such a state that it was impossible to determine just what might have been the cause of death.

William E. Rinehart, who owns a large ranch in Nevada some ten or twelve miles south of Guano Lake, in company with a Nevada game warden, had investigated the matter previous to this and had seen the dead antelope. He thought the animals had been shot. Mr. Z. D. Spalding, another rancher residing in Oregon, thirty miles northeast of the Rinehart ranch, also had made an investigation and expressed the opinion that the antelope had been killed. He told of finding thirty-nine carcasses in one place and twenty in another. J. L. Bradeen reported counting the carcasses of nineteen antelope, some fifty miles to the north of this place.

Various opinions have been expressed to the effect that the large number of antelope found in 1921 may have died from disease or some poison; or that they may have starved during the winter; or that they may have been slaughtered. Regardless of how the animals died, it is beyond dispute that in one of the last retreats where the antelope are striving to hold out in advance of civilization, in a single winter a good proportion of them passed out of existence.

Two years ago a very valuable Government report on the status of the pronghorned antelope was issued under the direction of Mr. E. W. Nelson, Chief of the Biological Survey. This states that in an early day the pronghorn ranged over a very large area, from the present provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta in Canada south almost to twenty degrees of latitude, nearly to the Valley of Mexico; also the western part of Sonora and most of Lower California. It also lived from western Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas, reaching the Gulf Coast near the mouth of the Rio Grande, and west to Washington, Oregon and the Pacific Coast in California. With the gradual settling up of the country the pronghorn has become extinct in many of its former haunts. It occupied a

far greater area than the bison or buffalo and it was likely more abundant than this big bovine of the plains. Out of the millions of antelope that formerly ranged in the western part of the United States, approximately 25,000 to 30,000 still exist within the borders of our country. This number is made up of bands that are quite widely scattered through the western states. It is certain that many of these smaller bands are sure to pass, as their habitat is narrowed down by farming and grazing operations. *Some states, like Idaho, Oregon, Nevada, New Mexico and Arizona, still have rocky sage brush areas in the public domain that are of no value from an agricultural standpoint, which could be set aside as reservations for the protection of antelope and sage grouse. This is the only method known that will prevent the passing of these species.*

*Right: An antelope bounding through the sage brush. The white patches on the rump flare out when the animal is excited or scared. This is the danger signal quickly recognized by others in the herd.*

*Below: A flock of sage grouse at the edge of Jack Lake. This was taken about seven o'clock in the morning, from a sage brush blind where Finley and Horsfall waited four days.*

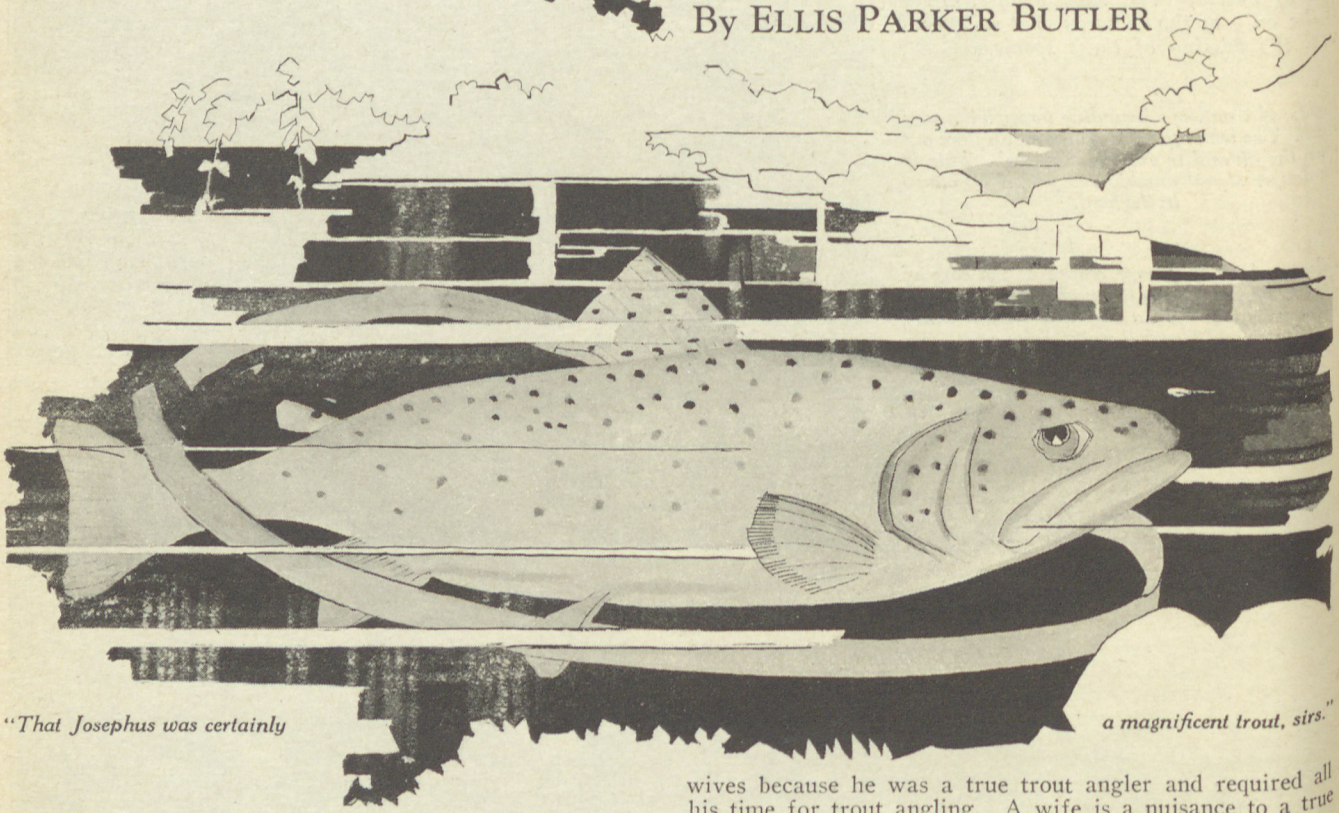
THE above article by William L. Finley shows strongly the necessity of a Federal reservation for saving antelope and sage grouse. Mr. Finley will have a second article in the November issue, telling of efforts that have been made to save the antelope and sage grouse, and what he has done to aid in establishing a Federal reservation in southern Oregon. Here is a project of great importance through the western part of the country, in saving two distinct American species of game; *one that the Izaak Walton League of America should push to completion.*

—EDITOR.

Drawings
By
John Held, Jr.

# Josephus and The Jet Hackle

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER



*"That Josephus was certainly a magnificent trout, sirs."*

IF what I am telling you is not the truth, gentlemen, I hope I may die! I do not mean instantly, you understand, but in due time, perhaps, for no man wants to die while there are still fish in the waters. To die before all the fish are caught would be nonsense, I am sure, and you will all agree with me.

Perhaps, gentlemen, you may have fished the Esopus? Have you then, possibly, met William Roop, the man who gave his whole life to the job of catching one fish? If you have not, sirs, you do not know what the true angler is, for William Roop was the world's greatest example of devotion to an ideal. You shall hear the story, gentlemen. It will do you good. When I have told you about William Roop and about Josephus, the Big Trout of Big Indian Bend, and about Jetty Flinch and the ghost of Norbert Jennis you will be better and nobler men; you will know what a faithful angler is.

I shall not waste time, sirs, in telling you about the ghost of Norbert Jennis except to say that the ghost of Norbert Jennis was the ghost that haunted the manure pile behind the house in which William Roop lived. Every night, gentlemen, when William Roop looked out of his bedroom window he saw the ghost. Fortunately, William Roop was not afraid of ghosts and when he looked out of his window and saw the ghost of Norbert Jennis he would laugh "Ha! Ha!" and say "It serves you right, you old skeezicks!"

Because, you understand, William Roop was a bachelor and lived alone in that house. He had no time to bother with wives because he was a true trout angler and required all his time for trout angling. A wife is a nuisance to a true trout angler; she takes time that is better spent on the stream. So William Roop had no wife to see the ghost of Norbert Jennis and cry out, "Oh! I see the ghost of Norbert Jennis; I am frightened!"

But however that may be, sirs, you will agree with me that William Roop was right when he called out to that ghost, "It serves you right, you old son-of-a-gun!" because this Norbert Jennis had been an angler who fished with worms. He was a Democrat and he fished with worms, gentlemen. In my opinion that was a most serious matter, sirs. Had he been a Republican and fished with worms I would say nothing, for what else can you expect from Republicans than that they will fish for trout with worms? But we expect better things of Democrats, do we not? Unless, sirs, they are the kind of Democrats that call grape-juice a drink. But I do not call those Democrats true Democrats, sirs. I do not call them anything. I say "Bah!" to them.

For you see, gentlemen, this ghost of Norbert Jennis was compelled to haunt the manure pile under which he had dug so many thousands of angle-worms in his disgraceful life. No doubt when he died and applied at the door of heaven for admission, sirs, the good St. Peter said to him, "You are Norbert Jennis and you fished with worms. You cannot enter heaven until you have replaced all the worms you dug," and thenceforth that Norbert Jennis was a ghost and could do nothing but try to put back all those worms under the manure pile. Every night, sirs, he had to haunt that property of William Roop when the night-crawlers came forth

*"We true anglers use our brains, sirs. It is necessary."*

from their holes, trying to pick them up and put them under the manure pile to atone for his sins.

But, you will understand, gentlemen, the ghostly fingers of that ghost of Norbert Jennis were unable to pick up the night-crawling angle-worms. It requires a firm pinch to pick up a night-crawling angle-worm, sirs, and the ghost fingers of Norbert Jennis could not do it. It was evident to William Roop that the ghost of Norbert Jennis could not in a million years pick up enough worms to replace those he had dug from under that manure pile—no, not in a billion years! That was the reason William Roop, who now lived in the house of that deceased Norbert Jennis looked out of the window at the ghost and sneered, "Serves you right, you dad-blamed old geezer!" or words to that effect, gentlemen.

Concerning this old trout named Josephus, gentlemen, I need say nothing at all, because you have fished the Esopus. That old trout, sirs, was known to the entire population of the Catskill Mountains. He lay in a deep pool where there was an old wagon tire—the tire of a rear wheel, sirs—and he was so huge that his head extended beyond the tire at one side and his tail beyond it at the other. How old that Josephus trout was, gentlemen, I do not dare to say, but the oldest inhabitant declared that he had seen that trout when he was a little boy. That Josephus was a magnificent trout, sirs. He was indeed!

The father of William Roop, whose name was Sam Roop, had angled for that Josephus trout many times, gentlemen, I do assure you. That Sam Roop was a gentleman, sirs, and he fished with flies but he died of a broken heart because he could not catch that Josephus trout. When his will was opened these words were found: "To my son William I give and bequeath all of my property, including the house and farm I bought from the heirs of Norbert Jennis, provided my said son William devotes his entire time and energy to the catching of the old Josephus trout in the Big Indian Bend until the said Josephus trout is caught."

It was hardly necessary to give William Roop these instructions, gentlemen. He had already decided to do nothing until he had caught that Josephus trout. When he followed his father to the grave he took with him his rod and his book of flies and on the way back he stopped at the bend and angled for Josephus. He cast dry and he cast wet and he angled until the moon arose, sirs, for he knew that would please the soul of his father. But he did not catch that old trout. That Josephus trout did not rise to any fly for him. That Josephus trout had seen a million flies and he was a wise old sockdologer, you can bet your boots! He lay at the bottom of the pool scratching his chin on the wagon tire and he sneered at a Coachman and turned up his nose at a Cahill. I shall not name all the flies William Roop had in his fly-book and fly-box but he tried them all and that Josephus trout did not wiggle a fin.

Now, sirs, I must tell you something that is not so much to the credit of that William Roop. There was a period in his life when he was not the true angler he became later. There was a period of six months, gentlemen, when William Roop was eighteen years old, when he allowed another matter to distract his attention from angling. My only excuse for him is that this period fell in the winter, when the trout angling season was closed, but he should have been tying flies and not have let his attention wander. You will guess, sirs, that there was a woman in the case, and you are right. Her name was Jetty Flinch, gentlemen, and she had a head of red hair that made a scarlet tanager look sick. I shall not conceal from you that William Roop was for the moment attracted by this girl. He held her hand and was as mushy as possible. I think, sirs, he may have kissed her. In a moment of boldness he asked for a lock of her hair to wear next his heart, gentlemen, and she gave him one. He purchased a locket, sirs, and put the hair in it and wore it on a string next to his heart. We all do foolish things like that when we are young, sirs, and we may forgive William Roop. His foolishness did not last long. When the trout season opened in April he forgot Jetty Flinch entirely.

One reason, sirs, was because Jetty Flinch moved away from the Catskill Mountains. Her father had had a shock. The report was that he had been running a still and that the State Police had served notice on him that he had better vamoose, but we who knew were aware that that was a lie. He had had a fright of another sort. He had seen the ghost of Norbert Jennis.

I do not deny, gentlemen, that Joe Flinch was a rascal. There were those who declared he was not above taking a chicken when and where he could find it, and it is said he was approaching the chicken coop of William Roop when he saw the ghost of Norbert Jennis. Be that as it may, sirs, the red hair of Joe Flinch turned as white as snow in that one night and he was taken with a trembling that never left him. He moved away from the Catskill Mountains immediately. He wanted to be near no ghosts. He was of a strain that was peculiarly susceptible to ghosts, gentlemen. His father's hair had been red and it had turned snowy white at the approach of a ghost in 1849, and his grandfather's hair had been red and it had turned snowy white when he saw a ghost in 1822. This affliction ran in the family, sirs. This was a fact well known in the Catskill Mountains at the time. Many in that region will tell you the same thing after you have given them a few drinks.

So you see, gentlemen, that after the death of his father and the departure of Jetty Flinch and her parents from those parts, William Roop began angling for Josephus in earnest. He spent his entire time angling for Josephus. To catch Josephus was his life's ambition, as you can well understand. He was up before daybreak and cast flies above where Josephus lay until dark made more casting a waste of time.

For any ordinary fly, sirs, Josephus evinced no interest whatever, as William Roop soon discovered, but William Roop tied his own flies and he was still a young man, and he hoped that before he was gathered to his fathers he would find a fly that would intrigue Josephus. He discovered that Josephus would not bat an eye at any winged fly, gentlemen, but that a plain hackle fly caused Josephus to wave a fin slightly. That is how we true anglers study the trout, sirs. We leave nothing untried. We use our brains. It is necessary.

Thus, as the years passed, sirs, William Roop discovered

that Josephus was interested in the brighter hackles. When a brown hackle was cast above where he lay he would breathe more rapidly. When a red hackle was cast near him old Josephus would move a few inches in that direction. You will guess, gentlemen, that an experienced angler like William Roop immediately began searching for a red hackle that would excite Josephus sufficiently to cause him to rise.

I see by your expressions, sirs, that you have already guessed that the hair of Jetty Flinch was the exact shade of red that was destined to entice Josephus to the surface of the Esopus, and you are right! The locket in which William Roop had enshrined the lock of Jetty Flinch's red hair was an inexpensive locket and in time it became green and made a green spot over William Roop's heart, and he took the locket from his heart and laid it away. In searching for a red hackle that would be exactly what Josephus hungered for, William Roop came upon the locket and he tied a number of hackles, using the lock of the hair of Jetty Flinch. In honor of her he called it the Jet Hackle.

Gentlemen, I cannot describe the red that was the red of the hair of Jetty Flinch. You might search over the world for exactly that shade of red and your search would be vain unless you came upon Jetty Flinch herself. There was no other such red.

Sirs, I will not waste time telling you of the tragedy to which this led. Jetty Flinch had been too economical in bestowing her hair upon William Roop. She had given him too little hair, gentlemen. He was not able to make sufficient flies.

The first time William Roop cast the Jet Hackle over the pool in which Josephus lay an amazing thing happened. For a moment William Roop imagined that the whole bottom of the Esopus had been thrown upward by some convulsion of nature. There was a rush and a splash and the body of Josephus shot into the air. William Roop's reel spun with tremendous rapidity, throwing off sparks as it spun, and its spool became red hot. There was an odor of burning varnish and William Roop found himself holding a rod from which the line had been burned. He waded to the bank, gentlemen, and laid himself down and wept.

All true anglers know the feelings that then swept over William Roop. For the first time in years Josephus had risen to a fly and it had been in vain. Two days later William Roop bent the second of his precious Jet Hackles to his leader and cast again.

Gentlemen, I can hardly bear to tell you what happened. William Roop had soaked his line well in water to prevent its burning but he had not counted on the energy of Josephus. Again that superb trout rose to the Jet Hackle but as he took the fly he started down the Esopus at a speed you cannot even imagine. In one instant, sirs, William Roop was holding the butt of a splintered rod! And he had but one more Jet Hackle left!

It was a week before William Roop could command himself sufficiently to make another cast. This time he prepared himself well. He secured a rod that was worthy of the worship of all anglers, and he placed a mortgage on his farm and bought a reel that revolved when touched by a gnat's wing. He purchased a fireproof line of a greater length than had ever been known in the Catskill Mountains. Securing a firm stance in the Esopus he cast his last Jet Hackle, fishing dry. Josephus rose like a wildcat leaping to a bough. He leaped a full four feet out of the water. He shook his head, sirs, as a terrier shakes a rat. He took to the water and ran.

William Roop played that Josephus trout in a masterly manner, gentlemen. When that trout wanted line he gave him line. When he came hither a bending rod accommodated him. He was becoming fatigued. William Roop felt cautiously on his hip for his landing net and, sirs, at that moment Josephus dove into the deep water and glided under the rim of the wagon tire. Three times, sirs, Josephus wound over and under that iron wagon tire and then, with a gentle pull, he snapped the leader. The words then spoken by William Roop, gentlemen, were those that never pass the lips of anglers except under similar circumstances.

I am no Homer, sirs, to make thrilling the wanderings that William Roop then began. Perhaps you can imagine them, gentlemen, when I say that after leaving the Catskill Mountains that sinful Joe Flinch, the father of Jetty Flinch, engaged in the profession of passing forged checks, a profession that requires a gentleman to be continually leaving one place and going to another. There was but one state into which William Roop did not have to follow Joe Flinch and his daughter Jetty, gentlemen, in the five years during which he sought to catch up with them. That was the state of Delaware, sirs.

You have guessed, gentlemen, that while the thought that sent William Roop after Jetty Flinch was marriage the incitement was not love. No, sirs; it was the desire to have legally attached to him and under his control the human being whose scalp was carrying and would continue to grow the only hair from which the Jet Hackle could be tied. In fact, gentlemen, this peerless angler, this William Roop, looked upon Jetty Flinch merely as a hair factory. And he found her, sirs; he found this Jetty Flinch and her gray haired father in the town of Los Angeles, in California, and he courted her there in a most passionate manner and won her love and her consent to the union he so much desired. As a matter of fact, gentlemen, he married her. He married her and on the night of the day on which they were married the happy couple started for the Catskill Mountains.

Gentlemen, the Catskill Mountains do not change. Centuries may come and centuries may go but the Catskill Mountains remain as they were. They are remarkably permanent mountains. William Roop and his wife, Jetty Roop saw, sirs, as they stepped from the train at Kingston, that the Catskill Mountains were still there, but William Roop was not yet ready to take his bride to her future home beside the Big Indian Bend on Esopus Creek. No, gentlemen, he had another task to perform.

For you see, sirs, there was still one menace to the accomplishment of his great task of catching Josephus. There was the ghost. The ghost of Norbert Jennis, gentlemen, was still trying to expiate the worm-bait sins of Norbert Jennis; it was still haunting the manure pile adjacent to the home of William Roop, you understand, and it threatened to ruin the life's ambition of William Roop, sirs, and for a very simple reason. Jetty Flinch, who was now Jetty

## Concerning Angleworms

By "BOB" DAVIS

*WHATEVER subtle motive may have impelled Senator Borah to criticize the lowly worm as an adjunct to angling is not yet revealed. That there is a sinister something at the bottom of this attack there can be no doubt among honest fishermen.*

*By what authority does any man having the ear of the populace rise from his seat among the mighty and hurl his thunderous disapproval at the defenseless worm? Has the artificial fly, a creature of feathers and silk, wielding its baneful influence with the pampered plutocracy, broken down the fraternal federation that has for its coat of arms a field argent laden with garden hackle? If there be one among all the critics of the worm who has not at some time or other, unobserved and in secret, like a thief in the night, tipped the barb of his fishless hook with the seductive worm, let him stand up now or forever hold his peace.*

*It may be a matter of some concern to the Federal Government to learn that the angleworm was devised as a diet for all species of fresh-water fish, and as such should not be interfered with by the State. The metabolism of the catfish is just as important to the people of this country as the foreign loan. Bunker Hill stands as a permanent protest against interference at home or abroad. Lest it be too late, ten million American anglers stand willing to paraphrase Patrick Henry's immortal words, substituting angleworms for liberty.*

*President Coolidge, casting off for a time the cares of office and seeking solace under blue Western skies, should be permitted to select his bait. Coming as he does from Vermont, his feet are accustomed to its rich, soft earth—where worms is.*

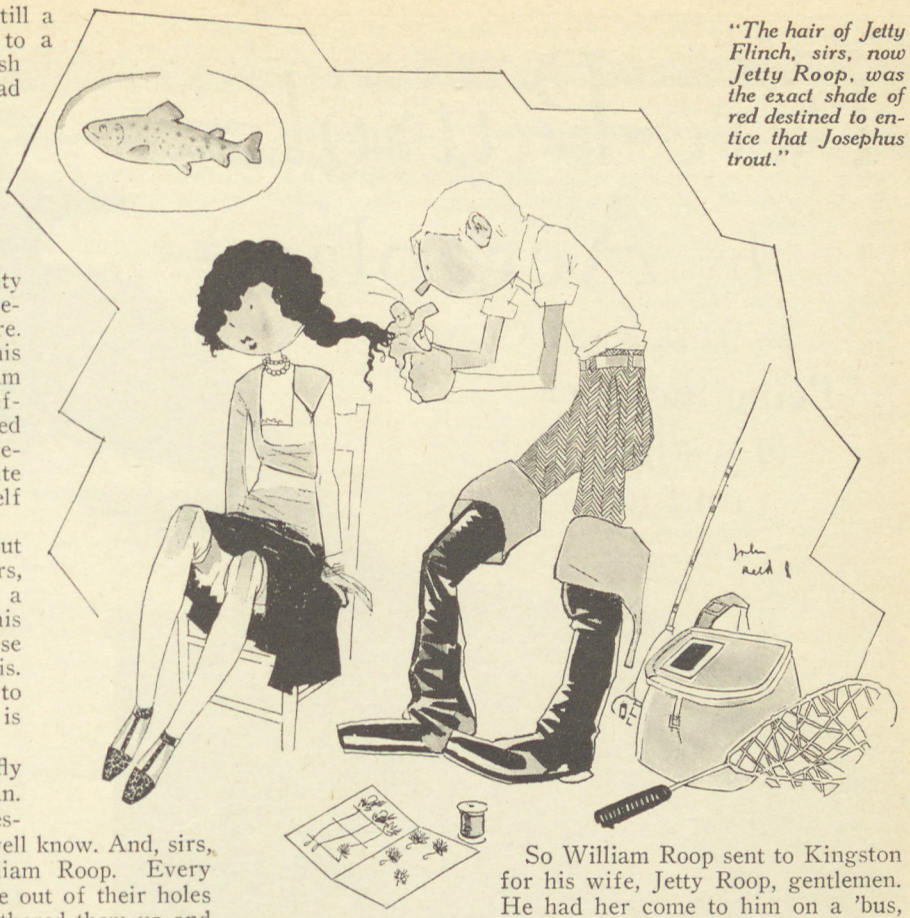
Roop, had done a terrible thing while still a maiden in California. She had gone to a barber, gentlemen, and had had a boyish bob of the hair. Yes, gentlemen, she had let herself be shorn of all that glorious mass of material that would have made innumerable Jet Hackles. But that is the woman of it, sirs; what else could you expect? It was now necessary that she let her hair grow, gentlemen.

But you can see, gentlemen, that there was still a menace. The susceptibility of the Flinch breed to ghost-fear remained in Jetty Roop, you may be sure. The sight of the ghost of Norbert Jennis on or near the manure pile of William Roop might have had a most horrible effect on Jetty Roop. It might have turned her hair white in a single night, gentlemen. And Josephus looked upon white hackles with the utmost scorn, as any self respecting trout would.

Under the circumstances there was but one thing for William Roop to do, sirs, and he did it. He parked Jetty Roop in a hotel at Kingston while he went to his home at the Big Indian Bend to exorcise the annoying ghost of Norbert Jennis. What is the use of marrying a wife to grow red hair for Jet Hackles if she is going to grow white hair?

Gentlemen, the proudest boast of a fly fisherman is that he is a fly fisherman. To insult a fly fisherman it is only necessary to hint that he uses worms, as you well know. And, sirs, a fearful thing now happened to William Roop. Every night, as soon as the night-crawlers came out of their holes he went forth with a search-light and gathered them up and buried them under the manure pile, while the ghost of Norbert Jennis urged him on. William Roop gathered hundreds of night-crawlers, sirs. He gathered thousands of them. He gathered millions of them. He buried them under the manure pile, gentlemen, where Norbert Jennis had dug his worms, and with each replaced worm the ghost of Norbert Jennis grew fainter and fainter. At last, sirs, the ghost of Norbert Jennis vanished entirely away. His expiation was at last completed.

But the worst had come to pass, sirs. William Roop had been seen gathering night-crawlers and it had been told hither and yon that he was a worm fisherman. No one would speak to him, sirs. He became an outcast in that locality, gentlemen, and even the dealers in bait-boxes sneered at him. He was expelled from the local Democratic party, sirs, and there was not a bootlegger who would sell him anything. But still, gentlemen, William Roop bore himself like a hero because he knew that the landing of that Josephus trout would repay him for everything. To catch a trout like that Josephus trout makes a man forget that he is poor; it makes him forget that he is lowly; it makes him forget that he is scorned; it even makes him forget that he is married.

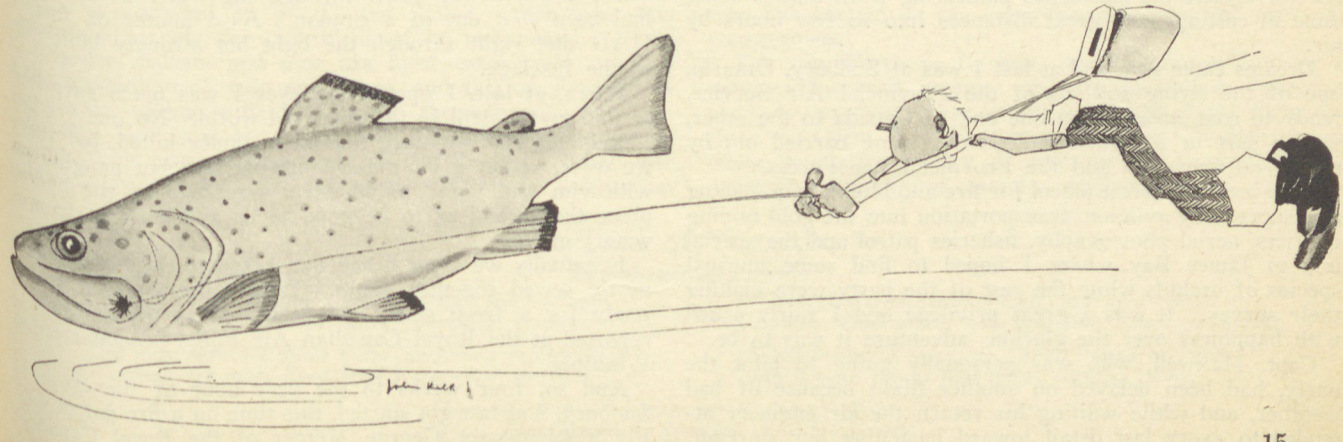


*"The hair of Jetty Flinch, sirs, now Jetty Roop, was the exact shade of red destined to entice that Josephus trout."*

So William Roop sent to Kingston for his wife, Jetty Roop, gentlemen. He had her come to him on a 'bus, sirs, and when he met her at the roadside he was delighted. Her hair had grown not a little, gentlemen. It was still a beautiful red and the heart of William Roop bounded with joy. As soon as he entered the house with her he kissed her and reached for the scissors. Within five minutes, gentlemen, that wife of his was practically bald, for she was a good woman. All that night, gentlemen, she sat up with him, assisting him in tying Jet Hackles. Her fingers were wizard fingers. The flies they tied that night were the most beautiful hackles you ever saw! I have seen one of them, gentlemen, and I give you my word.

And the next noon, gentlemen, they lifted the lifeless body of William Roop out of that pool at the Big Indian Bend. He had committed suicide, sirs. Indeed, I am telling the truth to you, gentlemen, just as it occurred, and not making up a fancy tale. This William Roop jumped into the pool and gave up his life there because he had nothing more to live for. It was a sad case, sirs.

Because, gentlemen, while that William Roop was away hunting for Jetty Flinch some old codger had caught Josephus with a worm. Yes, thank you, I will take a—whoa! that's enough! Here's looking at you, gentlemen, and thank you!



# Fire Patrol by Aeroplane

By HAL KANE CLEMENTS

*Being the story of a flip, a flop and a forest fire*

*Aeroplane forest patrol is undoubtedly the most practical and efficient method of fire control.*

*Flight Lieutenant George Mercer and Hal Kane Clements about to embark on a forest patrol flight.*

NEITHER Colonel Lindbergh nor Columbus in their wildest moments knew a greater thrill than that which swept over me that day last July when I first saw the wonderful flying boat that was to carry me on a flight up to James Bay, the far northern boundary of Ontario, hundreds of miles from the last sign of civilization . . . a region which less than a dozen white men have visited, to say nothing of a woman flying there.

Through the courtesy of Capt. W. R. Maxwell, Director of the Provincial Air Service in Ontario, I was to be included on a special flight being made, so that I might study at first hand the remarkable way in which Canada is developing her resources, by aviation in inaccessible territory.

Two years before this, while camping at Metagama, Ontario, the unexpectedness of hearing and seeing an aeroplane in that vast stretch of wilderness had so intrigued me that I knew that somehow . . . sometime I would have to see for myself the hazardous pioneering work that is being done in cutting such great distances into so few hours by air.

Dreams came true and at last I was at Sudbury, Ontario, one of the flying stations of the Provincial Air Service, ready to soar away, from one end of Canada to the other, taking part in the various activities being carried out by the Royal Canadian and the Provincial Air Forces.

This included forest patrol for fire and blight, map-making and surveys by aviation, transportation into the gold mining districts, aerial photography, fisheries patrol and the special trip to James Bay where I hoped to find some unusual species of orchids while the rest of the party were making their survey. It was a great privilege and I fairly ached with happiness over the glorious adventure it was to be.

Capt. Maxwell, who was personally going to pilot the party, had been delayed on another flight because of bad weather, and while waiting his return the air engineer attended to every last detail toward hastening our start-off. Changing the oil was yet to be done, and I was "practising" around with him one day in the plane. Then, one of those unexplainable, freak accidents that might happen only once in a lifetime of flying. The temporary pilot for this operation, unfamiliar with the air yacht, Capt. Maxwell's pet machine, not realizing the terrific power and speed of this, the fastest aircraft in Canada, started taxiing across the water entirely too fast. In far less time than it takes for me to tell you, there was a terrifying, unexpected swoop into the air at a rate of 150 miles an hour. Then, when we were more than 300 feet high, a more terrifying swoop downward, as the pilot tried to bring the plane back to the surface of the lake.

We sideslipped, helplessly rushing, roaring, diving straight toward what seemed unavoidable death on a rocky island toward which we were headed—a miraculous swerve that carried us by the smallest possible fraction of a second beyond the island—and I found myself turning head over heels, down, down, down through the water as though I had been shot out of a cannon. As a matter of fact, I HAD shot right through the light but strongly built side of the fuselage.

When, at last, I opened my eyes I was much surprised to find myself still in the same old world. No one yet has found out why we were not all instantly killed, but there we were, rather a bit mussed up, perhaps, but hanging on with vim and vigor to whatever wreckage of the hydroplane that promised to be good to us and keep us from a watery grave.

Eventually we were fished out, taken to the hospital and neatly sewed together again. Within three weeks I was ready for a fresh start, and according to my schedule I reported at the Royal Canadian Air Force headquarters in Winnipeg.

And so, four weeks to the very hour of the crash at Sudbury, I at last got started, this time on a fire patrol with Flight Lieutenant George Mercer of the Royal Canadian

Air Force, high over the Lake Winnipeg region in northern Manitoba, in an Avro plane. I only hope he never knows how scared I was that day!

Forest products comprise one-quarter of Canada's total export trade, and the United States uses up four-fifths of this, so perhaps your evening newspaper tonight comes from the great timber tract over which we patrolled searching those miles and miles of green forest for the first wisp of smoke that means a forest fire.

The Air Force and Forestry Division in Canada have worked out a very simple plan of action. The patrol order covers a definite area, marked on a colored map, always carried by the pilot. For instance, Patrol D is as definitely mapped out for the pilot to follow through the air as a roadway would be to a motorist. On board the plane is carried a wireless telephone, over which reports are sent at fifteen minute intervals. Back at the flying station a powerful receiving set picks up messages and reports them to the Chief Fire Ranger on duty during a patrol.

Then, as Flight Lieutenant Mercer points a gray plume of smoke in some heavily timbered area still miles ahead, but easily visible from a height of 2,000 feet, he reports it at once to the station seventy miles away. By the time the fire is reached, which already has a good start, he is informing the fire ranger there of the extent of the fire, which way it is traveling, and the accessibility of water with which to fight it.

Back at the station, the suppression aircraft, always waiting ready while the patrol is being carried out by the scout plane, is equipped with a small fire engine, hose, ropes, picks and shovels, food and tents for the fire rangers, loaded up with men, and long before the scout plane has returned to Lac du Bonnet, the flying station, the suppression aircraft has landed the men and equipment at the fire, and if necessary has gone back for more help. Some idea of the value of this quick action in saving the forests of Canada can be gained when I tell you that on the first patrol of the season last Spring, nineteen such fires were reported within a flight of forty miles. No one knows how many millions of dollars have been saved to the Canadian government through the practical work that is being done by these lonely sentinels of the air.

It is a sublime sight, especially to those of us who love trees, to look down upon a forest that stretches unbroken, rippling in the wind like the waves upon a sea, for miles and miles and miles—a forest that has taken hundreds of years to grow, and which will take hundreds of years to replace. A rare and unforgettable beauty is there—untold wealth—and death!

The value of the Canadian production of pulp and paper for an average year is tremendous, and four-fifths of it is absorbed by the United States, which uses this source of supply for two-thirds of its newsprint.

Spruce, balsam and pine are most extensively used in the production of pulp and paper, and this seaplane flight we were taking with Mr. Dunn, the entomologist from Ottawa, Ont., and Mr. MacDonald, the Forestry Inspector from Winnipeg, as passengers of the Royal Canadian Air Force, was to map out the extent of deadly destruction that is being wrought by the spruce bud-worm amongst all the beauty below us.

Looking for tree bugs from thousands of feet in the air! It does sound a bit far-fetched, but it's being done—too terribly easily done. Throughout that vast stretch of lovely, living green, there runs the tragic marking of death—a strange bluish-gray that means the spruce bud-worm has passed that way. In Quebec and New Brunswick, alone, enough pulp wood to keep every mill in those two provinces busy for fifty years has been destroyed by this one blight—an outbreak covering thousands of square miles—in which ninety per cent of the entire balsam growth in that territory was killed.

Before the days of aviation, it was a hopeless sort of fight against this terrific loss. The distances were so great—the almost immeasurable depths of the forests so inaccessible—so many thousands of square miles to be watched for the first signs of the blight. The only means of control is by keeping the balsam growth to young cuttings, for it seems that the older tree is more susceptible and less likely to recover. So, time is a most important factor.

But from our seaplane we could accurately mark upon the map we had with us, the extent of that blue-gray shadow, over 2,000 square miles—a flying distance of 250 miles, a short day's work. And it took Mr. Dunn five weeks of hard canoe travel to only partially accomplish this before the Department of Agriculture in Canada began to make practical use of the Air Force.

My entomological education was much helped along by hearing of the very interesting way that wheat rust also is being fought through the use of aviation. Each day spoor tests to discover the direction of travel for this costly blight are made by having the patrol pilots suspend from their seaplanes in flight a simple apparatus that looks like a long handled spool, to which is attached a microscope slide, lightly smeared with vaseline, which holds whatever germ it comes in contact with. When the spool is brought back into the plane, it is put into a corked bottle and turned over to the Department of Agriculture for examination. They are also trying out the possibilities of dusting the wheat fields plagued by the rust blight, by flying close over the crop with an enormous spraying apparatus attached to the aeroplane so that great tracts of land can be thoroughly covered in this manner in a very short time.

It is estimated that the development of Canada has been hastened a whole generation through the introduction of flying in far northern areas where until the last few, very few, years, the dog team and canoe were the only means of travel. Great credit for this is due to Group Captain J. Stanley Scott, Director of the Royal Canadian Air Force, who has carried on his experiments in spite of every discouragement.

The Air Force in Canada, instead of working on air services for mail, express and transportation almost exclusively, as most other countries in the world have done since the Great War, have chosen an entirely different and wider development—that of protection and co-operation in developing the natural resources of Canada.

HAL KANE CLEMENTS, newspaper and magazine writer, enjoyed the very unusual privilege of taking part in the flying operations carried out by the Royal Canadian Air Force in far northern Canada last summer.

Two days after leaving Chicago, while preparing for a flight to James Bay as the guest of the Ontario Provincial Air Service, Mrs. Clements narrowly escaped death, . . . and was seriously injured, when the speediest hydroplane in Canada got out of control, falling three hundred feet into a lake.

Mrs. Clements' adventures with the Royal Canadian Air Force began as soon as she recovered sufficiently, four weeks after the crash. Her flights covered territory as far north as Hudson's Bay, . . . and from Quebec west to Prince Rupert, B. C., and over Alaska.

The readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA first met Mrs. Clements through her "Letters of a Little Lady Vagabond," telling of her adventures traveling alone in the far north country.—EDITOR.

## A Trail of Yesterday

By Robert Page Lincoln

*WHERE Indian pinks and tiger lilies stray*
*'Cross timbered hills I portaged yesterday;*
*Where stalwart pines stood stretching heaven high*
*Along the moss lined trail I travelled by;*
*Were clustered asters purple, blue and white*
*Among dead pines, now standing, black as night;*
*With scattered windfalls, trees I used to know*
*Stark dead things that only centuries grow.*

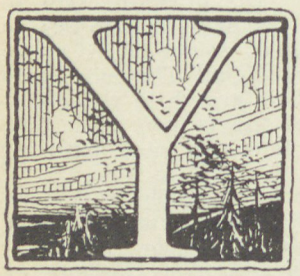
*Here miles of dead trees whispered all about,*
*"Halt, Mr. Camper! See that your fire is out."*

# The Days of the Wild Pigeon

By DAVID WHITTAKER

*Illustrations by Clemons Gretter*

## CHAPTER I



OU have all heard about the old times when wild pigeons were so numerous that they darkened the skies on their flights north and south, and broke the limbs of the trees upon which they roosted while resting over-night. While cruising for timber in Alabama I saw the limbs of trees broken, and asked what caused it. I was told that pigeons made these limbs their winter roosting-place. I don't know how true this is, but what I am going to tell you is true.

### Old Times on the North Shore

MANY years ago I was sent to the north shore of Lake Superior, and landed at the mouth of the Pigeon River, which runs into Lake Superior and is the dividing line between Canada and Minnesota. I had six Indians from the south shore with me. As we cruised north through the timber and along the river bank we found signs and abandoned nests. Then I knew I was in the land where the wild pigeons made their home and reared their young. The next day, after I had told the other Indians to cross up the river and break brush so that we could follow their trail, Honkepoti and I struck northwest for the higher ridges.

When we came to the high ground, we found plenty of blueberries and signs that the pigeons were feeding on them. We spread out, and had not gone far when Honkepoti made a sign for me to come to him. He pointed to a fallen tree, and said, "Good eat plenty," in the Indian tongue, and sure enough there was "plenty good eat" on the log and branches—from twenty-five to forty young birds, hardly able to fly, and so tame that they had no fear of us.

Just then I saw an old male coming toward the log, with something flying close behind, like a bat—the young one, for that was what it was. It dropped into the bushes about one hundred feet from us. The old bird stopped short, whirled about and around, and dropped down beside the young one. I went over and got a good look at them. They were close together. The old bird was uneasy at first, but soon became quite tame and did not seem to mind me. Then he flew into the berry bushes. I could see him feeding on the berries. Then he came back and fed the young one. Then he got up and circled around the young one low as though he were lighting beside it. He did this so that he could find it again. After this the old bird made motions with his head, as they do when going to fly; while the young bird stood up and made the same motions, as if he would fly; after which the old bird screamed and lashed the young one with his wing. The young bird lay down. The old bird leaped into the air like a streak, flew into the forest, and was gone.

Then Honkepoti came over and said to me, "Get him; good eat." "No; let him be. I want to see what they do tomorrow." "You no eat him today, tomorrow he be gone. Owl come, raccoon come, weasel come, fox come, wolf come, hawk come. We no eat tomorrow. I make fire in bush house; you gather."

The Indian looked towards where the young pigeons had been, but they were gone.

"You eat supper now?" and a smile of delight came over his face. He looked at me glowingly, then got his ax and went into the woods, coming out with a light pole six or eight feet long, the brush trimmed half way to the top. Then he stripped himself, all but his moccasins. With his brush in hand, like a cat he sneaked down through the bushes. That was a sight I shall never forget. The sun shone on his dark copper-colored skin, making him look to me as if he were not of the earth, but a spirit of the forest. Honk sneaked on the pigeons, and when they made a sign to fly he rushed on them and beat them down with the brush in his hand. As they were not strong nor quick, and flew like bats, they were easily knocked down and killed.

But with the approach of daylight came the marauders of death. Hawks in hundreds, soaring high in the sunlight, following the sunlight down to their prey, the helpless squabs in the berry bushes. The sun had hardly sunk behind the hills when an owl, the ghost of the night, sailed noiselessly overhead and perched on a dead limb near by. He looked down on us as we cooked our supper; then he turned his back to us, and then darted down to the berry patch. Then he flew up and over our heads, the way he came in. We could see he had a squab in his claws, and I felt as though I could walk all night to get a shot at that owl for killing one pigeon. I thought it over—how many birds the owls would eat that night, and I asked Honk.

"Two—not so many like we. I brushed twenty-two-eleven for supper, eleven for breakfast. We beat two owl bad."

So that begins to show where the game went to.

All night long, owls hooted in the trees and flew down and carried off their prey. Late in the night a skunk came

THIS story of the wilderness of fifty years ago in the almost forgotten days of the wild pigeon will run serially in OUTDOOR AMERICA and will delight all lovers of nature and of the wilds.

David Whittaker was born in Scotland in 1847, but has been identified with Milwaukee and the northwestern part of North America for three-quarters of a century. He is intrinsically a westerner of the pioneer type. As a prospector he has achieved an enviable reputation, discovering unknown tracts rich in natural resources, bringing to notice the outcropping of Niagara limestone in the Lake Bluff north of the City of Milwaukee, beds highly prosperous in their commercial possibilities, bringing to light numerous deposits of silver near Port Arthur and securing the first gold specimens from the vicinity of Lake of the Woods. His travels in search of minerals have led him as far as Alaska and he has penetrated the interior of South America. He has faced dangers and endured hardships and felt raptures while confronting all the varied aspects of nature in every latitude between Wisconsin and the Arctic Circle.

This story contains his modest report of a few of the interesting things he has seen and heard. His artless naturalness, his vivid truthfulness, his manifest knowledge and depiction of the creatures of the wilds has all the charm of Thoreau or Izaak Walton.

Of the Wild Pigeon, now apparently as extinct as the Dodo, he is the chronicler par excellence. He has followed it in its flight over a vast range of country in the United States and Canada. He has written its history more fully and more intimately than anyone else. He has given the world the Iliad of the Wild Pigeon.

—EDITOR.

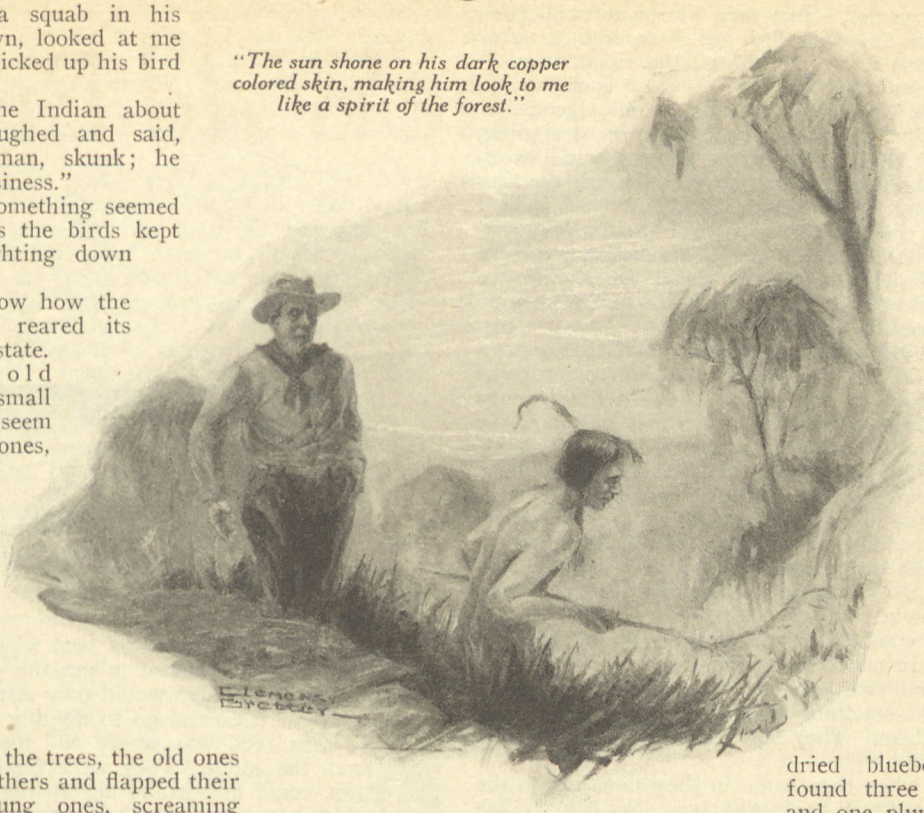
along. He had a squab in his mouth, laid it down, looked at me and the fire, then picked up his bird and went his way.

When I told the Indian about this skunk, he laughed and said, "He good gentleman, skunk; he mind him own business."

All night long something seemed to bother them, as the birds kept flying up and lighting down near us.

I tell this to show how the pigeon lived and reared its young in its wild state.

That day the old birds came in small flocks, and did not seem to feed the young ones, but sat on the low branches of the trees and began to "coo," low and soft. Then the young ones began to fly up beside the old ones. The old birds were all males; I saw no females there. When the young ones were all up in the trees, the old ones ruffled up their feathers and flapped their wings at the young ones, screaming fiercely. The young seemed frightened, and stood up perfectly straight. Then the old ones made motions with their heads, and the young ones did the same. Then they all started flying, at about sixty feet from the ground, through the timber, in a southwesterly direction. They were going to the blueberry fields, about seventy miles away.



*"The sun shone on his dark copper colored skin, making him look to me like a spirit of the forest."*

Late that fall we went to the south shore of Lake Superior and wintered southwest of Michigamie Lake. When we started to look that timber over, I ran onto a beach ridge about three miles long, and it was an old nesting-place, in the heart of the forest, close to the berry-field. Every tree on the ridge had from three to ten or more nests or parts of nests on it.

### What the Wild Pigeons Ate

WHEN the spring came and the snow was gone, we were about to leave. One morning at daylight we were awakened by the calling of pigeons, and looking out saw thousands of birds coming in to the roosts. We killed some. They were tired and hungry—had nothing but beech-nut shells in their crops. The wind was blowing strong. The fact that we had heard them before daylight made me think they had come up in the night, which I afterward found to be true. I became interested in them, and as my Indians had found a beaver village, I decided not to leave, but to stay and study their habits.

They lit down on the ground, and began to throw the leaves right and left, down to the bare ground, in search for food; but, finding nothing there for them they did not stop long. Some of them flew up into the trees, flapped their wings, screamed, rose from the perches, and flew west, leaving me alone. About sundown a flock came into the ridge and settled down around the shack. I wanted to know what they were feeding on, but I did not dare shoot, as it might disturb them and they would leave.

They kept coming to the ridge until long after dark, showing that some of them had gone farther for their food. The next morning they went off, but not in a body—flock after flock—one-half or not less than a quarter of a mile apart, and I thought they had left, as that was the way they had traveled in their long flights north and south. But at night they came in as before, some at a very late hour.

Now, I wanted to know what they were feeding on, as I had heard wise ones say they fed on the buds of trees, and I thought if that flock of pigeons fed on buds there would be no leaves left on the trees round Lake Superior; and they would start on the beech, where they roosted, as the beech had a good winter bud. So I took my gun and went over about two miles away.

As it was late when I left, I did not have long to wait. I let most of them pass, so as not to turn the flight, and as the last of the flock came in, I knocked down twelve or fifteen of them. When I examined them I found what I supposed were dried blueberries. In one I found three wild plum stones, and one plum stone in another. Nearly all had wild cucumber seed. I found no tame grain of any kind. The only sign that showed the birds had gone far to the south was the plum stone. Whether the birds in which I found the plum stones had just come from the south and joined in with the flock I do not know, but I have never found any wild plums in this section of the country.

The next morning they again flew up in the same manner as the previous morning. They left at the same time, but instead of going west they went more to the northwest. That evening I followed in the direction they had taken in the morning, and it was not long before some of the flocks began passing over my head back to the roost. I waited until almost dark, and then I got another dozen or so of them, to find what they had eaten that day. I found they had been feeding on cranberries, which were not in very good condition, while some had eaten dried blueberries. During the night they seemed to be disturbed—indeed, they kept flying and screaming all night. I think it must have been owls, for the next day I killed three large horned owls on the ridge.

The next morning they flew east instead of going west. About eleven o'clock I heard calling and looking up saw great numbers of them flying very high, going west, not in a flock, but in military style, flying in columns of group after group. Quite a few dropped down to roost, but they did not stay long; they soon followed the others. That night I killed some more of them, and was surprised to find that they had acorns in their crops. They must have flown west to Minnesota or to the Bluffs of the Mississippi that day, to find the scrub oak acorns they had eaten, as there is no oak in the part of the country in which they had roosted.

After killing the owls, as related above, I looked for signs to see if they had eaten the birds, but found none, as the owls do not skin or pluck their prey, but eat feathers, hide, bones, and all, afterward throwing up the feathers and hair in round balls. But to make sure, I got the owls and examined them. Two had feasted on rabbits, and one had had a flying squirrel, but no pigeons.

### Prey of the Hawks

THE Indians came in that day, and we feasted on beaver. You get the bark of trees when you eat beaver meat, as that is most of their food. I noticed the pigeons acted very strangely that morning, going in small flocks to the west, but coming back into the roost with the rest that did not go with them. Muschaukett said to me in the Indian tongue,

"Pigeons go, storm come." Just then the pigeons all rose, flying as though each one wanted to get there first. I never thought there were so many pigeons on the ridge.

Then the Indian said, "They gone; no come back."

Honk said, "Some time come back to get all pigeons."

About four o'clock the birds began to come in, straggling, and in small groups, flying low to the ground, and I wondered why they had come in flying so low through the timber, and faster than I ever had seen them fly. Then I heard Ahmoor say he had seen three bad hawks today, and I wondered what kind of hawks he meant, as there were hundreds of hawks to be seen at all times, that the pigeons did not seem to care for. So I asked him what kind of hawks he had seen.

"Oh, oh, bad, bad fellow. I show you when I see one.

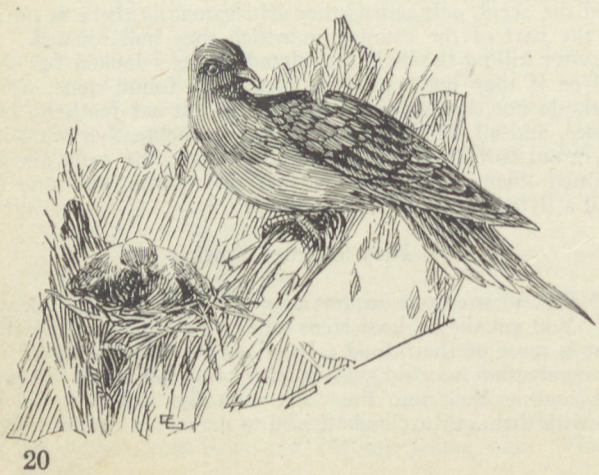
"Two kinds bad hawks," he said; "one big, one small." Then I began to wonder how many enemies the pigeons had, and how they kept so plentiful, when they only laid one egg at a time and raised one young, very seldom ever nesting twice in one summer. From the description Ahmoor gave of that bad hawk, I came to the conclusion it must be a specimen of the falcon. He told me the birds flew low down to the ground, and through the thickest part of the trees, so that the hawk could not strike down with all the speed he could use in the open country without hitting against the limbs or sticks.

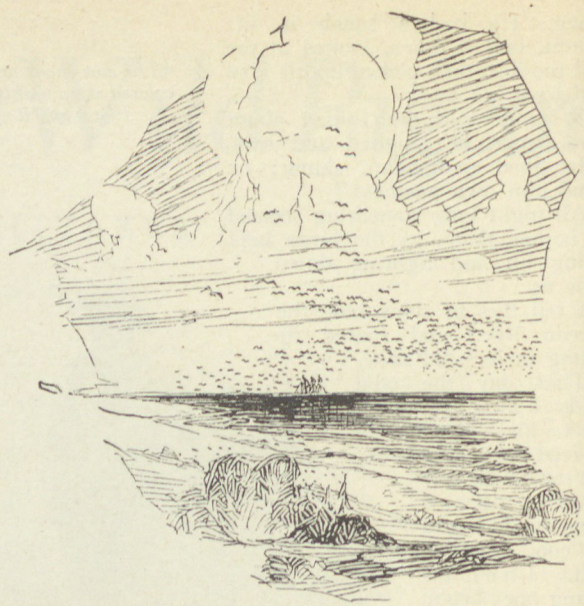
The birds began coming in, and Honk took the gun and got ten or twelve. In one I found six or seven wood snails, in another a ground snail and a June bug. The others, almost empty, and something like mushrooms and black earth and peat in them. They had fared poorly insofar as eating was concerned.

I have said that when they came in they flew low to the ground. They roosted well up in the trees. As it grew late the males began to fly up on the highest branches of the tree tops. Then they all settled down and became so still we thought they went to sleep. But when it began getting dark the females became restless and flew up among the males, who screamed and flapped their wings and drove them down. That pleased the Indians, and they laughed and said they would make good squaws out of them. The moon shone bright, and the males in the tops of the trees began flying out and in again without any call or sign. About half of the males flew up straight into the air and were gone, and in about a minute the other half left, after which the females followed; and then it came to me that when we used to hunt pigeons and shoot into the big flocks we got all males, and in other flocks all females, but when we shot into scattered flocks we got about an even number of both.

### The White Man's Grain

I OFTEN wondered where and how such vast numbers of wild pigeons could find their food, but they ate everything that came in their way. Beechnuts were their favorite food in the spring; through the summer, berries of all kinds, and insects, or bugs as you may call them. Late in the fall sweet acorns were their choice. How they swallowed them I don't know, as there are quite a few kinds of them, some large, some small. Later on, as the country began to get settled, they took to the wheat fields after harvest and in the early spring at seeding time. I have





seen them clean up a patch of seed wheat in less time than you could go to the house to get the gun, and when you shot amongst them they would only rise ten or fifteen feet and light right back and go to digging again. That would only be when food was scarce and they had come up too early from the south. They were fond of corn also, and, like crows, could find it and dig up the kernels faster than you could plant it. Thus their coming to the grain fields helped in their extermination. They were easily killed, for the way they fed on the stubble made them an easy mark for the gun and net. They did not feed like our tame pigeons on the stubble, everyone for itself or single in that way.

Tame pigeons were different from wild ones in feeding on the stubble. The wild ones massed together as closely as they could, the hind ones continually flying over the backs of those in front to get at the fresh feeding-ground in the front. More than half the flock were in the air, so close together you could hear their wings flapping against one another, and two to three feet above the others that were feeding on the ground, and they seemed to be indifferent to possible danger around, so eager were they for the white man's grain. They looked like a small tidal wave rolling up to the beach. They were indeed an easy mark for the gun. I have seen forty to fifty or more dropped out of the tidal wave with a discharge of five or six ten-gauge guns. It was always into the wave we shot, as the wings and the whole body were exposed. Thus a new feeding-ground and a new enemy, the white man, worse than all the hawks and all the wild animals put together. Once they went to the wheat fields they always came back to them; and after they had fed, if you knew where they went to drink you could kill all you wanted by sitting there watching for them, as they came singly and in twos and threes; and thus the wild pigeons found yet another enemy in their feeding and drinking.

## CHAPTER II

### Fate of the Bullet Hawk

THE Bullet Hawk was so named by the Indians for his way of flying and killing his prey. He flew so fast you could hardly tell what he was, and as the young pigeons were on the ground they could not get started fast enough to get away. When they started to fly he struck them with such force that he stunned them. He did not carry his prey to his nest like other hawks, but sat on it and plucked it nice and clean, afterward carrying it to his nest, which was always in a hole in a tree or an old stump. Like the owl, the hawk liked the dark woods; but as the country became settled the young chicken grew to be an easy prey for him, and he did not carry it to his nest, but ate it where he killed it. What man would see his chickens destroyed by a hawk?

The bullet hawks were easily killed, and soon became extinct. The last pair of these enemies of the wild pigeons that I saw were in Alaska when I crossed into the interior. Musingly, I asked, "I wonder did you ever eat many pigeons?" Answering my own question, I continued, "I don't think you did, but I guess your ancestors ate enough for you."

That was twenty-eight years ago, I think. The bullet hawk got its name from the Indians. They said, "You no see hawk, you no see bullet." They go too quick for eyes, and thus the Indians gave them the name of "bullet hawks." The bullet hawk was the worst enemy the wild pigeon had, for if he got within ten or twenty feet he seldom or never missed his prey, and struck it so hard it was easily killed. The falcon hunted the pigeons in the open sky, and it was a matter of speed, for if the pigeons made the timber they were always safe, as they all made for the thickest part. I always thought they flew faster through the thick boughs of the trees, and as the falcon could not or would not follow them there, he soon lost them.

### A Spectacular Flight

THE next day two Pottawatomie Indians came into camp. They had come up from the Green Bay country, and told me they had passed thousands of wild pigeons, feeding on the hard wood ridges. The next day **Kwand,** an Indian, came and told me the pigeons were crossing the lake. I went out on the beach, and sure enough they were coming up as if out of the timber, just over and through the tops of the trees, flying scattered and in a don't-care manner, as if doubtful whether to go on or stay. When they passed over the beach and on and over the water they bunched and formed into military columns, as they do when going on a long journey. When forming these columns they flew very slowly, I suppose to let the flocks in the rear catch up and come into the column. When it was large enough, without any sign or calling they rose as one to a great height and disappeared in the blue sky to the north. It was thus that I first saw wild pigeons crossing Lake Superior.

For three days they came on, flock after flock acting the same as the first flock, bunching, forming columns, rising to a great height, and disappearing over the dark blue waters of Lake Superior to the north, where they were lost in the sky.

I was about to break camp, when I got word to stay and look over the waterways with a view to their eligibility for running logs to the lake. I was advised not to hurry, but to carefully observe all the conditions as to depth and width. When I asked the Indian who brought the message to me if he had seen many wild pigeons on his way through the woods, he said, "Not all gone." He added, "Plenty last week. Make nest soon plenty."

I asked him if he knew where they made their nests. He replied, "Behind Escanaba, far in woods—Big Cedar River. If you give me job, I stay and show where they nest."

This Indian was an Oneida from New York State, visiting part of his tribe at Green Bay. I hired him, and he proved to be a good fellow.

### The Pigeons Fly Back

I TOOK Ahmoor and Honkepoti and went to look after the waterways. The rest of the bunch stayed behind at the old camp.

The fourth day out on the beach, Ahmoor stopped, pointing out over the lake, and said, "Look, they come back!" As far as I could see, the sky was black with pigeons, and when they passed over our heads I could observe that they were flying in a disorderly way, flapping their wings and screaming and calling. Ahmoor said, "They are looking for a place to nest."

They pitched in the timber, about a mile from the shore, south. Toward evening we went in to get some. If some of the hunters of today could see those pigeons as we did, they might get scared and run away. Such flapping of wings and screaming I never heard before. Our shooting did not scare them much, for they went on with their courtship all the same. We soon had plenty, for Ahmoor killed eleven with one shot.

"That is enough for tonight," said Ahmoor.

"Tomorrow he be gone," said Honk.

"Then we eat fish and porcupine," said Ahmoor.

"Porcupine no good." So he got the gun and went back and got about two dozen. When I opened them I was surprised to find nothing in their crops. In their gizzards were seeds of the blueberry or huckleberry, and coarse sand.

The next morning they left early. It was interesting to watch them getting into line for flight. Several hundred would rise and fly out, and others would follow them. They went west, Ahmoor said, to the grain fields of Minnesota, as their food was scarce in the woods. The fourth day after they had left us we were surprised late in the afternoon to see flocks of pigeons coming in off the lake, flying very high and in military style, the columns close together, and their speed on the wing very fast. Straight to the south, Ahmoor said, they were looking for nesting-places, and as food was scarce they had to make long flights; but they would nest from the fifteenth to the twentieth of June, as the June bugs come then, and they always liked plenty of bugs for their young ones.

### June Bug and Green Bay Fly

THAT was something new to me, but it was true, as I found out later. You could not raise the young on grain, like the tame pigeon. For about the first ten days the wild pigeons fed their young on insects, worms or snails. The June bug flew around at night, and in the daytime hid under dead leaves on the ground. Ahmoor, the Indian, told the truth about the June bug. This knowledge was of use to me when I raised and domesticated the wild pigeon, of which I will tell you later on. Regarding another insect, the Green Bay fly, I am not sure, but it came up in millions out of the water at night, flew into the trees and lit there. The pigeons had nothing to do but pick this fly off the trees and feed their young. Nature takes care of itself, and so nature took care of the wild pigeons.

They built their nests about the first of June. To do this took them two days. The third or fourth day the female laid her solitary egg, which would hatch out about the middle of June, or about the same time it takes our tame pigeons to hatch. At that time in June there is no grain ripe, or seed of any kind to feed the young ones, and the blueberries are not ripe until July; but the June bug comes out of the forest, and the Green Bay fly out of the water, and thus nature provided.

I saw the same thing at Hudson Bay on the big marshes where the canvasback ducks breed in thousands, and a great many other kinds of ducks and geese and swans, and I wondered what they would feed on, as every place looked so bare and barren. But out of the water came the flies, and lasted about three weeks, and by that time the young birds were strong enough to forage for themselves. So the same kind nature took care of the wild waterfowl of the Arctic region that took care of the wild pigeons.

### Baby Birds Eat Insects

YOUNG pheasants and young canaries have to be fed on hardboiled eggs, when tame and confined, and they are grain and seed eaters when older. Is it not a fact that all wild birds feed on insects when they are young? So it was with the wild pigeons. They did not eat leaves or buds off the trees, as people said.

Thus I think our forests were protected by the wild pigeons as much as by any of the other birds—anyhow, when they had their young, for they had no choice of food at that time of the year. Next came the berries, as the young left their nests; when the males coaxed them out and took them to the berry fields, fed them for three or four days, and then left them to shift for themselves. They lived on the ground for four or five days. It was then that the bullet hawks lived in their glory and feasted on young pigeons. After that they began to bunch in small flocks in the trees. When they lost the down from their heads they began to imitate the old birds in their habits and leave the ground for the trees, flap their wings, and try to scream like the old ones. By that time they were pretty safe from their other enemies, but fell an easy prey to the man with the gun.

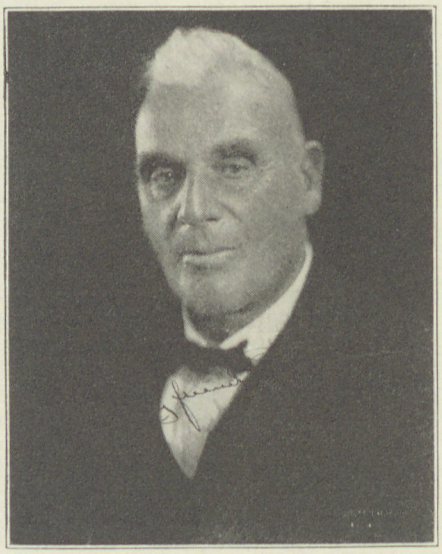
### Red Men's Antipathies

WE had looked up the Presque Isle River and Montreal River as to running logs to the lake. We were to leave, when the Indians came in carrying a deer. They said the wolves had killed it that morning. Honkepoti had started a fire before they got through telling me about the deer, so I knew I might just as well throw my anchor and stay until the deer was eaten. Late that evening the Oneida came in with two porcupines and threw them down beside Honk and the fire. Honk looked at them with disgust, then turned his vision on the coals, then got a stick and threw the porcupines over into the brush.

The Oneida's face straightened out, and he looked at him fiercely. Honkepoti did not notice him, and I was glad that he did not, as it might have led to something worse.

I went over to the Oneida and took him to the deer and asked him what piece he and I would have for supper.

"You no like porcupine like he?" he said, looking fiercely at Honk. "We eat porcupine, he eat deer," and again he glanced over his shoulder at the fire and Honk.



*"Alaska Dave," as he is known to many.*

Then I knew there was bad blood in the Oneida, and I wanted to tell Ahmoor to warn Honk and put his axes and gun away. So I got the porcupines and started to skin them. When they were skinned I asked him in the Indian tongue what part he liked.

"Me eat liver, raw," he said to me.

"No," I said, "not in this camp."

When Kwand heard him say "raw liver" he fastened his eyes on him in surprise and wonder.

Ahmoor saw Kwand looking at the Oneida, and he knew there was something wrong. Kwand gave Ahmoor the danger sign, and he picked up his wood and came over. Then he got the axes and gun and put them away.

I opened the porcupines and got the livers, and told him we would have one apiece. He made a fire, and we ate the livers. We made our bed near our fire. I warmed some stones and put them around him. That made him talk to me, and, as I could understand most of the Oneida tongue, it pleased him.

It was interesting to me to see how quickly this strange Oneida, all alone, by himself, would turn to avenge a supposed wrong done him by his own people, and how quickly he melted to the kindness of the white man, his worst enemy. In the morning he told me to stay in bed and he would get the breakfast. That made me laugh, but I kept my chuckle to myself.

That was a bed you could not make up; but the wild Oneida, the son of nature, slept the sleep of the just, and when I got the chance I made the sign of peace to the others. When we went to them, they all shook hands with us, and I felt relieved.

### Manoeuvers in the Air

THEN the birds came back from the southeast, and flying quite high they circled about a mile, and all at once they turned their bellies up and flew into the timber. Ahmoor said they saw a bad hawk somewhere. They did not light, but kept flying round and round through the tops of the trees. I told some of the Indians to go out on the beach and watch for the hawks, as I wanted to see them. I told Honk to get the gun and go back in and get some pigeons. The Indians called from the beach to come out quickly, as the pigeons were forming into columns out over the lake. It was a pretty sight; the main body anchoring themselves in the air and waiting, as it were, for the last to come in before starting on the trip for the north shore and the Canadian wilds, where they could build their nests and rear their young and not be disturbed by the white man's nets or guns. All at once the columns broke and parted and came like a whirlwind for the timber, flying low down. We could almost have caught them with our hands, as they did not mind us in their wild flight for safety in the timber.

"Look! Look!" cried two of the Indians, and on looking up, not more than one hundred feet above my head, anchored in the air, looking down at us, his wings quivering to hold him in the one spot, his talons hanging down, ready to grasp his victim had he caught one before the pigeons reached the timber for safety, was a falcon. The falcon was what I called the sicklewing, because of the shape of his wings.

The next morning we broke camp. We had not gone far when we struck a deer-trail running north and south, and we followed it and came out all right. In those days the deer nearly all went south for the winter and back north in the spring. The caribou did the same, going south to the north shores of Lake Superior to winter—that is, the woodland caribou. I do not think the barren land caribou from the far north came so far south. They did this before civilization stopped them. The great lake stopped the caribou from going south, but did not stop the wild pigeons from crossing and recrossing, as will be explained later on.

### Another Sojourn in the Woods

THE next fall I went back to the Lake Superior shore country, with orders to cruise not more than ten miles south of the lake shore. We wintered comfortably, as porcupine and small game were plentiful. About the last of April or the first of May the snow began to melt very fast, and I told the Indians to watch for pigeons or other birds from the south, as I wanted to know what kind came first. By the middle of May the snow had nearly all gone, and about the last of May we ran into a flock of about fifty pigeons feeding on a hardwood ridge, maple and basswood.

We killed some, and found they had been feeding on the basswood nuts. The snow was all gone by this time. As the Indians wanted some fish, we moved out onto the lake shore, and as fish were plentiful we camped near a small stream. About the last of May Honkepoti came running and told me that one mile out the woods were alive with pigeons. I took my gun and went out with him.

Sure enough, there were thousands of birds on the ridges. Some were feeding among the dead leaves—the others on the branches low down seemed to be sleeping. We killed some, and upon opening them I found red oak acorns, such as grow in the south. Others had beechnuts. Some of the acorns had sprouted one-half inch long; the beechnuts also. In one I found plumstones sprouted. Most of the nuts were more than half digested. I found no grain. This showed me that the last feeding-place of the pigeons had been in the south.

*(To be continued next issue)*

# A Call to Arms

By JACOB M. DICKINSON

President Izaak Walton League of America

*THE Izaak Walton League of America is today entering an era of GROWTH, POWER, and ACCOMPLISHMENT without precedent in its history.*

I write that statement deliberately, truthfully, earnestly, because I know that it is neither an idle prophecy nor a flare-up of optimistic hope. It has been calmly, thoroughly planned; *it will be executed in every detail.* The Walton League is going forward, it is going to attain heights hitherto thought impossible of attainment, and it is going to do this, not by words, but by ACTION, *backed by a plan of advance which is now ready for execution.*

This new growth is undertaken deliberately with full realization that the responsibility of fulfillment is great, that our aim is high. But it is undertaken with full knowledge that THE TIME HAS COME. For the Izaak Walton League has consolidated the ground it has won, and is now ready for the new advance.

Armed for battle, equipped with confidence in its strength, supported by smoothly running organization, fully determined as to its destiny, it faces the period of its greatest activity, its greatest use to America and to all Americans.

No public movement in America ever grew so rapidly as did the League during its first years. Its appeal to the heartstrings of all Americans, its timeliness in arriving on the field to save what Emerson Hough truthfully termed "the remnants of our outdoors," struck a responsive note throughout the nation and *swept it like wildfire.*

The advance of the League during those early years was somewhat like the advance of an eager company of infantry in battle. In such movements everything is secondary to the advance itself. The troops must gain the objective, they must keep going forward, at all cost. That is what this League did.

## Second Phase Passed

And then came another phase of battle: The digging in. Ground won had to be consolidated. It was a period of straightening out of lines, of calling the roll, of reviewing the ground gained.

*The League Has Finished That Phase of Its Existence.*

To many people, especially to those not versed in warfare, it was now time for another advance. But the time had not yet arrived. The soldiers constitute the cutting edge of the advance, but without organized support they are powerless. They must have supplies of all kinds. A complete organization to direct the next advance and correlate it must move up from the rear and reform the advancing troops for another step.

*That Phase of the League's Growth Is Here.*

The Izaak Walton League of America has been hard at work within its own ranks. It has consolidated its position. It has re-formed its lines. The support has been moved ahead, rearranged, made ready for the next phase. *All is ready for the next command.*

*And the Command Is ADVANCE!*

The stage of growth that has just passed was a tedious one. It was not a spectacular one. But there always comes a time when *the foundation must be strengthened if the growth of the superstructure is to be sustained.* It is a duty, out of sight of the plaudits of the crowds, and *it has been undertaken as a duty.* The work has gone steadily forward, under the direction of some of the ablest executives in America, who contributed their time and knowledge. It has gone forward because we realized that IT WAS THE THING TO DO.

And now, with the trail ahead of us clear, WE ARE GOING FORWARD AS WE NEVER HAVE GONE FORWARD BEFORE.

And *we want your ideas.* We want your help, your constant cooperation.

The past month has seen the Upper Mississippi Refuge definitely turned over to the people of America—the gift of Waltonism to a nation. This was the League's first victory. It was a major victory, a daring victory won by a daring, youthful organization testing out its strength.

The many gifts of Waltonism to the outdoor people of America in the past are well known. They are eclipsed only by *those which are yet to come.*

The League today is fighting to stop the despoliation of Cumberland Falls in Kentucky. It is carrying on a determined fight against the damming of the beautiful waters that lie along the international boundary in the Superior National Forest, Minnesota. It is steadily, surely, gaining ground in the fight against pollution by definite ACCOMPLISHMENT within the various states.

## Future Holds Promise

One of the major activities of the League in the immediate future will be along flood control lines in the Mississippi valley. We are working hard on our program now. I have just returned from the stricken areas, with first hand knowledge of the mighty devastation the destructive waters have wrought. At National Headquarters we are preparing for a major activity to solve, or help to solve, the flood problem in that vast area along the Father of Waters.

And the future?

*The future of this League is in YOUR HANDS.* Your national officers and workers are, after all, largely your servants. We are at your mercy. Whether or not our carefully formulated plans for immediate advance, for the greatest activity in League history, shall be pushed through to complete realization *is a matter which lies in your hands.*

As president of the Izaak Walton League of America I PROCLAIM the arrival of a new phase of Waltonism. It is the phase of *advance.*

YOUR LEAGUE is going to grow to *twice its present size.*

YOUR LEAGUE is going to ACCOMPLISH GREATER THINGS in conservation in all parts of America.

YOUR LEAGUE is going to stand for ACTION in solving the problems of our outdoors.

YOUR LEAGUE is now in fighting trim. It stands on the firmest foundation that it has enjoyed since its inception by Will H. Dilg nearly six years ago.

*We want your shoulder at the wheel.* We want a spirit of cooperation to absolutely bind this League, from national headquarters to the farthermost outpost, into a smoothly running unit.

We want your heart and soul in this new advance.

We want you to take an active part in making the Izaak Walton League the most powerful organization in America.

We want not only your shoulders, but YOUR HEADS. We want you to not only help us *act,* but to help us THINK.

The Walton League looks into the past with pride in its accomplishments. It looks to the future as a steady, powerful march toward *even greater things,* and it is eager *to take to the forward trail.*

# Wisconsin Scores For Conservation

## *State Division of Izaak Walton League Leads Fight That Ends in Victory*

By HARDY STEEHOLM

Editor, The Wisconsin Magazine

FOR many years complaints have been numerous in Wisconsin that conservation was "not all that it ought to be." There were claims of inefficiency, of ignorance on the part of employees of the commission, of favoritism, and last but not least, the claim was made again and again that politics played a conspicuous part in the state's conservation program.

It would be futile and quite unnecessary to stir up reminiscences or revive old feuds by reciting all the charges and counter charges that led up to the new conservation law which Wisconsin has just passed.

What that law is and what is hoped for it is more pertinent. To begin with, it is considered by many to be the best conservation law ever drafted by any state. It has taken advantage of the experiences of such states as Pennsylvania, New Mexico, and others that have long since passed the experimental stage with conservation legislation. It aims directly at the removal of conservation from. . . .

Just a minute! Before we get into the merits of this bill and a history of how it came about, suppose we just take a quick squint at the state of Wisconsin as it looks to those interested in the out-of-doors.

Months of touring would fail to cover all the beauty spots of Wisconsin. Each region of Wisconsin, each type of scenic beauty, each kind of outdoor sport justifies separate and lengthy description. From the standpoint of recreation Wisconsin is one of the most beautiful and diversified of all the states.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and last summer, according to an accurate tally, Wisconsin welcomed 3,600,000 tourists during one hundred days of the vacation period. This does not include those who came at other seasons of the year. 3,600,000 on one hundred days, 800,000 more than the entire population of Wisconsin! They came in a million automobiles, averaging more than three persons to the car. They averaged a stay of eight days for each car. They pitched their tents on any of 15,000 available camp sites, in the woods, by lakes and streams, or in over 250 public camp sites provided by the cities of Wisconsin. Wisconsin issued 61,700 nonresident fishing licenses to them, and gave them the choice of 3,500 miles of trout streams, 8,000 named lakes, and 1,500 named streams, teeming with game fish—German Brown trout, eastern brook trout, black bass, pickerel, wall-eyed pike, pan fish, and the greatest of all game fish, the Tiger Muskellunge of Northern Wisconsin. During the hunting season of 1926 Wisconsin issued 177,600 hunting licenses.

Wisconsin has twelve public state parks, comprising a total of 100,000 acres, and has just added the beautiful area known as Northern Lakes Park. These parks are wild life refuges and every variety of animal and plant life native to this region is to be found in them. That's the place for your camera, although everywhere else in the state too the favorite slogan is "picture ahead, kodak as you go." There are still plenty of beautiful forested areas in Wisconsin, and the recently inaugurated forestry legislation assures that the growing of trees will soon be a profitable pastime in the state.

There are places in Wisconsin for boys and girls—wonderful camps where the youngsters may get a genuine acquaintance with outdoor life.

Outdoor recreation of every kind—it's there for the asking in Wisconsin—fishing, hunting, hiking, swimming, boating, motoring, golfing—there is enough variety to suit everybody, and there is plenty of each variety.

Wisconsin is truly a beautiful state. If you enter the state from the Chicago route, you run into the so-called kettle morain, a kaleidoscopic landscape of little hills and lakes, where the mighty glaciers alternately scooped out the earth or discharged their loads of boulders and gravel which they had carried with them from Canada.

Then you may follow the shoreline of Lake Michigan and Lake Superior, even up through the glorious bays and inlets of Door County, with an excursion into the famous cherry orchards; then northward to the historic Apostle Islands, with the curiously pictured rocks—miles and miles of shoreline, all different, with green forests rising majestically above the sheer brownstone cliffs or dipping down demurely to the sandy beaches of bays and coves.

Everybody is familiar with the great lake country of Northern Wisconsin. Here lake lies so closely to lake that the land seems little better than an excuse for separating them, each different, each with its own unique personality, each with its own allurement, beckoning to us to come and enjoy its life-giving, nerve-healing beauty. Many a road leads you into a wilderness of trees, and if you leave the beaten trail, you soon find yourself in the forest primeval.

Southern Wisconsin, also, is beautiful, and has many attractive lakes.

Then there are roaring, foaming waterfalls; and rivers that challenge the canoeist to embark and go whirling along their banks. The Flambeau, the St. Croix, the Brule, the Chippewa, the Fox, and the historic Wisconsin, down which, in days gone by, drifted the missionaries and the traders to open up this rich new world to the white man's civilization. Yes, if you crave adventure, you can still go a-pioneering down the rivers of Wisconsin.

Then you must not miss Southwestern Wisconsin, the coulée region, made famous by Hamlin Garland, the Wisconsin novelist. Here there is a surprise at every turn of

## Singing Trees

By MARTIN ARMSTRONG

*IN every green and singing tree*
*Eternal beauty speaks to me.*
*Down dusky aisles of pine-clad hills,*
*By wide-spread fields, and summer rills,*
*I mark the path my feet have trod,*
*And lift my heart in praise to God.*

*IN steadfast star, in changing sea,*
*Eternal beauty speaks to me;*
*And when at some returning dawn,*
*I see no more earth's argent lawn,*
*Deep in my heart I know that they*
*Will all be mine again—some day.*

the road, and the road turns all the time. No one has seen Wisconsin until he has entered the enchanted fairyland which Hamlin Garland once called home. It is a bewildering country, providing an everchanging panorama.

*A typical Wisconsin lake teeming with game fish.*

And now for Wisconsin's new deal in conservation. Never in the history of the state has so much constructive conservation legislation been passed. Wisconsin legislators are fairly responsive to popular demands, and there could be no question that the people of Wisconsin were shouting for action on conservation matters; not only with regard to the utilization of waste and marginal lands for forestry purposes, but for laws that would really protect and increase wild game and fish, preserve the beauty spots of the state, and give the people more playgrounds in the form of parks where they might find needful outdoor recreation.

For the purpose of this article, we are concerned primarily with the famous Conservation Bill 404S, introduced by Senator Bruce Johnson of Superior, drafted and sponsored by the Izaak Walton League members of Wisconsin, passed and made into law by a farsighted Legislature.

It is a well-known fact that this bill would not have had a ghost of a show of passage had it not been for the effort exerted by the Waltonians on its behalf. A handful of leaders, supported by members in the various local chapters, watched over this bill literally night and day, from the time it was introduced until it was passed. Every detail was carefully considered before the bill was thrown into its final shape, and questions of constitutionality were thoroughly investigated. A large share of the credit for this phase of the work must go to W. J. P. "Bill" Aberg, president of the Madison chapter of the League, nor did his labor stop there.

Then came the transit of the bill through the two houses of the Legislature. It would be needless to review the entire history of the bill, but it can be said that it had practically every parliamentary experience a bill could have. It was buffeted about by every faction like a ship in a gale, and had it not been so carefully constructed in the first place, and had it not been manned by ardent Waltonians who stood their watch over it, turn and turn about, it could not possibly have survived. Attempts were made to destroy it by amendment, by referendum, and finally by the substitution, in the form of amendment, of a bill similar, but calling for a salaried commission, subject to the usual political pressure and manipulation.

That all these efforts failed is due largely to the eternal vigilance of Frank N. Graass, Secretary-Treasurer of the Wisconsin Division of the Izaak Walton League. Coming to Madison seriously handicapped by sickness caused by an explosion accident of a couple of years ago, "Frank" stuck to his guns. In spite of numerous blocking tactics of the opposition, parliamentary delays, and even brow-beating by those who resented his earnestness on behalf of the bill, including legislators supposed to have the ear of the governor, he never faltered for a moment, and his native shrewdness and thorough familiarity with legislative procedure enabled him to outguess the opposition at every turn. He was in constant contact with the local chapters, keeping them informed of every move, and urging cooperation in holding friendly legislators and converting those who were opposed.

Through the entire fight shone the benign spirit of Sherman Brown, President of the League's Wisconsin Division. He it was who encouraged everyone to keep up the fight and press it home to victory, and from him emanated an unchallengeable and unconquerable spirit of unselfishness and of genuineness which impressed even the strongest opponents of the bill.

It should be stated that the principal opposition to the bill was not based on its merits, but on political differences between factions represented in the Legislature, particularly the customary unwillingness of the "outs" to let the "ins" have credit for constructive legislation. Undoubtedly the bill would not have gotten to first base without the leadership of the Walton League and the fine support of local officers and members.

Appointments of the following men have been made and confirmed by the Senate: Judge Frank L. Gilbert, Madison; Eugene Wengert, district attorney of Milwaukee county; O. C. Lemke, Wausau; William Mauthe, Fond du Lac; A. W. Icks, Green Bay; and E. M. Dahlberg, Ladysmith. No one will question the standing or ability of these men. They will have the whole-hearted cooperation of the Izaak Walton League members throughout the state in making their administration of conservation a real success.

This board is expected to select as conservation director a man who is an authority on conservation as well as an administrator. *Upon the selection of the right man for this position rests, in the last analysis, the success of the entire scheme, and until this selection is made, there can be no certainty as to the effectiveness of the new law.*

The commission is authorized to close seasons on any species of game or fish in any specified localities, in cases of emergency; to designate game, bird, and fish refuges; to acquire lands or waters for state forests, for state parks, for scenic or historic places, for public shooting, trapping or fishing grounds, for fish hatcheries and game farms, for forest nurseries and experimental stations. It is further authorized to establish and maintain an efficient fire fighting system for the protection of forests, to regulate camp fires and smoking in the woods, to regulate the burning of rubbish, slashings, and marshes, etc., and to conduct research in improved conservation methods.

That's a big order, but Wisconsin is used to doing things in a big way. *Everything hinges on the new commission and the men selected to carry out the policies it inaugurates. It is to be hoped that the newly appointed conservation commissioners will lay aside all personal or political preferences, and pick a man who will dedicate his life to making of Wisconsin one of the greatest conservation areas in the world.*

EDITOR'S NOTE:

In addition to the non-salaried Conservation Commission bill and its many most excellent features, the Wisconsin Division of the Izaak Walton League succeeded in having the Legislature pass special legislation to adjust taxation on forest lands and thereby again encourage the growing of forests by both private and corporate owners; a better system of forest fire prevention and control; a bill to restore the famous Horicon Marshes containing 40,000 acres of most wonderful wild life breeding grounds and waters, about which a special article will appear in a near issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA; an appropriation to better support the splendid effort Wisconsin is making to eliminate pollution; and several other very desirable conservation measures.

These are a 100% victory for the legislative program of the Wisconsin Division of the League, and for Governor Zimmerman, who both *publicly and privately has pledged the people of Wisconsin to take conservation work out of politics,* and who very wisely signed every one of these bills.

# Ducksology

By

ARTHUR B. SEE

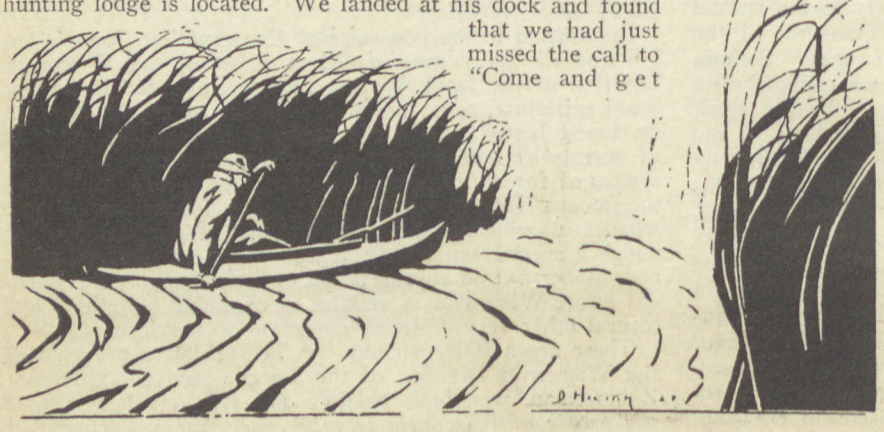
*Drawings by D. Hough*

ALLOW me to introduce Lou. Use your wildest imagination. One of those barber persons with a gift of gab that would not be accepted as a gift. A pair of humorous blue eyes surmounted by a pate prematurely bald from frequent recourse to his own hair restorer. Add to this a slimness that can solve any knot-hole and we have him. In fact, Lou is so slim that when he takes aim, one wonders if Lou is aiming the gun or if the gun is aiming Lou. Subtract these ailments, or attributes if you wish, and you have a true Izaak Walton Leaguer and what more can be said of any man? This is not an epitaph.

To get down to brass tacks. Lou expressed a desire to go hunting, which is the way that all good stories should begin. Lou expressed himself, which was all that was needed to make up a party of two, and we went. Folks, I am going to put you on your honor. Should I be so indiscreet as to mention where we were fortunate in getting a duck I sincerely hope that, should you take advantage of my confidence, you will leave enough for seed in order that I may duplicate the performance next year. This precaution seems to me to be absolutely necessary because so many have been less fortunate, presumably due to the fact that there were no ducks within a thousand miles of their immediate vicinity. Here is precious information. Keep it under your hat. Somewhere in the State of Washington there is a place where the ducks congregate.

Lou is one of those fellows who don't give a good gosh darn for anything. What's a nickel anyway? So we had to wait until he had finished the day's business before departing. Sensible, but very messy. We en-Forded at the ghostly hour of twelve, midnight. We left at that time for no other reason than that it was a Lizzie, which means that you are sure to get there, but when?

At three o'clock we were at the setting of this story some eighty miles north from where we started. Please appreciate the exact locations. The tide was in and the muddy waters of the Skagit swirled and eddied past the little landing with a subdued whisper of ominous power. Loading the duffle into one of the boats we pushed out upon its surface and proceeded to drift to our intended location. Drift is the correct word. No muscular exertions necessary in the pursuit of this sport. Reclining gracefully on the seats we were carried in a short time to the scene of activity. At the spot where the Skagit enters Puget Sound it divides into numerous channels and forms an intricate maze that would defy a Houdini. It is here, in the maze, I mean, that Dan's hunting lodge is located. We landed at his dock and found that we had just missed the call to "Come and get it." We found the other Apostles of the Gun at breakfast and proceeded to wrap ourselves around a gargantuan meal of ham and eggs and hot-cakes.



Into the boat and away with the first vestige of daybreak. A short drift down one of the numerous tide-rips and we found the Sound right where old Paul Bunyan put it. For the benefit of the uninformed I will relate a tale within a tale. Thanks to Mr. Shephard and Don Hough all true Washingtonians are well acquainted with the historic origin of their Sound Country. Paul was plowing in the field one day when ambition smote him on the brow. He decided that his oxen were afflicted with an indolence complex and that they were much in need of physical persuasion. So he reached over into the nearby forest and plucked a two hundred foot fir out by the roots and proceeded to fill the need. The aforesaid oxen, not being accustomed to corporal punishment, decided that there was no time like the present for change of vicinity and proceeded to run away. Paul, of other decision, dug his heels into the ground and tried to stop them. Alas. The best laid plans of men, you know. He had failed to take the softness of the ground into consideration and his heels slipped. His left foot dug a furrow of such vastness as to create the ditch known at the present time as Puget Sound, while his right foot, not having been so firmly imbedded, caused the Hoods Canal. At the same time the dirt from the furrow piled up in picturesque abandon along the edge of the ocean to form the Olympic mountain range while the dirt from the left foot slip caused the Cascades. Anyone questioning the validity of this story may take the matter up with Mr. Shephard or Mr. Hough.

We had with us a quintet of fine callers led by a little lady of some ten summers with a cajoling note to her voice that would coax Mr. Greenhead from any safe refuge to within an inch of her nose. We picked out a large stump that had been thrown up onto the flats by flood waters and set out the quintet. They decided to get themselves into condition for the forthcoming seduction and primped and splashed and preened until sartorial perfection had been reached. By this time the eastern sky had begun to show signs of promise and Lou acquainted me with the fact that if the sun didn't come up in half an hour that it would be late by his watch. Whereupon we settled down to the serious business of committing mayhem. Some lucky Apostle to the south annihilated some poor unsuspecting feathered friend, which was a signal for a furious outburst along the entire front. Lou and I were not so lucky. We had gone forth brazenly to the place that we had in mind and had succeeded in flushing about a million ducks that might have afforded us a shot had we waited for shooting time as a cue to enter.

The low bank of fog that hung over the Sound began to move eastward, and we were soon covered with an opaque blanket. Which was the signal for

something to happen. The air became alive with the whisperings of ghostly wings. . . . The little lady out in front began her staccato solo with little or no luck. Whereupon her note became very insistent and we were rewarded. An old canvas-back dropped in to see what was causing all of the uproar and I, with no thought as to what Lou might have been doing at the time, proceeded to educate him. I turned to Lou.

"Whynell didn't you shoot?"

"I have never made a practice of shooting ducks after they are dead," says Lou.

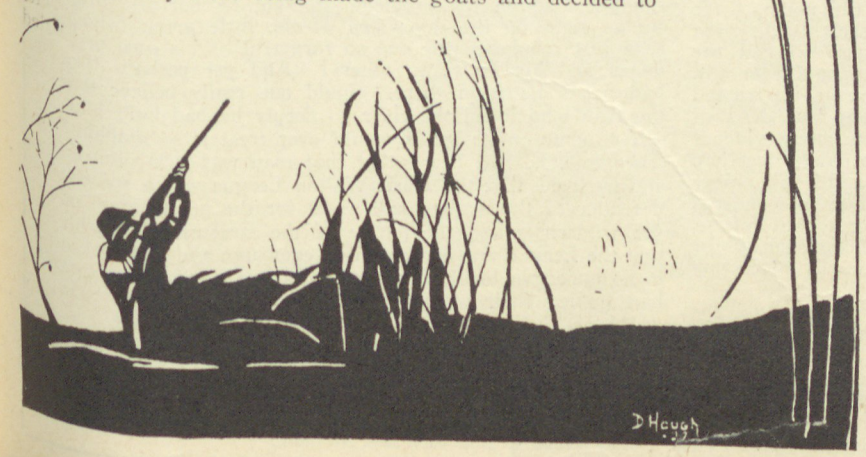
Good logic. The boy has his good points. So I made a mental decision that the next bird was to be Lou's without any outside interference. Hortense began to sing again and the grandfather of all greenheads came around to see what he could see. Lou took a very careful aim and pulled the trigger. The result was a sound resembling striking a tin can with a pebble.

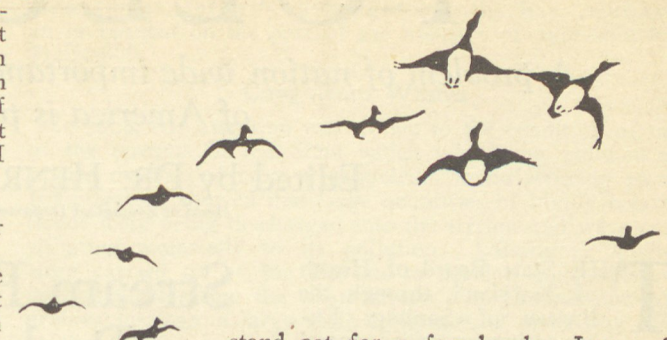
"Q* &/ D ‡‡$%&," said Lou.

He ejected a perfectly good shell out into the Sound and proceeded to duplicate the performance. Whereupon I raised old Meat-in-the-pot and added another to the string. Then we looked Lou's gun over to see what was causing all the mischief. Inasmuch as the caps in the shells were but slightly dented we decided that it must be in the firing pin. It was. The owner of the firearm had greased it with vaseline and the frosty air had caused the stuff to thicken with the result that the firing pin was solidly embedded. Lou cursed while I dug out most of the grease and we again settled down to business. The rays of the sun had won the battle by this time and had chased the fog bank back into the west. Its receding had revealed to us a sight well worth going miles to see. Directly in front of us but far out of gun range was a raft of ducks that extended along the full front of the flats. I am making no statements that I cannot prove, and inasmuch as I was too busy and could not take time to count them, I will not involve myself in discussion by mentioning a number. To be conservative I will say that they covered a thousand acres. And there they were and there we were with Lou's eyes bulging out until you could have knocked both of them off with a club. Mine bulged the same way when I saw all those ducks the first time. This sight with the sun shining down on it all, with the gulls wheeling and giving voice to their forlorn note, with the blue of the Sound and the green of the firs and the white snow of the Olympics capping it all is enough to cause anyone to run out of adjectives.

So there we sat on our little stump, basking in the morning sun and radiating peace and contentment. Occasionally a flock would break away from the mass and drift inland over the heads of the hunters. Some of them came our way and some of them did not pass. The shooting up in that country is a mathematical problem. It is all overhead shooting and every shot takes a certain amount of consideration. Item: One duck. Item: Distance approximate. Item: Speed of flight. Item: Velocity of wind. Taking everything into consideration it is a question of good guess work on the part of one not well versed in figures.

After an hour or so of shooting, the ducks seemed to realize that they were being made the goats and decided to



stand pat for a few hands. Lou and I were still high and dry and supremely happy to be there, even without the fact that we had a few ducks to make us happy, so we settled down into an easy position with the intention of soaking in a lot of sunshine. To say nothing of moonshine. We held a pretty good hand and could afford to wait until the ducks showed theirs. There are so many things to keep you interested while you are waiting. Away out in the channel you see an object resembling a man swimming. Presently it submerges, to appear much closer. A certain amount of conjecture as to what it can be and as to where it will make its next appearance. Then you discover that it is a hair-seal bent on discovering a place in which to sun itself. Out in front a man is fishing from the blind. He has discovered a way to spend his idle moments. One sees the strike and the salmon trout break water, the sun reflected from his silvery sides.

Along about twelve o'clock the farmer got lucky, as the saying goes. One of the sudden squalls for which the Sound is so justly famous arose, and with it arose considerable agitation in duckdom. In fact the air became filled with ducks, all of them seeming intent upon getting to a place of safety in the rushes that bound the shoreline. Inasmuch as we were in those very same rushes, their paths and ours must coincide at some point. They did. We did. They were. In other words some of them are no more. Lou had considerable trouble with the firing pin again but when his blunderbuss did go off it did considerable execution. So all in all he claimed to have had a pretty good time and I decided that the trip was of benefit to him in that he ridded his system of a ton or so of expletives that were far better out than in. Believe me or not we brought home sixteen ducks, which is enough for two perfectly normal persons with no real inclinations toward hoggishness. Not that we would not have brought back more had we had the opportunity, but I never miss a chance to display my Waltonian credentials.

To cap the climax to a perfect day the little lady slipped her leg band and I had a chance to demonstrate to Lou how really marvelous it is to own a female not addicted to fickleness. I waded out to where she was swimming foot-loose and fancy-free and spoke a few kind words to her. Whereupon she came up to have her head scratched, and I put lime in her shoes, as the poets say. Which goes to prove that all females are in favor of blarneyism.

Then we embarked once more and the incoming tide carried us back up the river to Dan's. The storm had abated and peace reigned supreme once more upon the flats. Away out on the surface of the Sound an old mallard hen quacked spasmodically as if questioning the sensibility of our departure. But we are leaving her for another family for another day.

**Crows**
**Coming**
By JACK MINER

# POLLUTION

*A problem of nation wide importance which the Izaak Walton League of America is pledged to solve*

Edited by DR. HENRY BALDWIN WARD

*Head of Zoological Department, University of Illinois*

## Stream Pollution Problems in Maryland

By

GEORGE L. HALL

Division Engineer—Bureau of Sanitary Engineering
Maryland State Department of Health

THE State Board of Health of Maryland, through the Bureau of Sanitary Engineering, exercises general supervision and control over the waters of the State. It is empowered by law to make and enforce rules and regulations, and order the construction of suitable treatment works to correct and prevent pollution of waters.

As conditions differ in various sections of the State it has not been deemed wise to attempt to establish general standards of purity for streams into which sewage or trade wastes are discharged. Each problem of stream pollution is studied with due consideration to surrounding conditions and to the use of the water downstream, and each must be solved so as to cause no nuisance in the water course. The aspects of the problems considered are *health, comfort* and *fish life.*

Although ample powers are delegated to the Board to require offending municipalities and industries to stop emptying sewage and trade wastes into the streams and to provide suitable treatment works for eliminating such pollution, it has been the policy of the Department to substitute for legal proceedings the *education* of those responsible for such pollution. This method of procedure has worked out satisfactorily. Experience has indicated that more satisfactory results are obtained through cooperation with the industries than by resorting to the courts.

In all industrial waste problems our studies are directed toward the economical recovery of waste products, rather than toward mere disposal. By so doing the interest of the plant officials in our work is aroused and in most cases they are only too willing to cooperate in the research for an adequate solution of their problem.

As far back as 1915, studies have been in progress by the Bureau, of the discharge of wastes from industries located in the Curtis Bay area adjacent to the city of Baltimore. This section is a highly developed industrial area, located upon tidal tributaries of Chesapeake Bay.

The principal industries investigated were a tannery, two acid works, a fertilizer plant, two oil refineries, an alcohol plant and a chemical plant.

### Tannery Wastes

Considerable improvement of conditions in the Curtis Bay area has been made since 1915, resulting from the installation of waste treatment works during the past four

## A Reproach and Three Questions

By HENRY BALDWIN WARD

DO you know the Fox River? No stream in Illinois is lovelier, and folks who enjoy life in the open have planted their cottages thickly along its beautiful banks. In summer it is eagerly sought by people of all ages, and men, women and children draw bodily strength and mental vigor from their contact with nature which the river and its environment affords them. Boating and fishing and bathing in season cause a multitude of followers to be lured back to the dear old river year after year to enjoy its pleasures. Men speak of it in affectionate terms, and some even worship it with a heartfelt admiration that is well warranted by the strength of its appeal.

Thus it was in the summertime, that drawn by its appeal a lone man wandered along its banks. And again after winter had set in he breasted the wind and the snow and went again to the spot he loved so much. Though the trees were barren of their leaves and the landscape was brown, and the wind swept down from the north, there was still beauty in the scene. To be sure, the cottages were closed, and with the heavy winter shutters warned the casual visitor that summer's welcome was no longer his. So he turned down to the bank of the stream, ice-fringed by the early coming of winter. The colony was deserted by its summer folk, but tracks in the snow gave evidence of an abundance of winter visitors whose dainty feet had left clear trails on the soft white surface. In full enjoyment of the quiet and the beauty, the hunter wandered along the bank, checking with his eye the record left in the snow by other winter wanderers, watching sharply for an opportunity to make the first move towards concocting a rabbit stew.

Just then a strange sight met his eye. It was not the yellow cottage nor yet the green one just beyond it, the last in the row; but it was rather the sad spectacle in front of that little summer home. Dumped in a rough pile on the icy bank at the water's edge was an old bed spring, and a worn out oven, and a multitude of tin cans that in their ragged yet still legible labels outlined the family's summer menu. Half in the water, half on the bank, reaching up into the frosty air the old bed spring seemed as if appealing for help to drag it out of its muddy bed. The stray cans were scattered along out into the water with the disorder so characteristic of those unsightly remnants of the feasts of the past.

The hunter stopped, laid down his gun, and dragged that old bed spring up on the bank. Then he looked at the oven and the cans. What could he do with them? Where could he put them? Should he leave them there to be carried down by the first spring flood, to be scattered over the bed of the river in shallow water as unsightly reminders of the careless one who forgot other people and was willing to defile the beauty of the stream? Or might they not be carried in deep water, to annoy and possibly cripple the bathers next summer? The hunter thought long on the problem. Should he not pile these things right on the door step of the little green cottage as a just rebuke to the one so forgetful of his own privileges and his duties to others? And yet perhaps they had not come from there. Could one really believe that the man who loved the river so deeply he had built himself a home on its banks would ever treat it so shabbily? Then, too, he had heard that that man was a Waltonian, and he knew that the Izaak Walton League was a staunch defender of the waters, and stood for the preservation of the wilderness and the purity of the streams. He knew that the League was earnest in its campaign and had spoken in no uncertain tones about the cities and corporations that had defiled their streams and ruined other waters. He could not believe that this man had done it. But here they were, those wretched things defacing a beautiful river prospect. Where did they come from? What could he do about it? What ought he to have done? Can you answer the questions?

years. At the tannery the usual hair, fleshing, tanning and lime wastes were discharged without treatment. A treatment plant has been installed and the solid material removed from the wastes is being utilized to reclaim low swampy ground. The installation has not been finally approved by the Department, since some operating difficulties remain to be overcome.

### Molasses Slop

One of the most interesting problems encountered in the Curtis Bay section is that existing at a large chemical works treating "molasses slop," a by-product of an alcohol company. The wastes are composed of the residue left from molasses after the fermentable sugars have been converted to alcohol and the alcohol removed by distillation. This material contains valuable substances, such as unfermentable sugars, glycerine, potash, ammonia, etc. The "molasses slop" was formerly discharged directly into the harbor, but through the efforts of the Bureau it is now pumped to a chemical plant where some of the valuable products are recovered. The "molasses slop," containing about 90 percent water, is settled in large tanks and then pumped to evaporators where the moisture content is reduced to approximately 50 percent. From the evaporators the wastes are then run into incinerators where the remaining water is evaporated resulting in the production of a clinker used in the manufacture of potash. The losses from the incinerator in the form of dust and fumes, which have caused an aerial nuisance, have been practically overcome by passing them through a Cottrell electrical precipitator which recovers this fine material. After leaving the precipitator the gases pass to an ammonium sulfate recovery plant.

The magnitude of this particular problem may be indicated by the fact that the plant, built for the treatment of these wastes, formerly discharged into the Bay, represents an investment on the part of the industry of approximately $1,250,000.

### Congoleum Wastes

In 1923, our attention was drawn to the condition of one of the streams in the State which was being polluted by wastes discharged from a congoleum manufacturing plant. Investigation showed that large quantities of highly colored liquor were being discharged into the stream and were contributing materially to its pollution. Laboratory studies were carried on by the Bureau to develop a satisfactory method for treating the waste liquor. To confirm our laboratory findings, a large scale experimental plant was built at the factory so that the waste liquor could be treated under actual plant operating conditions. As a result of these experiments the company has prepared plans for a waste treatment plant and intends to proceed with its construction.

### Chenopodium Oil

One of the most unique problems studied was to learn the effect of chenopodium oil upon fish life. This oil is obtained from the chenopodium oil herb and is used in the treatment of hookworm. Practically all of this oil used in the United States is produced in Carroll County, Maryland. After cutting, the herb is cured in a manner similar to that used for curing hay. It is then packed into an air-tight chest through which steam is passed. The oil from the herb and the steam pass through a condenser and the condensed oil and water are caught in a separator. The oil collects on the top of the water and the latter is allowed to discharge directly into the stream. Because of

*(Continued on page 36)*

*Could the poet have sung of such a view—"there's a rapture on the lonely shore!" ???*

*A Disciple of Robin Hood.*

# Boys, Bows and Arrows

## *A detailed description of bow and arrow making*

By
JUDGE GEORGE W. WOOD

Sketches Courtesy of L. Slemmler, Long Island, N. Y.

*Good Medicine for Boys.*

THE bow and arrow have been used both as a weapon and as a means of procuring food, since prehistoric man, finding the animals he pursued too wary for his club, flexed it across his knee, and upon realizing its possibilities, produced the first crude bow. He later learned to feather his arrow and to use a stone head.

At all times during the world's history, the bow and arrow have been in use, and been connected with the most delightful legends. Who has not been thrilled by the stories of Robin Hood and his Merry Men, and secretly wished that he might have been one of the merry company? Who can read A. Conan Doyle's tales in the White Company, or R. L. Stevenson's Black Arrow, and not wish to be a member of the company of archers?

When gunpowder displaced the bow and arrow, they still continued to be used by a few scattered archers, who loved the whistle of the feathered shaft and the twang of the bow string.

Within the last few years, sportsmen who love sport for sport's sake, who love to put their own strength and quickness of eye and hand against that of the wary denizens of the wild wood, have turned to making their own archery tackle, and find more enjoyment in taking one head of game with an implement fashioned by their own hands, than in many head killed by guns and ammunition made by someone else.

There are but few woods from which good bow staves may be had. It is difficult to find a good stave and to season it properly. For a beginner, it is best to purchase one from some of the archery outfitters, who carry properly cut and seasoned staves. Yew is first in order, but hard to obtain, and difficult to work. Lemon wood staves are less expensive, easy to work, and make very satisfactory bow staves. The completed bow should be an inch or so less than the height of the archer, a shorter bow is more easily handled in the field and makes a better hunting weapon.

Your rough stave should be about 1¼ x 1⅛ inches. The back of the bow is held away, and the inner side is called the belly. The back of the bow should be gently rounded off, then take a draw knife and work the bow down from center to the end, arching the belly side to about the dimensions shown in the diagrams. Finish off smooth with a small plane. As you work the bow down to the dimensions, bend the bow from time to time to be sure that you are getting a regular curve and that the bow bends equally in each limb. The lower limb bears the most strain and should be a little stronger. In testing the bow or in shooting, it should never be drawn further than the length of a standard 28 inch arrow. When you have worked it to the requisite pull, roughen the back a trifle. Take two strips of clarified calf skin, as wide as the back of the stave, long enough to lap an inch or so in the middle, and to reach the end of the stave. Soak the calf skin half an hour in warm water. Place glue on back of the bow, put the calf skin on the bow, and work the calf skin on carefully, rubbing out all the air bubbles, working the calf skin so that it adheres the full length of the back of the bow, then bind the bow tightly the full length with surgeon's gauze bandage, and allow the glue to dry thoroughly. When the glue is completely dry, remove the binding, trim the rough edges of the calf skin. A bow stave is apt to crack under strain. The calf skin backing adds greatly to its strength.

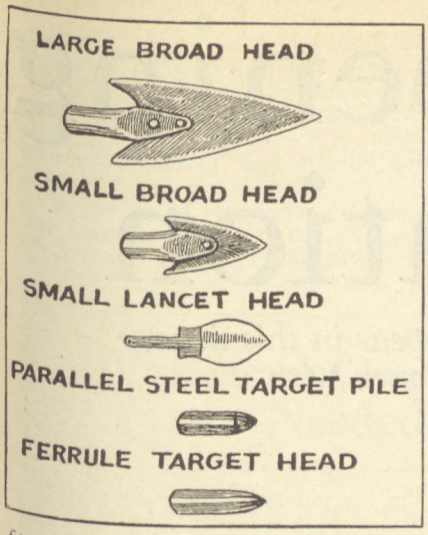
For tips, get a couple of cow's horns, with ends thick enough so that a hole one half inch in diameter may be drilled into them, to a depth of about three fourths of an inch. Saw off the ends of the horns with a hack saw. Drill the one half inch hole and work into shape of a tip as illustrated. They may be whittled into shape with a pocket knife. Fit them tightly on the ends of the bow, seated in glue.

The point the arrow crosses the bow should be 1¼ inches above the center. On the back of the bow, glue a thin strip of wood about one eighth inch thick, and four inches long, sloping off at each end, just below where the arrow is to cross, to thicken the stave, and make a suitable hand grasp. Commencing just below the point where the arrow crosses, wrap twine such as is used for chalk line, for a hand grasp, covering the thin strip of wood on the back. Now give the bow, grasp and tips, a coat of shellac, then rub the bow with boiled linseed oil. After this is dry, take a rag soaked with boiled linseed oil, place in the center a small bit of cotton soaked in shellac, and rub the bow well. When this is dry, wax with floor wax and polish.

In making your string, use Barbour's Irish Linen Shoemaker's thread, No. 12. It will take one strand of thread for each pound of pull of your bow. The pull is determined by placing the string bow in a vise, attaching a spring cable to the cord, draw it back twenty-eight inches, the number of pounds registered on the spring scale is the pull of the bow. Measure off a distance of about a foot longer than the bow stave, and drive a nail at each end to hold your bow string while waxing. Stretch between these nails the thread. Remember, it will require one thread for each pound of pull of your bow. Divide the number into three groups.

Take one of these groups, wax carefully with beeswax, then twist the threads tightly together twisting away from you, pulling it tightly and waxing as you twist. Do the same with the two other groups. When you have finished all three, twist them tightly together, twisting toward you, waxing and pulling tightly. Make a loop in each end just large enough so that when the string is in place, and bow bent, the string is six inches, from the handle of the bow. When string is first made, it may stretch a little. It is as well to wait for the lower loop until the string is well set. When finished, wax thoroughly and rub with paper until it is smooth and round.

The arrow should be twenty-eight inches long, and three eighths inches in diameter. Birch dowels may be had at archery out-



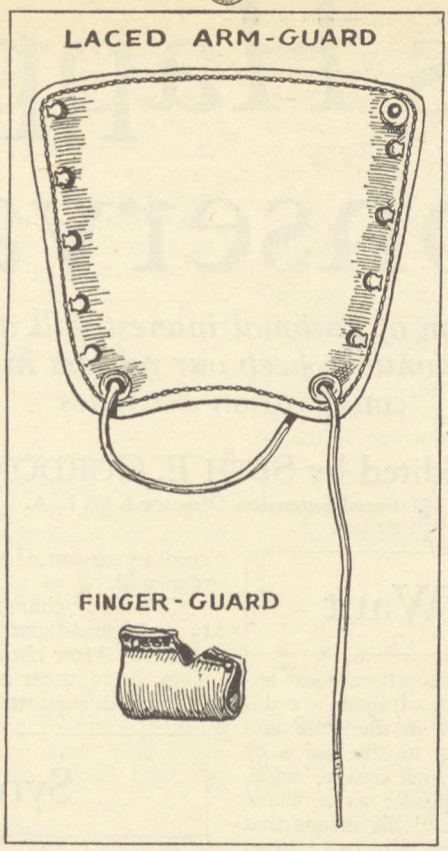

fitters, at a very reasonable cost. One may go to a lumber yard, select a birch flooring board, one half inch thick, and have it ripped into one half inch strips, cut them to twenty-eight inch lengths, and round them with a small plane. When rounded, they should be sandpapered smooth. Dowels purchased are apt to be somewhat crooked. The flooring board will give better results. For the feathers, turkey pinions are best, though the wing feathers of geese, ducks or even large chicken feathers will serve. Around Thanksgiving or Christmas time, a supply for a year may be had at your butcher shop. In feathering the arrow, select three feathers from some wing, split them down the rib, cutting them to five inch lengths, taking off enough bristles at each end so that you have about one half inch of the rib of the feather to bind. Run a little liquid glue along the shafts of the three feathers. Hold the arrow shaft in your left hand, place the three feathers on the shaft so that the top end of the feather is one inch from end of the arrow. Hold the lower end of the feathers with the left hand and bind them on the shaft with a thread, winding it spirally along between the bristles of the feather to the upper end. When the glue is thoroughly dried, remove this thread and bind the ends of the feathers with a bit of bright colored ribbon, laid on with glue.

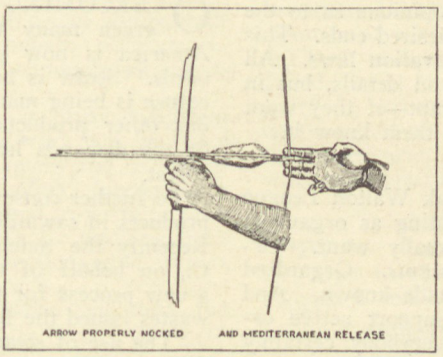
Cut a notch in the arrow using a small file or three hack saw blades, so that the opening will just take the string and will be tight enough to hold the weight of the arrow. One of the feathers should stand at right angles to the notch. This is called the cock feather.

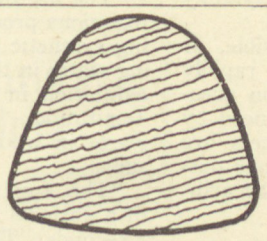
The metal case of a regular army 30 calibre ball makes a good point for your arrow, this to be set on with ferrule cement. A good blunt point may be made by drilling a small hole in the end of the shaft. Into this hole turn a small round headed screw. About the shaft, commencing at the screw, wrap the end of the shaft with small tinned wire. After it has been wrapped run a little solder along the wire. This head is especially effective in shooting squirrels where a sharp pointed arrow would stick in the branches.

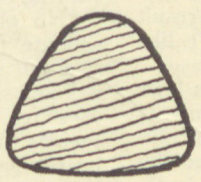
A sharp point may be made by sawing a thin piece of steel into arrowhead shape with a hack saw, leaving a small tang three eighths inches wide and three fourths inches long, at lower side of the triangle. Saw down the end of the arrow head the length of the tang, which should be inserted in this slot. Wrap this with small tinned wire and solder. Sharpen this head with a file and you have a good arrow for all small game.

For the larger game the broad head is the most effective. This is made of a piece of steel one eighth inch thick, cut so that each side of triangle is three inches long and one and one fourth inches from point to point. Take a piece of 22 gauge steel tubing, cut off a short length and flatten one end with a hammer. File off the flattened side, and fit this to the arrow head. Drill a small hole through, and insert a soft iron rivet. Run a little solder along the joint and set it on the shaft with ferrule cement.





Middle of Bow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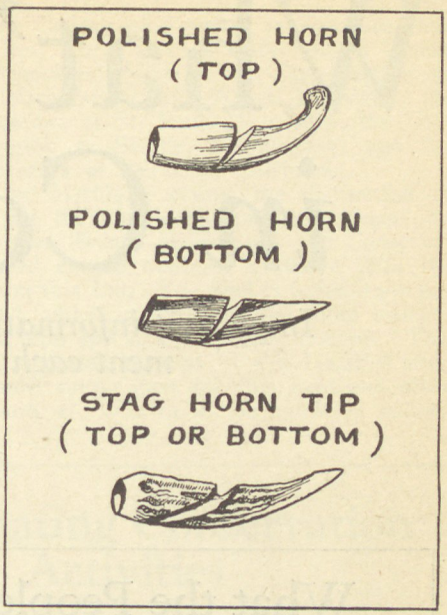
At Nock




The shafts should be painted. The choice of color is a matter of individual taste. Personally, I like a shaft with plenty of color which will aid in finding the arrow.

Before attempting to shoot the bow, get a heavy leather cuff eight inches long for the left wrist, and three leather finger tips for the right hand. Without the leather cuff, the slap of the string would badly bruise your left wrist, and your fingers would soon blister without the tips.

In shooting, stand with feet eight to ten inches apart. A line drawn at right angles through the feet should point toward your target. Grasp the bow in the left hand with the arrow on the left side of the bow. Extend the left arm and keep it perfectly rigid. Place the arrow on the string, letting it rest between the first and second fingers of the right hand. All first three fingers of the right hand should be on the bow string in the manner illustrated.

Draw the arrow back until the finger tips touch a point on the right jaw directly below the right eye. Let the string roll gently off the tips of the fingers. In shooting, always draw the arrow the full distance to the same point. Some archers paste a small bit of court plaster on the jaw as a guide.

If you have the real spirit of an archer, you will make many bows. It is well to commence with a bow of easy pull, not over forty or fifty pounds. It takes an archer of considerable strength and experience to use a heavier bow. As you become more skillful, a heavier bow may be used. A well built bow of forty pounds pull will have an effective range up to about sixty yards.

When you have built your own bow, waxed and twisted your own string, feathered your own arrow, have taken it afield, seen the swift sure flight of your shaft as it hits your first head of game, you will know the keen joy that comes only to sportsmen who make and use their own tackle.

# What's Happening *in* Conservation

*Important information of national interest will appear in this department each month to keep our readers in touch with conservation activities*

Edited by SETH E. GORDON

National Extension Director I. W. L. A.

## What the People Want

FISH and game cannot vote! But all outdoor enthusiasts can; and more and more of them are doing it. And their representatives in the state and national legislative halls hearken to the voice of their constituencies. Because they are such active, wide-awake, redblooded Americans, outdoor people as a whole have decidedly strong individual opinions. This means that even though as a class they agree on certain basic principles, there is usually a wide range of opinions as to the best methods by which to accomplish the desired ends. This is especially true in the matter of conservation laws. All the men in a given group rarely agree on details, but in the end they get just about what they want—if they want it badly enough to let those representing them know it.

### How to Get It!

CHAPTERS and Divisions of the Izaak Walton League are developing, crystallizing and fighting as organized groups for the things outdoor people really want. *Organized effort is the only effort that counts.* Organized groups see to it that their wishes are made known. And those who never go to the trouble to support active organized groups working in behalf of everybody certainly have no room to kick!

"Should we obtain the most advanced laws possible, or should we proceed slowly lest we advance more rapidly than our people appreciate the needs?" is a common question. The answer is, why compromise a pressing need by adding numerous small patches when whole blankets are needed to save the patient? Where the future of our outdoors is at stake there is only one answer: stand for principle and give the enemy no quarter.

### New Laws Deserve Fair Trial

ALL but four states had legislative sessions this year. Many new conservation laws were enacted. The majority were good and represent a decided forward step. Probably none of these laws are perfect, as all laws are the result of compromise. Even if perfect, everybody wouldn't like them.

The best way to prove the value of new conservation laws is to give them a fair trial; uphold and enforce them. If bad, they will quickly be repealed. Our conservation officials need the best instruments available, and especially good simple laws, broad administrative authority and ample funds. Then it is up to everybody to help "Play the game" and secure desired results. Destructive criticism alone will not produce constructive results.

Don't worry if your new conservation laws seem to be ahead of popular sentiment. Remember that in most states the majority got what they wanted, and *as good Americans we always stand by the will of the majority.* Education and sensible administration will turn the trick and much invaluable time and stock will be saved. Forward-looking laws are much more preferable to wholesale changes by each succeeding session of the legislature to keep abreast of the popular will.

Constantly changing game and fish laws creates uncertainty and breeds disrespect, thereby frustrating many laudable efforts. After obtaining the best and most simple laws possible, leave them alone and help educate the public to observe and support them.

## Synthetic Lumber

OVERCOMING the prospective shortage of lumber has given many thinking people deep concern, because America is now growing only a portion of her lumber needs. Straw is being turned into strawboard, sugar cane refuse is being manufactured into building board, and various other products have been developed to supply many of the demands heretofore supplied by products from the forest.

To further conserve what were formerly considered waste products in sawmill operations has received much attention. Recently the Scientific News Service of Washington, D. C., on behalf of the Smithsonian Institute, in describing a new process for producing synthetic lumber from sawmill wastes issued the following interesting statement:

"The use of steam to explode wood chips into fiber is the ingenious process at the basis of a new method for producing synthetic lumber from sawmill waste. Specimens showing states in the manufacture of the new product are now on exhibition in the National Museum under the Smithsonian Institution. This development promises to eliminate a waste in wood which has in the past run into incalculable sums.

"The fundamental process consists in subjecting chips of a uniform size to a steam pressure of 800 pounds for 4 or 5 seconds. Then by an instantaneous release of the pressure the chips are made to explode into millions of fibers. To form boards, the exploded fiber is placed in a press. Almost any desired degree of hardness may be secured by simply varying the pressure.

"No glue or other artificial binder is required to consolidate fiber. The product is all wood, it has a tensile strength of from 4,000 to 5,000 pounds per square inch, it is knotless, of very light weight, and a good insulator. The uses for which it is said to have already proved satisfactory include desk tops, card tables, radio panels, wall board, paneling and insulation."

## Boy Scouts and Conservation

WE all know in a general way what a splendid work the Boy Scouts are doing for the youth of America, but few of us realize that in addition to doing a great and vitally essential work for the boys this organization is teaching conservation in a real way.

All first class scouts may work for and earn as many of the more than seventy merit badges as their time and ability permits. Every one of these merit badges covers a subject worthy of any boy's endeavors, but a number of them such as forestry, botany, bird study, conservation, angling and marksmanship deal directly with conservation, as the term is commonly applied.

Thousands of boys have been in camp this summer learning many worthwhile things. Chapters of the Izaak Walton League are cooperating actively with the scout leaders and helping the boys in this fine work. More power to them!

## Waterfowl Census Help Needed

TO learn definitely whether the wild waterfowl of America have been increasing or decreasing, or whether they have simply been concentrating in certain areas and giving even experienced observers erroneous impressions, is a task now being undertaken in a real way by the Biological Survey.

The investigation also will cover the distribution and migration of the ducks, geese, swans and coots of all of North America.

At the same time, the government announces, the "duck sickness" in the West, which during the past ten years is said to have killed far more ducks than have been killed by the sportsmen, will be given further special study by trained experts.

### Counts Made Simultaneously

BY establishing observation stations throughout the United States, Canada, and Mexico at which counts will be made simultaneously on the same day each month, accurate information should be obtained and thus eliminate all guesswork on the supply of our waterfowl.

What the government now needs is as many competent observers as they can possibly get. The work is to be taken up at once, and will be voluntary. Chapters and individual members of the League, as well as all others interested in helping this worthy effort along, are urged to write at once to the Biological Survey, Washington, D. C., pledging their support and asking for specific instructions and report blanks.

Let us all help Uncle Sam collect some real data and do our bit to save the ducks and geese.

## Universities Training Conservation Leaders

IT is scarcely twenty years since President Roosevelt, and his Chief Forester Gifford Pinchot, taught the people of the United States the term "conservation" as it is generally understood today.

Special university or college training to fit young men for various conservation fields did not become available in America until 1898 when a State College of Forestry was first established by New York State, and real impetus was given such training in America in 1900 when the Yale School of Forestry was founded through a gift from the family of James W. Pinchot. The intention of the founders of Yale Forest School was first of all to provide a place for professional training in forestry.

In 1902 the University of Michigan established a Department of Forestry under the able leadership of Professor Filibert Roth.

Other universities and colleges quickly followed the lead. Several states established special forest schools, and colleges and universities added forestry and other conservation courses.

### Schools Offering Training

AMONG the higher schools of learning now offering general courses in forestry and other phases of conservation are Yale University at New Haven, Connecticut; the New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse University, Syracuse, New York; Cornell University at Ithaca, New York; the School of Forestry and Conservation of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, Michigan; the University of Minnesota at St. Paul, Minnesota; the University of Washington at Seattle, Washington; and the University of California at Berkeley, California.

The University of Michigan claims the distinction of being the first to use the term conservation in their official designation of their School of Forestry and Conservation, which expanded course becomes available with the opening of their term this fall. The field is becoming more and more recognized, and it is predicted that more colleges and universities will offer special conservation courses. This is in line with the repeated urgings of the Izaak Walton League to train more young men for this field and place the conservation work of America in the hands of trained scientific workers.

## Coordinating Conservation Activities

A BETTER spirit of teamwork in conservation matters now prevails among the several states and federal agencies dealing with the various phases of conservation and recreation than formerly, but there is a pressing need for still closer coordination, and in some instances elimination of overlapping responsibilities.

This condition has brought about a desire on the part of many conservation leaders to secure the enactment of necessary legislation by Congress to establish a federal Conservation Department, with the head of that department a member of the President's Cabinet.

Other well-organized and influential interests having failed to add to the number of executive departments after years of effort, it is evident that, if reasonably prompt coordination of the conservation and recreational work of the government is really desired, a plan which will meet with less objection must be presented.

### League Suggested a Plan

THE last annual convention of the Izaak Walton League, after carefully weighing this question from all angles, adopted a resolution as follows:

> "WHEREAS rapid progress in the conservation of our natural resources and the enlargement of our recreational activities will be assured by a better coordination of the several governmental agencies dealing with these matters;
>
> "NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED, That we, the Izaak Walton League of America, endeavor to secure the enactment of a law which will coordinate the various agencies of the Federal Government dealing with forests, fish, game, public parks and allied interests under a special subdivision of one of the existing executive departments.
>
> "BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, That we urge the appointment of a recognized leader in conservation and recreational activities to take charge of and direct the various governmental functions before mentioned, thereby guaranteeing both proper coordination and continuity of policy."

All the leading conservation and recreational organizations in the country were advised accordingly, and were invited to join hands with the League in a conference to this end early this fall. The responses were in the affirmative in every case.

### Conference Early in October

LATER the National Conference on Outdoor Recreation, representing all organizations interested in recreation and conservation, was asked to call the conference. Chairman Chauncey Hamlin selected a committee to call and conduct the conference. Charles W. Folds, a member of the Executive Committee of the National Conference on Outdoor Recreation, Chicago, was asked to act as chairman of the committee, and Arthur Ringland, Secretary of the National Conference on Outdoor Recreation, Washington, D. C., will act as secretary to this conference.

The date of the conference has been tentatively fixed for October 10, and will likely convene in Washington. Further details will be announced later.

# Outdoor Literature

## *Reviewed By* Thomas Ambrose

THREE charming books on angling have come to my desk, each worthy of extended review, but just at this season of the year, I feel a total inability to center my errant thoughts upon tales of other people's fishing when I am indulging in my own. To paraphrase one of these authors, I observe the wind when I should be working, and regard the weather with temptation tugging at my heartstrings, when I should be producing copy for the printer.

*Pools and Ripples, Fishing Essays by Bliss Perry—102 pp. Little, Brown and Company, Boston—1927—$2.00.*

IT may be, and doubtless is, wholly superfluous to say that Bliss Perry of the title page and of the stream, is the one time editor of Atlantic Monthly, now Professor of English at Harvard University, and entitled to affix to his unadorned name so many capital letters as would almost exhaust the alphabet.

The well printed and tastefully bound volume is made up of The Author's Apology, Fishing with a Worm, Fishing with a Fly, and Revisiting a River. At least two of these essays are reprints.

I have long cherished a copy of "Fishing with a Worm," edition 1916, and now am led to envy the more fortunate possessors of a previous edition, with a white jacket, bearing the motto, "O ye whales, bless ye the Lord; praise him and magnify him forever!" I am of those who regard "Fishing with a Worm" as a classic, but not the kind of classic which the author's caustic wit defines as "a short treatise, bearing a well-known title, and very rarely read."

We are taken into his confidence as to how he came to write this essay. He climbed up to his den under the eaves one December night with the sleet crackling against the window panes, in order to varnish a certain fly rod, but before uncorking the varnish bottle it occurred to him to examine a dog-eared, water-stained fly book to guard against the ravages of possible moths. The interlude proved fatal to the varnishing. A half hour went happily by in rearranging the contents of the book. Among the gaudy flies he found several plain snell-hooks and, with a generous glow at the heart, said: "Fly-fishing has had enough sacred poets. Isn't there a good deal to be said, after all, to fishing with a worm?"

Then he writes so intriguingly about fishing with the lowly worm, but, mind you, under conditions where the fly could not be used, that fly-fisherman though you be, you want to become a "Compleat" angler by adding the Garden Hackle to your long list of flies, and justify yourself as the author does by quoting Izaak Walton: "The last fish I caught was with a worm."

In the essay upon Fishing with a Fly he laments that whatever good repute he might conceivably have won as a fly-fisherman was forfeited by his previous essay on Fishing with a Worm, which he has never been able to live down. No matter what fish he has brought proudly home since then,—Salmon, Rainbow, Fario or Fontanalis—there is always some cynical friend to insinuate that he caught them with a worm!

According to his own confession, he ties a clumsy knot, uses too heavy leaders, doesn't know the names of half the flies in his book, and sticks to an old warped Leonard because it once belonged to a friend; is superstitious about his choice of flies, pays too much attention to his "hunches," and too little to the natural flies to which the trout are rising, rivaling Andrew Lang in self-condemnation as a duffer. To him the fun and glory of fishing consists in fishing, and not in being "high rod."

Referring to the longevity of noted anglers, he says: "If the rod and reel are working well, and the fly book is wisely filled, and the sky a bit overcast, and there is just enough ripple on the water, your life-extension institute is already functioning."

The essay on Revisiting a River should be a joy to those so fortunate as to fish for salmon and trout in the Miramichi and its tributaries. Here is fishing a plenty, wholesome philosophy, and ghost stories modified by the guides into "forerunners."

But even the three months vacation of the college professor dwindles to the last day, and the irreducible minimum of just one more cast.

Then they reluctantly settled themselves into the canoes homeward bound. "As I took a final look at the rough water near the opposite shore, a huge salmon leaped as if in an ironical gesture of farewell. He looked exactly like the monster that had carried off my Dusty Miller, and a bit of broken leader, in that very spot ten days before ..... And if in some soft July twilight you swirl up once more at a Dusty Miller or a Silver Doctor, may it be a fair fight, and may the leader hold!"

A word as to the very human half-tone frontispiece of the author fishing, and for which he apologizes. It is plain to see that the subject was not posed, and it is a distinct embellishment to the book. It is not every day that a book on angling comes from the pen of an acknowledged master of style, as well as an accomplished angler.

Read it with deliberation and when you will agree with me that it is a truly delightful book with but a single fault—reluctantly you lay it down, it is likely there is not enough of it.

*The Autobiography of a Fisherman by Frank Parker Day—202 pp. Doubleday, Page & Company, Garden City, N. Y.—1927—$2.50.*

WHILE this is a book after a fisherman's heart, it is also the story of the author's life, beginning in Nova Scotia, where his father was a Methodist preacher. The boy being sickly, the father took him on his circuit visits; there were always two rods in the back of the carriage, and prayers and hymn singing were cut short when they were near a trout stream, and the wind was right for fishing.

It was a life of sweet intimacy that the boy lived with his father. They were good pals and there were no secrets between them. The writer reveals that his father's secret vice was smoking and indulged in only when far away from his parishioners by some trout stream, and this was the advice the father gave: "get money and property so that you'll be no man's slave as I've been, have a few friends, be kind to people, bear with fools and fanatics, love horses and dogs, and go fishing."

The boy struggled through school and then attended an Academy on $2.50 a week advanced by an elder brother; graduated with honors, and became an under master at a boarding school at $150 a year and board; during the summer vacation worked on a fishing boat at $18 a month; was awarded a scholarship and got into College and graduated; won a Rhodes scholarship; spent four years at Oxford, another at Berlin, and elsewhere and came

*Reproduction of portrait of Bliss Perry in his "Pools and Ripples."*

back to be Professor of English at the University of New Brunswick; was four years in the World War, returning as Lieut. Colonel, and now is a Professor at Carnegie Institute.

He bought fifty acres along a good trout stream in Nova Scotia, built him a fishing lodge where three months in every year he lives with his wife and boy and fishes with Indian Joe "tireless, to whom time means nothing, who knows how to be silent, and is much more interesting and intelligent than most of the college professors I know."

His father had retired from the ministry on pension, and in one of their many heart to heart talks, the son asks:

"Do you think there's a future life, Dad?"

"Who knows; I've preached it all my life, but who knows! If there is some place of immortality, I hope there'll be a pleasant meadow and a stream that sings along just like this one. . . . Well, laddie, if you and I get to heaven and find no fishing gear, we'll snitch some feathers from an angel's wing and tie a fly in the shadow of a golden wall."

The son thus sums up the fine qualities of his departed father: He was a good fisherman, and a good fellow, and I'm mighty glad I had him for a father.

"If there be a hereafter and I achieve eternal life, he will be waiting for me at the gate, and he will take me by the arm and lead me to some shining meadow where he has found a trout stream and kept it secret from all the angels."

A fine, wholesome book with much trout and some salmon fishing that I have not touched upon.

There are two minor criticisms that I make in the kindliest spirit: a three-jointed salmon or trout rod often but not always is called a "pole," and when the author writes of hearing trout "thumping in his basket" one wonders that the son of a clergyman should not invoke the aid of a "priest" to administer extreme unction to the slowly suffocating trout.

*Letters to Young Fly-Fishers by Sir George Aston—Illustrated, 154 pp. Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston—1927—$2.50.*

A SERIES of twelve letters addressed to beginners in the art of fishing with the artificial fly, ostensibly for the young in years, but which may be read with pleasure and profit by all who are young in the art without regard to age.

Full directions are given, from putting the rod together to landing a three pounder, and there are many hints of practical value to the experienced angler as well as to the amateur. "Knotty" problems are discussed and with the aid of diagrams solved.

Sir George thinks there is really no sport in the world like fly fishing if you really have the love of it in you, and that most anglers spend their lives in making rules for trout and the trout spend theirs in breaking them. He believes that when the time comes "when all the wheels run down" that the days we have spent in fly fishing will have helped us to grasp the meaning of that wise old saw: "Those whom the gods love—are young when they die."

Sir George is the author also of "Mostly About Trout," reviewed in these columns several years ago and containing an epical description of the entry into London of the first contingent of the A. E. F. at the critical period of the World War when Haig and his weary men stood "with their backs to the wall."

## Calvin Coolidge—Fisherman

has been elected

## Honorary President

of the South Dakota Division

of the Izaak Walton League

and has accepted

*Minocqua, Wisconsin, 4-H Club Unit setting out 10,000 Norway and White Pine, on tract of land donated by Mr. and Mrs. B. O. Bassett.*

# Here's How, U. S. A.!

By WM. H. ROEMBKE

"He that planteth a tree is a servant of God."—Henry van Dyke.

THERE is much talk going the rounds nowadays concerning Conservation and Re-forestation. There is one place in Wisconsin where re-forestation and protection against forest fires will be an accomplished fact.

In Minocqua, Wisconsin, the Island City away up in Northern Wisconsin in the north part of Oneida County, the people of Minocqua and vicinity are whole-heartedly helping in a crusade which promises in ten years to bear fruition in thousands of acres planted to pines.

Under the leadership of J. M. Reed, County Superintendent of schools, assisted by County Agent A. J. Brann, fifty boys have been organized into a branch of the Oneida County Junior Forest Rangers, a group now having a membership of over 180. These boys composing the HA-TO-WO-MI, backed by business men, bankers, resort owners, farmers, and teachers, are determined to see the project through. While there is little money for this work, help is given for the asking. Mr. and Mrs. B. O. Bassett of Minocqua have donated a tract of land to the Unit which has been set out in Norway and White Pine seedlings. Trucks have been provided to carry the boys to and from their work. Teams have been supplied for preparing the land for seed beds. With backing such as this, success for a project which means much to Northern Wisconsin seems assured.

The Oneida County Board by resolution has offered forty acres of land to each Junior Ranger who plants the land to pine trees.

The plan in short is this.

The boys organized as a 4-H Club will grow pines by thousands on a community plot. Ten beds planted with eighty thousand seed have been planted. At two years the pines will be transplanted by the boys to land contracted to them by the County Board. Each year more seed beds will be planted. Results:

Thousands of pine trees on hundreds of acres now barren of even enough to pay taxes; new wealth, gained every year; a group of boys performing invaluable work while playing. Because 4-H Club work is fun. And gaining manhood while doing it. They will also form a trained group of fire fighters, because these young Rangers will protect their own.

Is the project worthy? Minocqua and the boys say so.

Can it be carried out? Minocqua and the boys say it will be.

# Stream Pollution Problems in Maryland

*(Continued from page 29)*

the high value of the oil very little was allowed to escape. Experimental studies with fish commonly found in streams in this section, to various dosages of chenopodium oil, proved that the detrimental effect upon fish life was due to the toxic nature of the oil and not to filming, depletion of the oxygen content or increase in the acidity of the stream water. A method of destroying this poison in the waste water has not been discovered.

### STEEL ROLLING MILL WASTE

The wastes from a steel rolling mill have also been studied. In the process of manufacture, sheet metal is immersed in a hot 10 percent sulphuric acid solution to remove the mill scale and is then washed off in tanks of fresh running water. These wastes, discharged into Back River, produce an acid condition in the water and a high concentration of iron sulfate.

Live fish were placed in boxes for observation at distances of approximately 1,000 and 4,000 feet below the plant discharge. These observations showed that the effect of acid wastes from the plant were not seriously affecting fish life for any great distance below the plant discharge. The destruction of fish life closer to the plant outlet was much higher and fish died within a few hours after being placed therein.

Arrangements have been made with the steel mill to have studies made in the company's laboratory in cooperation with the Bureau to develop methods of treatment for the elimination of this source of pollution.

### LITHOPONE WASTES

At St. Helena, it was alleged that wastes from a plant manufacturing "lithopone paint," were polluting Colgate Creek, a tributary of the Patapsco river. Some of this material and iron and manganese oxides are lost in the process and were discharged into Colgate Creek. As a result of the activities of the Bureau, treatment works have been constructed at this plant with the result that the material formerly discharged into the creek first passes through these works where the bulk of the objectionable matter is removed.

### GARBAGE REDUCTION WASTES

Numerous complaints have been registered with the Bureau relative to the pollution of Bodkin Creek by the discharge of wastes from a large reduction plant which receives all the garbage from Baltimore. The wastes from the digestors and grease skimming tanks were discharged directly into the creek. As a result of studies, additional equipment has been installed for the further recovery of valuable material formerly discharged into the creek.

### MISCELLANEOUS

In addition to the problems discussed briefly above, studies have been made by the Bureau of wastes from creameries, canneries, laundries and paper mills. On account of the comparatively large number of canneries in Maryland preliminary steps have been taken by the Bureau to obtain the cooperation of the Maryland Canners Association on experiments leading to a solution of the problem of canning factory wastes. The Bureau has not sufficient funds for carrying on experimental work on a problem of this magnitude. As the canneries produce a large variety of wastes during their operations each year, the problem of suitable treatment is one which will require extensive studies, as a method applicable to the waste from one plant may not fit another. With the cooperation of the canners experimental waste treatment plants can be constructed at various canneries to check the results of our laboratory studies.

In practically all of the canneries which have come under our observation some cause for complaint exists, but the best method of treating the various canning wastes has not yet been made available. Temporary methods of partial treatment are suggested and in all cases every effort is made to keep as much putrescible material from the streams as possible.

Early this year a conference was called of representatives of the pulp and paper industry of Maryland, to discuss the treatment of wastes from these plants and to organize a committee of the industries for the study of the waste treatment problem. This step is part of a Nation-wide movement which has as its objective the development of a national program for investigation of the unsolved problems in the disposal of wastes from the pulp and paper industry. The investigations have been under way for several months but no conclusions will be reached for some time to come.

### SUMMARY

From the foregoing it is evident that the stream pollution problem is as varied as the character of wastes resulting from the different industries. The method of waste treatment applicable to one plant may not be of any value in handling the wastes discharged from another. *Specialized study of each problem is essential for a satisfactory solution.*

How to conserve the resources of our streams and at the same time make them available for use for the greatest benefit of all concerned is not as simple an undertaking as it may at first appear. In some sections it is possible to maintain streams in a reasonable state of purity, while in others, due to the influx of industrial plants generally located in close proximity to available water courses, the final solution must be based upon the legitimate uses of the streams for the greatest advantage of man. This will probably mean that some streams may be used for one purpose, such as to receive the discharge of properly treated sewage and industrial wastes, while in others such discharges might be curtailed, so that the water may be used as a source of water supply for a nearby community or for some other similar purpose.

Since standardized solutions of stream pollution questions are not possible, due to the complexity of the wastes discharged, *any blanket legislation to control the problem would be useless.* The real answer lies in the *establishment* of *an administrative agency with broad powers to study and control the situation* rather than to lay down specific and inflexible rules to meet all contingencies.

## A Plea for the Desplaines River

By ROBERT E. WAGNER

WE have in what are practically the western environs of Chicago the Desplaines River and Salt Creek. These we should guard from spoliation.

Now comes an announcement that the Sanitary District is about to blast portions of Salt Creek to make a channel to carry off the water and eliminate the bays, and widening of the streams, claiming these are mosquito breeding grounds. In other words it is proposed to make an open, narrow ditch or sewer, and spoil the beauty which nature has so well worked out.

From observation I am convinced mosquitoes do not breed in these streams. When the water is kept free from sewage the small fish and pollywogs eat up the mosquito larvæ; and when the stream is laden with sewage not even the larvæ of the mosquito could exist. Their breeding is done mostly in shallow pools left by rainfall or in receptacles in which water is standing.

Why, I ask, should we destroy the breeding grounds of the enemies of the mosquitoes? Why should we make filthy sewers out of the only picturesque streams near the city? We might with as little reason oil and destroy the lakes in our parks which cost so much to create. In our streams nature has provided priceless scenery impossible of artificial production. We have clear water in the Desplaines river above Lake St. with fishing, and bathing beaches in the Preserves. There is a sewer discharging into this stream from the west bank at Lake St., and one from the east bank at Madison St. Also others empty lower down and now they are building one from the west bank at Twenty-sixth St.

The Government is advocating less drainage of marshes, and other means to keep back the flood waters, of late so devastating. We should clean up our streams and preserve them and refrain from too much straightening and promiscuous oiling of waters deep enough to contain fish. Why dynamite Salt Creek? Instead connect any back water with the stream and give the fish access thereto. Preserve the beauty spots. They are more valuable than our artificial park lakes.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**IN OCTOBER ISSUE**

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A Brush With Luck..Halford J. Morlan
National Parks and Forests.....
.....Arthur C. Ringland
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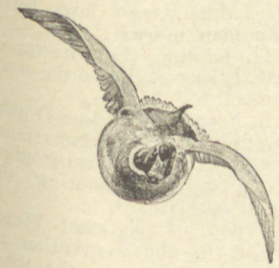

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# South Dakota State Convention

## Splendid Accomplishments of Past Year Reviewed

The South Dakota Division of the Izaak Walton League held its Third Annual Convention in the famous city of Deadwood on June 28 and 29. The Deadwood Chapter, under the able leadership of Attorney John T. Heffron, Chairman of the Executive Committee, Mrs. Estelle D. Hayes, who has the distinction of being the only woman National Director, Doctor R. A. Vallier, Founder of the Deadwood Chapter, George H. Wolfe, local secretary, U. S. Forest Supervisor George A. Duthie, and others prepared a splendid program and some most delightful sightseeing trips for the delegates.

The convention hall was decorated with well-arranged outdoor exhibits.

The convention was called to order by the State President, the Reverend Father George A. MacConnachie, who reviewed the work of the Division during the past year, and especially the efforts of the Division to secure the enactment of a law creating a non-partisan Game and Fish Commission. He praised the efforts of John G. Bradford of Sioux Falls, the first president of the Division and chairman of the Legislative Committee, adding that the assistance of National Headquarters through Messrs. Seth E. Gordon and J. E. Boggs, had been very helpful, and that there was every assurance that the proposed measure, which was copied after the Pennsylvania plan, would be enacted by the special session of the Legislature.

Before the close of the convention a telegram from Pierre announcing the passage of the Division's non-partisan commission bill by an overwhelming majority stirred the convention to prolonged cheers of victory.

The convention passed a resolution extending a hearty welcome to President Coolidge and amid enthusiastic applause elected the President Honorary President of the South Dakota Division of the League.

The report of the State Secretary-Treasurer, J. T. Grigsby of Redfield showed that even though the State Division dues have been entirely inadequate to do the many things which the Division should undertake, the Division is still solvent.

Mrs. Estelle D. Hayes made a very comprehensive report of the Fifth National Convention in which she praised the work of former President Charles W. Folds and the new National President, Judge J. M. Dickinson, and urged every South Dakota Waltonian to support the state and national officers.

Among the speakers on the second day was Chauncey Yellow Robe, a full-blooded Sioux Indian, disciplinarian at the Rapid City Indian School, who after reviewing his boyhood experiences said "the League is the most important organization among the white people on the continent made up of 100% Americans." "The Indians" he said, "never killed more than they needed, and regardless of treaties still giving them the right to hunt and fish at any time, they obey the white man's laws better than the white man himself."

Mr. Oscar H. Johnson, the Director of Game and Fish, briefly reviewed the work of his department.

District U. S. Forest Supervisor Duthie, gave the convention a better understanding of a few of the problems confronting the Forest Service in restoring the forests of the Black Hills.

Seth E. Gordon of National Headquarters brought to the convention an interesting message concerning the work of the League nationally, and urged the chapters to undertake local projects and the South Dakota Division to develop the "gold mine" on the surface of the state, her wonderful recreational possibilities. He also gave intimate details of Pennsylvania's conservation work and showed how an application of the same policies will work wonders in South Dakota.

Mrs. Everett Sanders, wife of the President's Secretary, and party, who had motored to the convention from Rapid City, were then presented to the convention and each of the distinguished guests was presented with a glorious bouquet of native tiger lilies. Mrs. Sanders was elected an honorary member of the South Dakota Division.

## National Tournament

Resolutions passed included commendation of the efforts of the Legislative Committee, especially Chairman John G. Bradford; commending the Game and Fish Department and the Legislature; urging a statewide pollution survey; requesting the appointment of a committee to study and work for a better refuge law for South Dakota; urging the national organization to bring about legislation to control the crow; commending the Forest Service and the predatory animal control work of the Biological Survey; urging more protection for the antelope; and thanking President MacConnachie and Secretary Grigsby for their splendid work during the year.

The constitution and by-laws were amended to elect all officers annually and increase the state division dues from 15c to 50c, which increase National Field Representative Boggs and others said would materially help the division officers to promote the work within the state.

Officers elected for the ensuing year were:

President—William T. Huxtable, Deadwood.

Secretary-Treasurer—George H. Wolfe, Deadwood.

First Congressional District:

First Vice-President—Dr. E. W. Johnson, Viborg.

Directors for First District:

J. G. Bradford, Sioux Falls.

J. N. Wass, Beresford.

L. E. Corey, Wagner.

Second Congressional District:

Second Vice President—George Stafford, Huron.

Directors for Second District:

Floyd Yeager, Aberdeen.

H. W. Blackley, Huron.

R. A. Jones, Millbank.

Third Congressional District:

Third Vice-President—Roy E. Sparks, Sturgis.

Directors for Third District:

George C. Wagner, Rapid City.

William Sly, Belle Fourche.

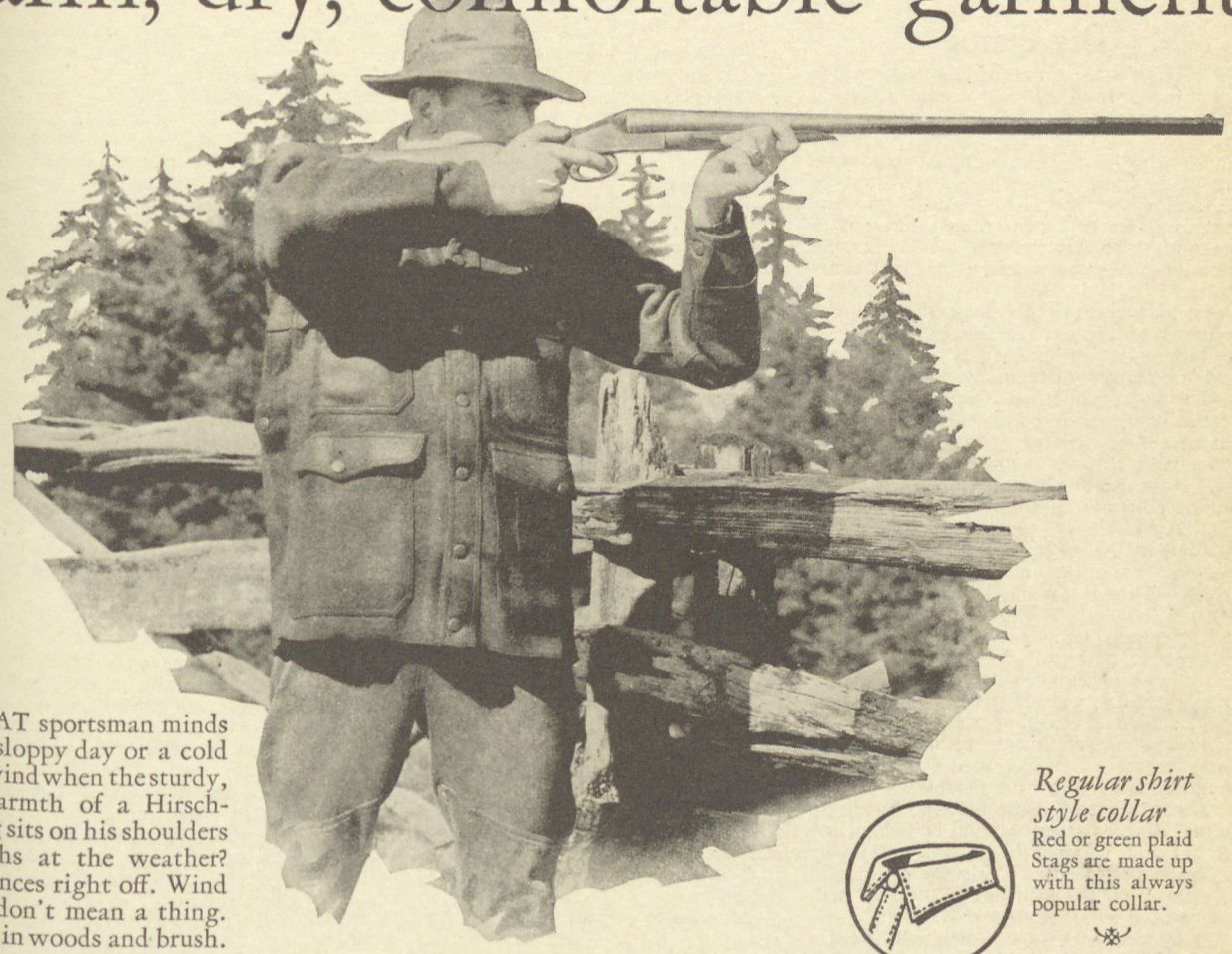
George A. Duthie, Deadwood.

A resolution was passed definitely placing upon the Vice-President and three directors in each Congressional District the responsibility of coordinating and promoting the activities of the League; also the organization of more chapters.

Millbank, South Dakota, was voted the 1928 convention.

The convention closed with a very successful banquet.

# Get into this warm, dry, comfortable garment



WHAT sportsman minds a sloppy day or a cold freezing wind when the sturdy, roomy warmth of a Hirsch-Weis Stag sits on his shoulders and laughs at the weather? Rain bounces right off. Wind and cold don't mean a thing. Noiseless in woods and brush.

A Hirsch-Weis Stag is a shirt and coat all in one. Cut extra full around the arms and shoulders to give the complete freedom of movement that hunters and fishermen must have. Not only does it have *muscle-room* but *pocket room* as well—eight skillfully designed pockets, including a big fellow clear across the back, for grub and game.

Hirsch-Weis Stags are warm on cold days, for they're made of 24-oz. Oregon wool, with a full shoulder and chest cape and double sleeves, giving splendid protection. Unbuttoned, they're cool in warm weather, because they keep the sun off and allow free air circulation inside. You can't beat a garment like that for comfort.

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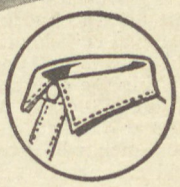

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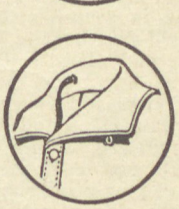
Red or green plaid Stags are made up with this always popular collar.



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Check color desired: ☐ Red plaid, ☐ Green plaid, ☐ Navy blue, ☐ Brown plaid, ☐ Forest green, ☐ Bright scarlet.
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# Hirsch-Weis Stags

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# Gun Rack and Game Fields

Edited by ALEC MERMOD

## Big Game

THIS is the time of the year when those fond of Big Game shooting begin to think of the big open spaces, and get ready for their annual fall hunt. Those who have had a couple of seasons on big game know just where they want to go, and what rifle is best adapted to the sort of game they are going after, but to the man who has never done much rifle shooting a few suggestions may not come amiss.

As to where to go, look through the columns of OUTDOOR AMERICA or any of the other sporting magazines and you will find numerous advertisements pertaining to big game shooting. Select the name of the one that most appeals to you and get in correspondence with the party and make your arrangements as to time, cost, etc. Now comes the important item, selection of rifle, ammunition and proper clothing. My choice of a rifle is a lever action adapted to the 30-06 Springfield cartridge with a 180 grain open point expanding bullet. This is an ideal combination for any game we have in America.

The small caliber high power rifles, such as 22 and 25, while showing a flat trajectory and high velocity, and being very good for small game, in my opinion do not exert sufficient crushing force to knock a large animal off his feet; consequently, many animals are wounded that are not found even though hurt mortally. A bullet should exert enough force to knock an animal down, for any animal once knocked off his feet will not be able to get up or if he does succeed in rising the effort will weaken him to such an extent he will not be able to go any great distance.

There are some sportsmen who prefer a remodeled Springfield rifle with its bolt action, but unless one is accustomed to working the bolt he will find it quite difficult to get in a second shot in time enough to do any good.

Many of the Old Timers still swear by the old style rifles of heavy caliber adapted to black powder ammunition, as for instance, Mr. Cyrus Thompson of Belleville, Ill., who makes a yearly pilgrimage to the Canadian woods for moose will consider nothing but his old 50 caliber rifle, and for a number of years Dall DeWeese, the best hunter of big game in this country, preferred his old stand-by using the 40-70-330 cartridge, though in later years Dall took more kindly to the smaller calibers, shooting one season in Alaska with a 315 caliber Haenel-Manlicher, and afterwards using a 303. With the 315 Dall killed a moose with the finest head and antlers I have ever seen, and I do not believe there is a finer head in any collection in the country. The spread of the antlers is 69 inches, and while this is not the record, which as I recall is 73 inches, the spread of the antlers of DeWeese's moose made a perfect square as neither side flared out as is the case with many horns.

If I remember correctly the moose killed by Mr. DeWeese measured 7 feet, 8 inches from hoof to withers.

For the sake of convenience it is a common practice to saw the head of any large animal in half, splitting it down from between the horns through the nose; in doing this it is much easier to get the head out to the point of navigation. In many cases the hunter is unable to resist the temptation of having the natural spread increased by instructing the taxidermist to insert a wedge between the two halves of the skull when mounting. In doing this it is possible to increase the spread several inches. It is needless to say that this trick was never resorted to by Dall DeWeese, as he always brought out his heads whole.

The late Sir William Northrup McMillan, formerly of St. Louis and later of England and British East Africa, started out on his first lion hunt with a 303 caliber rifle, and with it killed two full grown lions. Later when showing this small bore weapon to an English sportsman he was told that the caliber was not large enough for lion, and was advised not to attempt to use it for that purpose. McMillan said, "You may be right, but I have already bagged two lions with this rifle. The Britisher exclaimed, "My word"!

When Sir William moved to British East Africa and located JU-JU Farm he adopted the custom of the country and hunted with two rifles, one, a 256 caliber repeater which he used for his first shot and a heavy double express .450 caliber carried by his gun bearer and handed over when a second shot was necessary.

Will McMillan, as he was known to all his old friends here, was a splendid shot with rifle, revolver and shot gun, always cool and steady under pressure.

He was loved by everyone and made friends wherever he went. When in Abyssinia he was very close to King Menelik, who treated him as an equal, and allowed him privileges accorded to no one else.

When going into the woods for big game wear heavy woolen clothing, and when the weather is dry wear a pair of heavy rubber soled sneakers, such as are used by basket ball players. Do not wear canvas clothes or leggins, for this material is harsh and makes considerable noise when going through the brush, consequently frightening the game before you are in range.

High top hob-nail boots should be left in camp unless hunting in deep snow. If you are going into the big game woods for the first time it is to be presumed that you will have a competent guide who will take you to the game and place you in a position for the best shot, and then it is up to you.

A shoulder shot is always the best for deer, elk or moose, and one should hold just a fraction above the center of the shoulder blade; this will insure a broken shoulder or leg, and your game will stay down till you give him the finishing shot. A heart shot is not certain, for you may place your bullet a little too far back and lose your game or else have a hard time running it down.

### ANTELOPE

THE antelope or pronghorn, as it was known locally in many of the Western states, is now almost a memory where once this graceful animal was to be found in countless thousands, roaming in bands of from 15 to 20, and sometimes in much larger herds as they moved from winter to summer range.

Like the buffalo the antelope has been the victim of civilization as well as the gun of the hunters who gave no thought to the morrow.

Fifty years ago the pronghorn could be found in large numbers from the Canadian border to the Gulf, and from the

Photograph by Owen J. Gromme, Public Museum, Milwaukee, Wis.

*Monarch of the woodland.*

*Guarantee Your Hunting Season*

*with* **WINCHESTER**
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# SHOTGUNS *and* SHELLS

NIGHTS will soon be turning nippy and woods in a crimson-golden haze will be calling to you, your dog and your gun. Instead of "gun" say "Winchester"—the name that sportsmen the country over just naturally give to a shotgun or rifle.

The Pioneers tested Winchester out in times of extreme need. Skilled brains and hands have been improving it ever since. Choose whatever model you fancy—you will own a thoroughbred.

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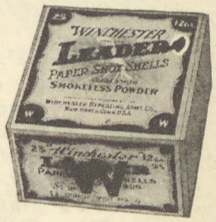
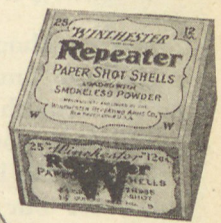
Get ready *now* for your hunting success this season. Let your dealer show you the Winchester line today.




YOU can have made for any Winchester shotgun or rifle, on special order at a moderate extra charge, one of the famous Winchester Stainless Steel, rust-resisting, longer-life barrels.

*Insist on Winchester Repeater Speed Loads when you want the greatest possible power and range in shotgun shells.*

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**$40 for an L. C. Smith Field Grade Gun**

Game birds will soon be winging their way over your favorite shooting places—to the South and happier feeding grounds.

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are built to fill every need of the shooter. The Field Grade, now selling at $40.00, is a first class all-purpose gun — fitting most of those needs itself.

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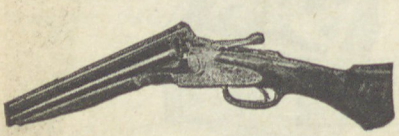

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Western border of Missouri to the Sierra Nevada range, but now they are so scarce that it is seldom that even a small band is seen, except in very remote and hidden parks in the mountains.

While the antelope resembles the deer in outward appearance, he is quite different in every other way. He is never found in timber or even very close to it; except during the breeding season when they feed in bands of 10 or more, and they will never cross a fence, although they are good jumpers. Instead of antlers like the deer and elk the antelope has a single horn with one small point, hence the name of pronghorn. This horn is black and looks like hard rubber, and is hollow, growing over a bony porous core like that of a cow's horn.

Some thirty years ago there was quite an argument as to whether or not the antelope shed their horns each year as do the deer, elk and moose, and one of the sporting papers carried a column for some time, headed "DOES THE ANTELOPE SHED HIS HORNS?" A great many hunters throughout the West sent in their opinions, which were published each week, and as I remember the majority said "No." Dall DeWeese, I repeat the best hunter and woodsman I have ever met, claimed that hollow horns were not shed, while Big Bill Mason of Colorado Springs, who had killed more antelope than any man in the state, took the opposite side and we had many an argument, for I strung my chips along with Dall DeWeese.

I believe that now it is generally conceded that the antelope does shed his horns, though I am not thoroughly convinced that they are shed each year.

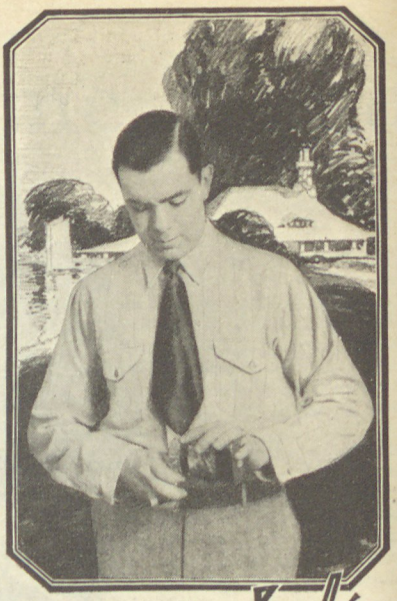
For speed there is no animal in America that can touch the antelope. Give him an open country and he will outrun the fastest greyhound. He is exceedingly wary and each band is guarded by a sentinel who is constantly on the watch giving instant warning the moment he smells or sees anything suspicious.

This animal has a wonderfully keen sense of smell and sight and seems to be able to distinguish the scent given out by man from that of anything else, and seems to fear man more than any of his four footed enemies. I have seen a band take instant flight when approached by a man, not allowing him to get closer than 500 yards, while they would pay very little attention to a couple of coyotes prowling within a hundred yards.

In the early 80's I had a good chance to study the habits of the antelope for there were several bands ranging close to the "Stirrup Ranch."

As a boy I read with a great deal of interest how the hunter could entice an antelope within shooting distance by lying down out of sight (and of course down wind) and wave a rag tied to his ramrod (those were the days of muzzle loaders). The idea was that the antelope's curiosity would overcome his fear and as he could not detect any suspicious scent, he would gradually approach the hunter.

I am not going to say that this was not done, but I do know that I gave the flag trick a most thorough trial without any signs of success; I used white rags, red, blue and brown, and the only result obtained was to eventually run the band out of the park. Maybe it was because I did not have a real ramrod. I am inclined to believe that the stories about this method of hunting antelope should be classed with the tales of how the panther screams like a woman to attract some human being within jumping distance, and the story about the mountain sheep jumping off a cliff a hundred feet high, breaking the shock by lighting on

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A genuine "Patrick" is wonderfully well made—and in roomy, comfortable fit, exquisite tailoring, looks, warmth and wear, it's the last word in skilled shirt making.

Handsomely fashioned from soft, rich flannels and real broadcloths, in checks, plaids and fancies—also heavy Buffalo flannels in large, two-color contrasting checks.

Cut coat-style, with "set-in" sleeves, full forearms, sateen-faced collar, two ample-sized pockets with button flaps. Distinctive, and so satisfying!

Moderate in cost and well worth demanding. A shirt your friends will envy.

If your dealer can't supply you, send us his name, tell us what you want, and we'll see that you're supplied at once.

F. A. PATRICK & CO. Duluth
MAKERS OF BOTH CLOTH AND GARMENT
"From sheep that thrive in the snow"

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Gentlemen:
Please send me your illustrated catalogue of shirts, mackinaws, sweaters, blankets, including your complete line of "Bigger Than Weather" virgin wool products.
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Town.....
State.....

his horns. All these and many other stories given out as facts, I found to be entirely wrong and must have been written by some one gifted with a vivid imagination, and it was quite a shock to find that the hero writers of my boyhood either did not know their subject or else had no regard for the truth.

While the antelope is typically an animal of the prairies they are (or were) found in mountain parks at an altitude of 9,000 feet or more.

The band is always guarded by a sentinel who gives instant warning at any sign of danger. This sentinel generally stands with his back to the wind and seems able to stand for hours without even turning his head, evidently being able to see in any direction without moving.

I have watched a band feeding without showing any uneasiness but when the guard stamped his foot the entire band would start at once, followed by the sentinel.

Being so exceedingly wary it is difficult to get closer than 300 yards, which necessitates a steady nerve and a good rifle if one expects to bring an antelope to bag.

An Easterner having his first try at antelope shooting in the West was not only handicapped by the actual distance but was deceived into thinking the animal much closer than it really was, on account of the light atmosphere, so his first shots always fell short.

In the day that antelope were plentiful we had no high power rifles or smokeless powder cartridges; all our rifles and ammunition had a very high trajectory which made long distance shooting much more difficult than it is today. The popular repeating rifle of those early days was the Winchester Model 1873, shooting a 44 caliber flat nose bullet of 200 grains with a charge of powder weighing 40 grains, but this weapon was not an ideal game getter on account of the high trajectory and light charge, so the antelope hunter stuck to the old "Buffalo Gun" as the single shot Sharp rifle was called. The 40/110 was about the best of them all with its heavy charge of powder (110 grains) and long patched bullet. The Sharp's 45/70 and 45/90 were also used successfully on both buffalo and antelope.

There is a peculiar trait about the antelope that I forgot to mention and that is if the band makes up its mind to move to a certain point every one in the bunch makes a bee line for that particular point. I have seen them, not once, but many times run across the road not more than 50 yards ahead of my team and wagon without appearing to notice that there was anything in sight. There was one band of nine that "used" in Gribble Park, that would cross the wagon road at about the same time of the day (about 4 P. M.) and I must have shot at this bunch four or five times during one fall, before I accidentally killed one, for shooting at a running animal with a revolver is no cinch.

The meat of the antelope, while very similar to that of a deer, has a different flavor, and I much prefer it to venison.

While the antelope has been protected in nearly every state for a number of years they do not seem to have increased to any great extent, and it will be some years before it will be advisable to have even a short open season.

The hair of the antelope is coarser than that of the deer and the hide does not make good "Buckskin," consequently very little was tanned for commercial use.

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# "There'll Be Fowls for Dinner"

By KIRBY LEE COCKERHAM

"THERE'LL be fowls for dinner," Orey said, raising up on his hands and knees and looking around at the others of the party who were standing by awaiting the result of his examination of the dust in "Turkey Wallow." His words recalled to my mind those used by Bailey, Jr., one of Dickens' inimitable, boyish characters.

"I judge there were six or seven hens, four young gobblers, and one old fellow wallowed here today—say around noon."

I looked closely at the ground all around where Orey sat, and to the best of my judgment I could only see some tracks—presumably made by turkeys. I could see no sign language that told me the number of birds that had visited the spot, their sex, nor yet the time of day of their visit.

But Orey was a woodsman as well as a high class gentleman. I did not doubt his word as to the information he picked up in his careful examination. He says that his ancestors were English Canadians, but from observing him in the forests in pursuit of game, I believe he is descended from American Indians. If he had belonged to the Biloxi or Pascagoula tribes of red men, I imagine he would have been named Chief Eagle Eye or perhaps Old Easy Foot.

"That old gobbler has led the flock to the hills. I think they have fed up on the edge of Rufus branch. Now we'll get busy and see if we can't locate them before roosting time. Troy (not Helen of Troy), you and Henry cut across the edge of the swamp to the south and strike Spring branch and watch that section. I'll take Doc and work up Rufus into the scrub oaks and pines. Some of us ought to either find 'em or roost 'em tonight."

It should be explained here what the lay of the land was. "Turkey wallow" is a patch of sandy soil, more or less bare of vegetation, and situated on a hillside just at the edge of the big river swamp. It contains, perhaps a quarter of an acre of land, and when the weather is dry, many a turkey takes his dust bath there; and the old hunters of the section frequently go there to read the signs left by these noble birds.

Rufus branch is a small hill branch, leading down out of the hills, perhaps a half mile in length, and emptying into the dense Pascagoula swamp near the hill on which turkey wallow is located. Spring branch is a similar, short stream a quarter of a mile south of Rufus. The hills are covered with a close growth of bushes, vines, and grasses, furnishing an abundance of acorns, pine mast, berries, seeds, et cetera, on which turkeys are wont to gorge themselves. The growth in many places is so thick that the hunter would be utterly unable to shoot a turkey twenty-five feet away.

So feeding around these foothills, with such an abundance of food, fresh water, and cover, and roosting in the giant cypress and gum trees in the swamp lands along the river, lakes and sloughs, makes this section an ideal turkey haven.

Orey set a brisk gait from turkey wallow across a couple of hills and across the mouth of Rufus branch. We approached the small stream, where Orey examined with minute care the sandy banks and bottom. Once he got down on

his knees, looked long and carefully at a slight mark or scratch in the edge of the water.

"Crane," he remarked, as he led the way farther up the bottom.

Our advance became much more cautious as we proceeded. I soon found it difficult to keep my clumsy feet from being placed on dry twigs, which had a tendency to snap with unexpected suddenness and altogether too loudly, judging from Orey's admonitions to be careful. We had traveled up this branch bottom nearly to its head, when Orey again bent over and examined, with all the care that a physician would use in diagnosing a serious case, a few leaves that looked as if they might have been turned over some time that afternoon. A little further on, at the end of a giant log that had begun to decay, we found where the rotten wood and bark had been thrown about. Orey said that the turkeys had been feeding there, looking for insects in the decaying wood.

From there on our progress became a matter of stealth. I thought we had been advancing with extraordinary precaution; now we had completely abandoned all noise. Orey might have been of English extraction, but from that moment forward he became a wily, wary, primeval man of the forests. Instead of Orey, the pale face, I saw creeping through the forests the mocassined feet of Old Easy Foot, the red man.

All talk had ceased; motions and the slightest under-the-breath whispers were our methods of communication. We now crept upwind, from tree to tree or from one cover to another, where we stopped, looked and listened. Pretty soon Orey stepped into the tiny stream and indicated for me to do likewise. Here there was less danger of twig-cracking under my awkward feet. After going some distance in the branch, Orey left me and crawled to the top of the ridge above. I saw him lying flat on the ground and peering cautiously over the edge. A wiggling of the hand indicated for me to come on. Following his example, I dropped on hands and knees and crept up the side of the ridge. Creeping up alongside of him, Orey said "Scratching." He then motioned for me to shoot. I could see the flock scattered around, scratching and feeding, about forty yards down the opposite side of the hill. The old gobbler was out to one side, alternately pecking in the leaves and raising his head. I raised my gun and pointed in his general direction. It wobbled terribly and I seemed not to be breathing normally.

I must have had buck fever—or gobbler fever. As the point of the gun wobbled across the turkey, I pulled the trigger, but nothing happened. I felt sick. I looked out of the corner of my eye and saw more muscular contortions on Orey's face than I thought one man could execute. I looked down the gun barrel again and pulled hard on the trigger; still there was no report from the gun. My wobbling gun barrel must have been making so much motion that it attracted the attention of the old gobbler. He suddenly shot his head and neck forward, low along the ground, and attempted to streak into the thick bushes. But Orey's gun spoke ere he had made two steps, and the lord of the flock fell.

After having admired the fine old gobbler, Orey turned to me and said:

"Why didn't you throw off your safety?"

This being the only remark offered relative to my nervous exhibition, established the fact permanently in my mind that Orey was a gentleman as well as a master of the fields and forests.

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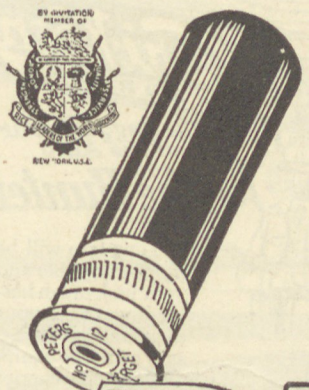

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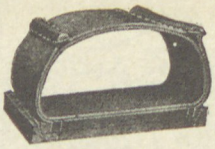

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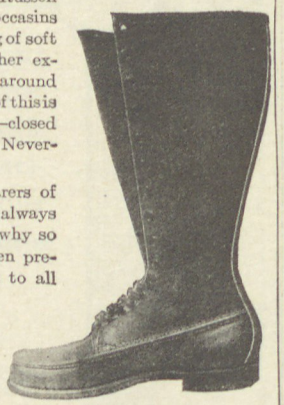

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*Orey, with a fine bag of Mississippi gobblers.*

The following morning we were up long before the crack of day. Orey placed each of us on a stand, and told me as he was leaving that I would probably get another chance at a turkey that morning. He said no more, but he gave me a very significant look.

I sat my watch diligently and listened carefully until well after sun-up without hearing a turkey fly down. Feeling cramped from sitting so long, I decided to walk down the edge of the swamp and see if I could find any signs of turkeys. Presently I heard a slight disturbance in the leaves off about a hundred yards to my right. Immediately I dropped to my knees and began crawling toward the sound. When about half way, I paused and listened. Again I heard the leaves being agitated just beyond a clump of muscadine vines.

"Scratching," I said to myself.

I crawled forward again, but after coming within twenty yeards, still I could not see the exact spot where my victim was. I reconnoitered the situation from the opposite side of the clump of vines. I reasoned it out in my mind that it would be the best plan to dash forward and around the vines, knowing that I would have time to get a shot before the dense undergrowth could be reached. So I made positively certain that the safety had been slipped and dashed madly around the clump of impeding vines with my gun at the "ready."

"Woof, woof," a scrawny, razor-back sow greeted me as she likewise dashed out from the vines, but *in* my direction, the suddenness of my charge preventing her, in her excitement, from accurately locating the disturbance.

Missing my chance at the gobbler the preceding afternoon, and then carefully stalking a sow seemed too much. I abandoned any further attempts to get a turkey. I strolled further up the side of the hill, where I found myself in a small swale, resembling a miniature amphitheater. I sat against a great stump and drank in an over-dose of the beauties of nature.

Then I awakened with that feeling a person sometimes has when another comes into a room where he is sleeping.

"Put!" My eyes popped wide open with excitement, as I saw the most magnificent gobbler dart into the underbrush within twenty-five yards of where I sat, while I madly scrambled for my gun—too late.

There should be nothing further written about me, a tenderfoot; but I should say that Orey trailed down another nice

bird, while one of the other boys was successful in bagging a spring gobbler. I decided that a city resident on an area fifty by one hundred and fifty cannot become adept in matching his wits with the noble birds and animals of the forests.

In concluding I want to ascribe a few words to Orey. One often hears of hunters killing turkeys by calling them up, and it has long been a custom to locate turkeys during the gobbling season. Perhaps that is all right; I pick no quarrel with the hunters. But personally, I take off my hat to the sportsman who goes into the haunts of the wild, and there learns the habits of game animals, reads a volume of information from an indistinct print in the sand, matches stealth against alertness, and overcomes vast odds with patience. And if a person is fortunate enough to go on a turkey hunt with such a sportsman, he need not fear, for "there'll be fowls for dinner."

## Sport in *Idaho*

By R. B. SLEE

IN the great forests of Idaho can be found elk, deer, bear, also the moose. The latter is protected at all times. The deer can be found in the timber. More often where the mahogany and chaparral are the thickest.

Without a question, goat hunting is some task. The territory in which they are found is usually far above timber line, in some cases close to the rugged peaks. To locate and finally reach these points is without doubt a real man's job; however, there is no task too strenuous for a real hunter.

Ducks, geese, quail and grouse are plentiful, also the sage hen, which is of the grouse family. China pheasants are also increasing fast. The latter are found in the alfalfa and grain fields. In season I have seen them shot within 300 feet of our little city. Quail are plentiful, usually found in breaks and draws. One must not hesitate to shoot, as they fly rapidly and disappear quickly. There are thousands of ducks along the Snake River, also geese. It is true many states enjoy those same privileges, and I certainly hope as time passes, game will be still more plentiful. I feel certain this will be the case as our laws are without question going to do this very thing. As proof of this, twenty years ago the State of Pennsylvania had but few deer left; since then the doe have been protected, and today there are more in the State of Pennsylvania than in any other state in the Union. The buck must have spikes, and the season is quite short. Many states must do as Pennsylvania has done if we expect to have plenty of game in the future. This law of Pennsylvania should become a law in the State of Idaho, and in any other state in the United States where deer are found.

What has become of our buffalo that used to roam the plains? They were butchered. Few remain. I have heard the real "Old Timers" of the West tell of butchering the bull elk for the profit gained from the selling of the teeth. Thank God, the elk today has some protection through our laws. The mountain lion, I believe, is the worst "Big Game Killer" we have to contend with in Idaho.

Many streams can be reached by auto. We folks of the West think nothing of traveling from 100 to 300 miles for a good day's fishing. I think I can safely say there are no better sports in the world than those I have known and associated with out here in the big wide open spaces. Of course, we have fishing closer than the Sawtooth. Wonderful fishing can be

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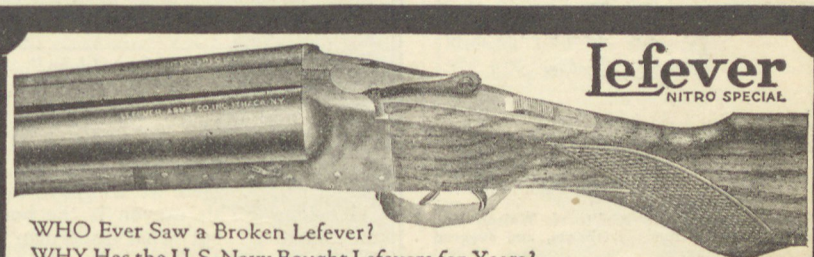

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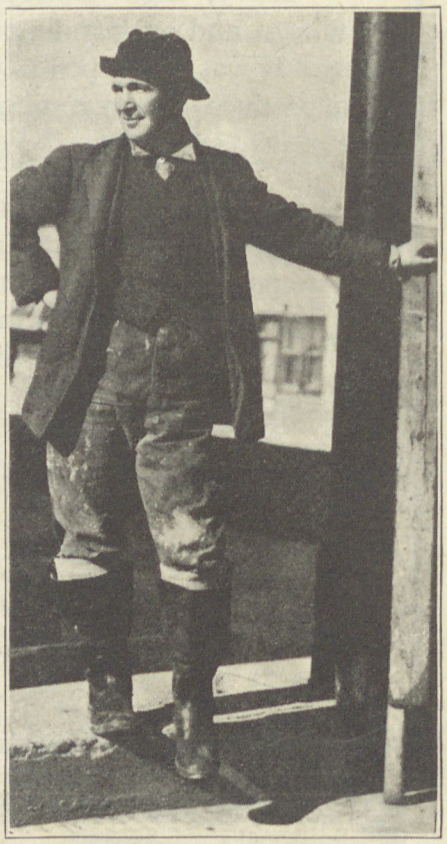
reached anywhere from five to thirty miles from our little frontier town of Buhl. Along the Snake River Canyon walls gush many streams. The streams travel a short distance before entering Snake River. They are well stocked, resulting in good fishing at all times.

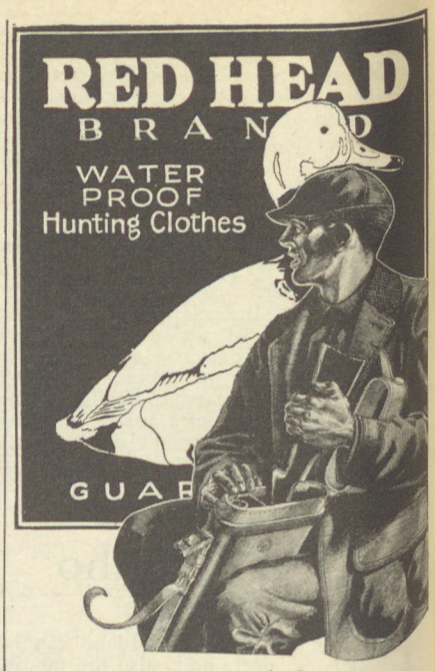
Many small lakes are found in the canyons. Where the water comes from is yet unsolved. Some claim it is the reappearance of Lost River two hundred miles distant. This stream sinks and does not appear again hence (Lost River). However, I am not quite satisfied as I have been to the spots where this water sinks and I found the water coming from the walls of the Snake River Canyon so much greater. In fact there is 100% more than (Lost River). Again we have upheavals, lava beds and deep, large breaks between Lost River and the Snake. To my opinion this question is still unsolved. However, after traveling back on the plateau of Snake River Canyon where there is no vegetation places can be found quite green. Such places will run in a very narrow strip, and for some distance water can be heard running under ground at many points. Regardless of where this water comes from our fishing is wonderful. Clear Lakes is a very beautiful scenic lake with many natural bridges and beautiful falls. Here the angler seldom fails to catch a nice mess of speckled trout.



*"Ask the man from Idaho."*

Four miles below this lake there is what is known as Box Canyon. This is a blind canyon one mile long and about 600 feet deep. Here we also have wonderful fishing. This canyon is the home of the "Rattler," but what fisherman won't take a chance? Two miles below this there is another stream known as Sand Springs. There are nothing but rainbows here.

One mile farther down there is what is known as Thousand Springs; these also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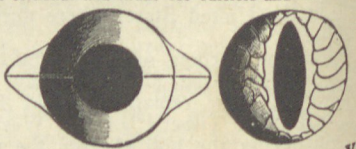

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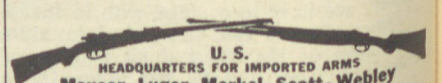

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are streams coming from the canyon's wall. The canyon at this point is very wide and we have wonderful fishing here. From this point the canyon widens to the width of two miles. In the valley are beautiful farms and three large streams, "Reilly Creek," "Billinger" and largest of them all, "Malad River." This stream comes from another (Box Canyon), running quite rapidly until entering Snake River. There are very large trout in this stream, and only an expert can land them with a fly.

Snake River from the head down abounds with fish. How often I have heard old settlers mention the wonderful fishing they had through Idaho in years gone by. However, I sincerely think Snake River has more trout today than ever before. The reason—all streams tributary to the Snake are stocked yearly. Before irrigation came this was a river with high waters most of the time. Water from the snow sheds caused higher water in June and July than it was in November. This water today is held with dams, storing the water for irrigation purposes. Therefore, the only water in the Snake River from the great Shoshone Falls on is simply spring water coming from the many, many streams I have mentioned above. This being the case, naturally, trout have entered the Snake from all the streams I speak of. There are parts of the river where in my judgment is to be found the best fishing in the world. There is what is known as Salmon Falls, perhaps one mile long, composed of small water falls and pools. Fishermen who are acquainted with this "Fisherman's Paradise" can wade almost any place with the exception of the main channel.

I have lots more I would like to tell you of this Idaho fishing, but I have just answered my phone. It is now 5 P. M. One hour from now I shall be fishing. Kind reader, picture our pleasure this evening along the rippling Snake. The bug has got me, I must hit the trail.

# A Queer Fish

By EUGENE SHERROD

SEVERAL years ago while fishing off the East Coast of Florida I caught a very peculiar fish. Instead of swimming straight forward as all other fish do, it swam backward. Upon a close examination, I discovered that its fins were so fastened to its body as to fold towards its head instead of towards its tail. Never having seen or heard of such a fish before, I packed it carefully and forwarded it to the Piscatory Department of Harvard University and asked them to classify it. In due course I received the following reply:

"The specimen is what is known as a QUO VADIS, which means "Whither goest thou." It is equipped by nature to swim backward instead of forward in order to keep the water out of its eyes."

Until the receipt of this letter, I hadn't the slightest idea of the name of this fish, or why it preferred to swim diametrically opposite to all other fish.

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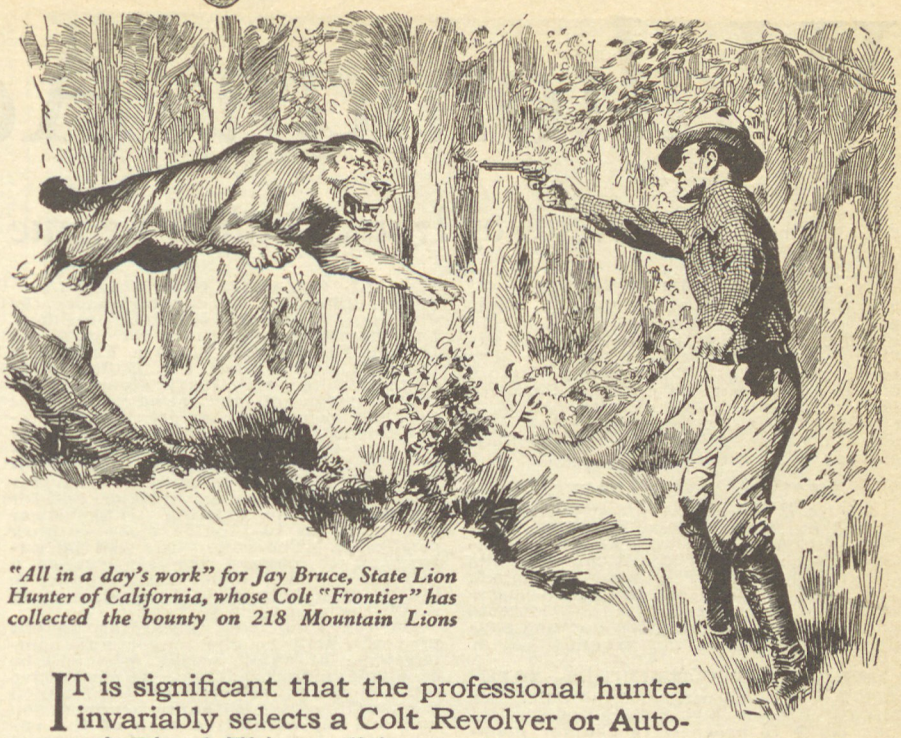
Jimmy: "Gosh, I wish I was twins."
Mother: "Why?"
Jimmy: "So I could send the other half to school while this half went fishin'."

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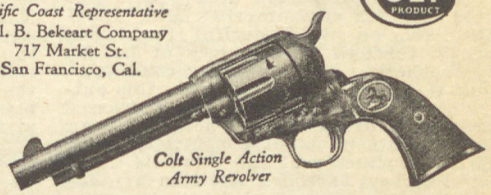

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# Waltonian Activities

## News of Izaak Walton League Chapters

### REAPING THE BENEFITS

The "Topeka Journal," Topeka, Kansas, reports that fourteen thousand black bass (fry) will be delivered to the Topeka chapter by the State Hatchery to be placed in Wakarusa and Mission creeks and in various ponds in Shawnee county. The Topeka chapter has been stocking those streams for the last three or four years and several good catches have resulted this year.

### BUSINESS AND PLEASURE

A crowd estimated at two hundred turned out for the joint meeting of the Wayne County Fish and Game Protective Association and the Richmond, Ind., Chapter, held recently near Richmond. The meeting was declared to be successful from every standpoint. Contests were held during the afternoon and supper was served on the grounds.

### MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEES—NOTE

E. J. Walsh, secretary of the Coleraine, Minn., chapter, has distributed invitation cards to prospective chapter members. The wording of the invitation in part is as follows: "Your name has been handed in to me as a desirable candidate for the Canisteo Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America. The League is desirous of securing as its members only those citizens who have a high respect for the law and who will help support the League in its efforts to conserve the best in America's wild life and to make our outdoors attractive and to leave some of the enjoyments, that we have been so fortunate to have, for future generations."

### SUCCESSFUL OUTDOOR MEET

C. R. Lobes, secretary, submits a report on the picnic of the Germantown, Pa., chapter, No. 19:

"The Second Annual Stag Picnic was held July 9th at Wetherill's Mill, Audubon, Pa., on the beautiful Perkiomen Creek, through the courtesy of Dr. W. F. Wetherill. Ideal weather conditions, plus the good attendance, made this outing a grand success, which surpassed the outing of the chapter held last year.

"The entertainment committee, under the chairmanship of the versatile Charley Faerber, exceeded itself in arranging the program, which kept the members and their friends busy from the time they arrived until their departure. There was trapshooting at the elusive clay birds, which scurried through the air like a partridge, defying the marksman to shatter them. The wily fishermen could be found along the bank of the creek, each having chosen (as they thought) a favorite spot where perhaps the king of the bass was anxiously awaiting a minnow or a helgramite. Others were kept busy with pinochle and quoits. Cigars and refreshments were served."

*Germantown, Pa., members "taking it out" on clay birds at their Annual Stag Picnic.*

### WILL CLEANSE OLD NIAGARA

The Buffalo, N. Y., chapter, under the direction of Henry Keitzel, president, has submitted a program for purifying Buffalo Harbor and Niagara Falls in a recommendation that the Buffalo City Council take preliminary steps toward the solution of the sewage disposal problem. The program provides for appointment of a general committee by the City Council to make a comprehensive study of the sewage disposal problem and to draft a concrete plan for eliminating the sewage nuisance and for augmenting the existing trunk sewer system so as to provide more sanitary conditions. The committee will be authorized to engage the services of a leading engineer under the proposal to aid the members in their tasks and to make the necessary surveys.

On the committee, according to the proposal, will be the mayor and commissioner of public works, who will be ex-officio members; two representative citizens to be selected by the council who will serve without remuneration and one representative each of the engineering, legal and health departments of the city.

The preamble of the Resolution adopted by the Buffalo Chapter states that action should be taken because "Buffalo discharges its raw, untreated sewage into bodies of water adjacent to and within its territorial limits and such waters are thereby contaminated and form a menace to health and a public nuisance" and that "such contaminated water forms the domestic and industrial water supply of municipalities and industries of the Niagara Frontier."

Many members of the Buffalo City Council were in favor of the recommendation and others were said to appreciate the fact that the sewage disposal problem is pressing and requires immediate attention.

### ENTHUSIASTIC CHARTER MEETING

Nashua, the second largest city in New Hampshire, held its charter night with a banquet at the Nashua Country Club. From the enthusiasm displayed, this chapter is destined to be one of the largest in New Hampshire. Seventy members and their friends were present at the dinner. Twenty-eight new members signed the charter; all members standing and taking the pledge found on the reverse side of the application for membership card.

### TO BUILD AN ISLAND HOME

D. H. Armstrong, secretary of the Richwood, Ohio, chapter, reports:

"We are looking forward to a very successful season and hope to start same with a fish fry on the banks of Baccaret Lake. At this time we hope to bring our membership up to one hundred strong. The Richwood Chapter has succeeded in leasing this lake and we are looking forward to having a permanent home on an Island located in the center of the lake."

### HOW MANY CAN YOU ANSWER?

Among the many good items found in the Canton, O., chapter bulletin is a questionnaire printed for the purpose of informing chapter members how little or how much they know about outdoor sports and the Izaak Walton League. For example, the first question is: What is the size limit on black bass? The second question: When is the closed season on black bass? Bluegill? Is fishing permissible by law in Ohio on Sunday? Where is Jackson Hole and what conservation measure if any is built around that locality? What legislation pertaining to black bass was passed by influence of the Izaak Walton League? Many other questions of equal interest are listed and we believe that other chapters would do well to adopt this plan of interesting and educating their members.

*Three fine steel-head trout caught by A. R. Lyon, Pres. of the Pasadena, Cal., chapter.*

### WEST COAST ACTIVE

Forty thousand rainbow fry were recently planted by the Pasadena, Calif., chapter in the west fork stream in the Angeles National Forest. The planting was the first since five years ago, and is one of the largest consignments from the state for that immediate section. President A. R. Lyon conducted the work of planting the fish, which were secured through the co-operation of Assistant State Fish and Game Warden C. S. Bauder, Los Angeles. To give our readers an idea of trout fishing that may be had in California, we publish a picture of three steel head trout taken by Mr. Lyon on June 22, 1927.

### BIG CO-OPERATIVE PICNIC

Geo. L. Bladholm, secretary of the Calumet, Ill., chapter, reports:

"The Calumet chapter, in co-operation with the Modern Woodmen of Manteno, Ill., held an outing at the Camp Grounds of the Calumet chapter at Manteno, Ill. All sorts of interesting games were played, including baseball and horseshoe pitching. A record crowd gathered for this affair July 4th, estimated at about five hundred."

### MAKE FISHING GOOD

Edward W. First, vice president of the Dowagiac, Mich., chapter, reports that they have gone to considerable expense in constructing two fish ponds at Crystal Springs Camp, each covering about one acre of ground. On April 9th, the chapter planted about ten thousand speckled trout fry and at the present time, they have reached a fingerling length of three or four inches. About twenty thousand bass fry were planted on July 12th.

### WHY NOT IZAAK WALTON?

One of the new chapters of the Florida Division is at Camp Walton, Okaloosa county, which was organized by Hugh Gulley. The Camp Walton chapter is reported the sponsor of the game refuge of over 200,000 acres in Okaloosa county.

### STATE CONVENTIONS

WYOMING—AUG. 17th, 18th.
RIVERTON, WYOMING.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—SEPT. 2d, 3d.
PETERBOROUGH, N. H.

NEBRASKA—SEPT. 12th, 13th.
FREMONT, NEBRASKA.

PENNSYLV'NIA—SEPT. 12th, 13th.
STROUDSBURG, PENN.

NEW YORK—SEPT. 8th, 9th.
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

### 200 BASS PER MEMBER

W. A. Doody, secretary of the Battle Creek, Mich., chapter, reports that his chapter has just completed the building of a rearing pond in which they expect to rear to fingerling size, 100,000 bass this year. In order to finance this construction, the Board of Trustees individually endorsed a note at one of the banks.

Now that the hatchery is completed, it is their intention to put on a very extensive membership drive in the hope of increasing the membership to at least five hundred.

### COMBINING DUTY AND PLEASURE

The Lancaster, N. Y., chapter recently started a campaign to free nearby streams of contaminating rubbish. Their self-imposed task received generous praise from nature lovers of Lancaster. Weekly pilgrimages are made to the creek by members of the chapter, and the schedule calls for removing debris from a stretch of three hundred yards of the creek each week. President Al. Pfleger, and secretary Jos. Faulhaber were primarily responsible for the organizing of an Izaak Walton gun club. The club opened recently and the event was given considerable newspaper publicity. When the first trap was sprung, president Pfleger shattered the first clay pigeon. The chapter has planned several open shoots with a special invitation to the public.

The Lancaster boys have realized the value of combining inter-chapter sports clubs with their constructive work.

### SYSTEMATIZE WORK

The Pensacola, Fla., chapter has classified their work to accomplish the many duties in connection with the conservation program outlined by that chapter. The following committees have been appointed: Game, fish, forest, legislation, education, entertainment, publicity, and membership. Clearly defining the duties of chapter officers and members as in this case leads to a clearer and more complete accomplishment of the purposes of the League. It gives the members a specific duty to perform and a feeling of individual responsibility towards the accomplishments of their chapter.

### ILLINOIS HAS GOOD FISHING, TOO

We expect you to believe the report of a brother Waltonian fisherman of the Robinson, Ill., chapter, who reports

## Tribute to the Late George Ashton

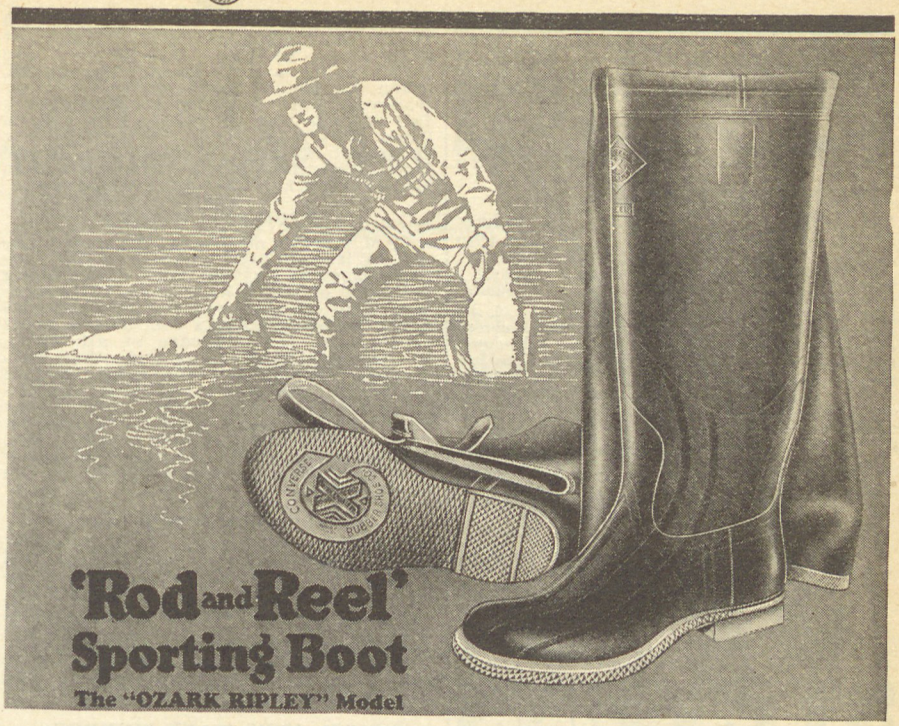
By ALEC MERMOD

GEORGE ASHTON, dean of St. Louis Anglers has crossed the Great Divide having been drowned in the Meramec River July 21st.

The accident was one of those unaccountable, almost impossible things which happen and are beyond human control, but that does not help to soften our grief. We have lost George Ashton. We are going to miss him more and more as the days go by. There is no one to take his place, for he was in a class by himself, always willing to help the other fellow, and when things looked blue, his cheery manner and hearty laugh compelled us to "snap out of it."

To know George Ashton was to love, admire and respect him; to be known as his friend was a compliment.

George was one of the first men in St. Louis to join the Izaak Walton League, and was always on hand at the meetings, quiet and unassuming but ever ready to help with his level headed advice. The St. Louis Chapter, the state and national organizations are going to miss George Ashton, just as we all do. Besides being missed by his friends on account of his personality, he is going to be missed by all fly fishermen who will now not be able to obtain his famous gold spinners and beautifully tied flies, for we have no one with his artistic skill combined with an uncanny knowledge of the game able to turn out the masterpieces so long furnished his friends by George Ashton.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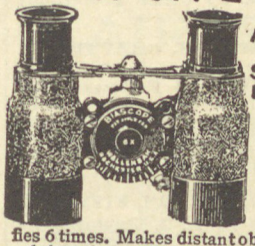

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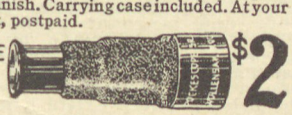

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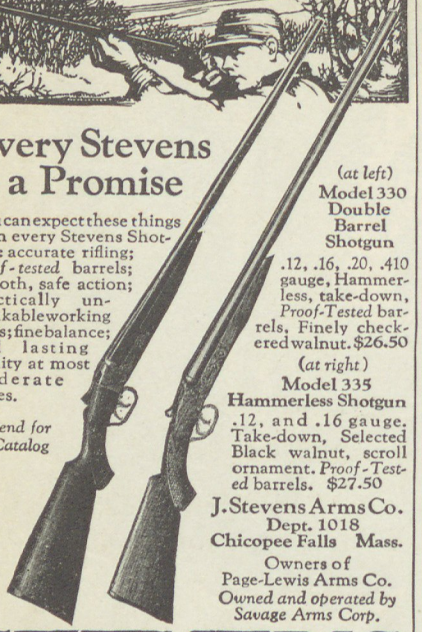

*(at left)* Model 330 Double Barrel Shotgun .12, .16, .20, .410 gauge, Hammerless, take-down, *Proof-Tested* barrels, Finely checkered walnut. $26.50

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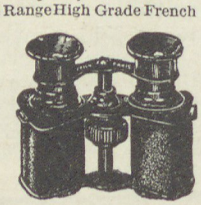

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that on June 26th, Dow Rowland landed two bass at the same time on one cast with but one bait. One of the bass weighed one and three-fourths pounds, when we brought it home. The other was nearly eleven inches long, but being full of eggs was turned back to spawn. Theo. Zwermann, vice president of the Crawford County chapter and David Innes were fishing with Mr. Rowland in Big Creek when the catch was made.

### STOP POLLUTION

C. M. Clarke, secretary of the Stoughton, Wis., chapter, reports a big accomplishment in the way of stopping pollution of the Yahara River in Stoughton. The offender was the Armour condensery, who recently installed a large septic tank to take care of all waste. Formerly all waste milk and other matter was drained into the river. Before the septic tank was installed it was impossible to see the bottom of the river at times on account of milk and floating grease. The water is now crystal clear. The local chapter is now investigating that part of the river polluted by the Gas Company.

### A GOOD PROSPECT LIST

Old Baldy Chapter at Upland, Calif., is making a play for membership through the medium of applicants for state fishing licenses. Dave Vasbinder, secretary of Old Baldy Chapter, has sent a form letter to each fishing license applicant explaining the purpose of the League and suggesting that brother fishermen lend their support to Old Baldy Chapter.

### BOOTH ADDS MANY MEMBERS

Tulsa, Okla., held what they called "The Magic Empire Exhibition." The State Division had a booth, and all the boys turned out to help build up the Tulsa chapter. Watt Campbell put off drilling an oil well; Frank Hill worked all week; Warden Weems sent two Game Rangers, and Lon Conner and the Tulsa boys all helped. Included in the exhibit were a freshly trapped wild cat and black wolf from McCurtain County, that were at the State Convention. The boys felt amply rewarded for their work by securing many new chapter members.

### HANOVER, N. H., ORGANIZED

The Hanover, N. H., chapter held its charter night at the Thayer School of Engineering, Dartmouth College, on Friday night, June 10th with an interesting motion picture program. Arrangements will be made by this chapter to seek a rearing pool for trout and a committee was appointed to inspect two or three different sites.

### MANITOWOC SCORES WITH MINER

The youngest happiest boy in the big audience entertained by the Manitowoc, Wis., chapter, was Jack Miner, the sixty-year-old Canadian who combined religion, pathos, and rare humor in the simple talk about his bird sanctuary. Jack Miner was accompanied by Haskell Noyes, both of whom are directors of the Izaak Walton League, also by Sherman Brown, president of the Wisconsin Division. Jack Miner's lecture, including moving pictures of Miner's retreat for Canadian geese, was followed by interesting addresses by other prominent Waltonians.

### ANOTHER NEW N. H. CHAPTER

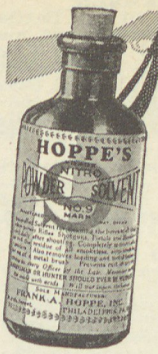
The Franklin, N. H., chapter, held its charter night at the Odd Fellows Hall, June 6th and started out with twenty new members. Much enthusiasm was displayed in the election of officers and Franklin chapter bids fair to be one of the largest in the State.

### TO SAVE MISSISSIPPI FISH

A letter received by A. J. Taylor, secretary of the Memphis chapter states that strenuous efforts to save the millions of fish stranded in the shallow ponds and stagnant pools of flooded Arkansas will be made by the game and fish commission of that state. The assistance of the members of the local chapter and every true sportsman in whose heart there exists a love for the wild life of the south, is sought by Guy Amsler, secretary of the commission who will have charge of the reclamation work.

Sportsmen will be asked to report to the chapter, the location of the places in Arkansas in which pools containing fish are drying up under the rays of the sun, now that the flood waters have

*(Continued on page 71)*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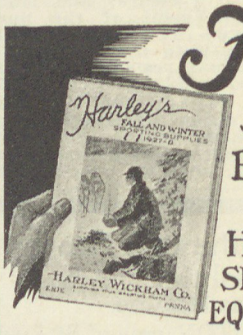


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# Rabbits

By Wm. P. Orth

MOST sportsmen doubtless have been ardent rabbit hunters in their juvenile days and many never get entirely over it. Rabbit hunting may lack the heroics but there is certainly a thrill in the baying of a rabbit hound on a crisp October day when the leaves are ankle deep in the woods and there is a frosty tang in the air.

But why does a rabbit "circle"? Most hunters will simply say the dog drives it in a circle or that the rabbit will not leave a certain territory. Some maintain the cottontail only will circle while a jack will not. Both species act much the same.

On a wonderful winter's day in 1893 while in the Bitter Root Valley I had an opportunity to observe the matter. The snow was just right for tracking and to while away an afternoon I followed a fresh track. It seemed to wind around aimlessly, when suddenly on looking back I saw a jack running across the field. I followed the track and found it ran in a sort of spiral making a rough spider's web, near the center of which I found the nest in a slight depression. Thus any predatory animal would naturally pass around the rabbit several times before coming close, and give the alarm. I am convinced this jack deliberately waited until I was moving away before attempting to escape in the opposite direction.

First he ran leisurely for a few hundred rods and then sat up on his haunches to listen as though to make sure "did I make a clean getaway or am I being followed?" When he seemed to understand that I was actually following I never saw him again though I tracked him for something like ten miles.

The next move was to "circle," making two and a half complete circuits, stopping occasionally to criss-cross among a patch of weeds. Each time he left the vicinity of the nest he covered exactly the same tracks for something like half a mile before branching. This was obviously intended to confuse, especially if followed by scent, because there were the mingled tracks of both rabbit and pursuer in three layers, while at the nest the tracks were jumbled together in every which way.

After the third return as described I was surprised to see the tracks suddenly stop in a clear patch of snow as if he had taken wings. Upon careful examination I found that the toes were reversed in the last track and that he had backtracked so carefully, jumping in exactly the tracks just made, that I did not at first notice the deception. After returning some twenty rods he carefully bunched his four feet and made a right angle spring of fully five paces, with about a dozen succeeding jumps the same until they again spread about the normal distance of six feet. This was repeated over and over again, always the tracks ended nowhere, then back again some distance followed by side jumps into which he put everything he had in order to make big gaps in the trail.

As it was now getting dusk I called it a day well spent as I had learned why a rabbit circles and other tricks.

A QUAIL STORY
NEXT MONTH
By H. B. MORLAN


IT'S THE *YOUNGER CROWD* THAT SETS THE STANDARD!

GO to the younger crowd if you want the *right* word on what to wear or drive or smoke. And notice, please, that the particular cigarette they call their own today is one that you've known very well for a very long time.

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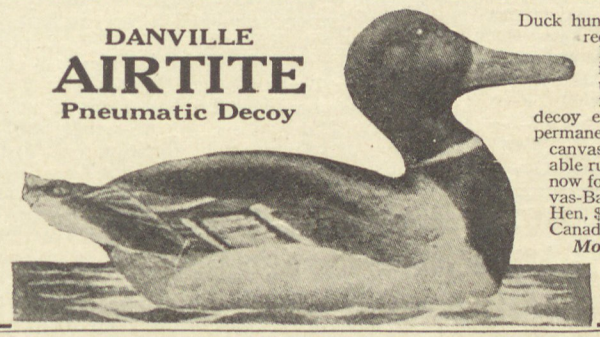

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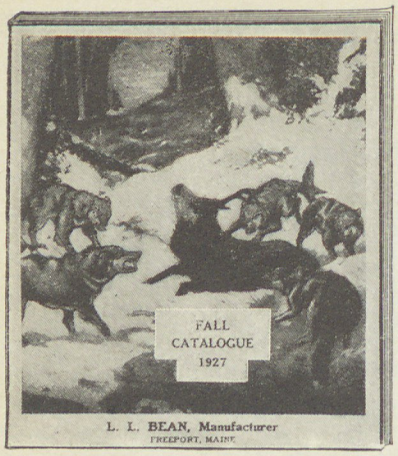


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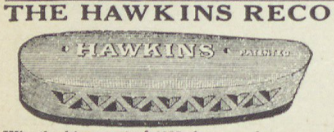


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# The Alibi Sportsman

By W. H. BRENNEMAN

HAVE you ever joined the ranks of the alibi sportsman, that is to say, were you ever arrayed in your favorite hunting togs and with your trusty fowling piece all cocked and primed, ready to add another bird to the game bag, and then, as the bird rose, a beautiful target, you registered a perfect miss while the bird sailed away in safety? Did you assume the blame and admit that you were clear off the target, or did you set up the claim that your ammunition was faulty, or the wind was bad or that the sun was shining so directly in your eyes that you couldn't see very well just which way the bird was going? Perhaps the piece was still on safe and refused to fire regardless of how hard you pressed the trigger. Alibis won't get game, but we will use them at times trying to get out from under.

I believe that I am safe in saying that a large percentage of sportsmen, at one time or another, find themselves using some sort of an alibi in order to cover a poor shot. I know that this was true in my own case, and it took one of the finest sportsmen with whom I have ever been privileged to hunt, to show me up. He did not know that he was doing it and I have never told him about it, either.

Since then I have thought and studied the thing over quite a bit and I have come to the conclusion, that the bird who said, "if you want to know a man real well, go on a hunting or fishing trip with him," or words to that effect, was talking from some personal experience and not at random. Truly, a sportsman's actions are a good index to his character.

Three years ago last fall, the pheasant season in South Dakota opened with as near ideal weather and shooting conditions as one could wish for. The sun rose clear and shining on two inches or better of fresh snow, not even rabbit tracked. There was no wind and the air was so warm that extra clothing was not needed.

A certain Mr. —— made one of the party that came to Valley Farm to enjoy the opening of the season and it was from him that I began to get some idea of what constituted a true sportsman. He was a very fine shot, but, like the rest of us, he missed 'em too. The thing that struck me first was that he seemed to be able to laugh, just as heartily and just as long, when he missed a shot as he did when he hit his bird. In fact he seemed to take a delight in calling your attention to a bird that had eluded him. His exclamations after he had made a poor shot: "Did you see me miss that one!" "Boy, I was too slow for that old bird, shot way behind him!" "Didn't use my gun and my head at the same time that shot!" He agreed that his ammunition and his gun were all right, that there was no fault with the weather conditions, no one was crowding him; in fact, every thing was just right and he wasn't ashamed to let the world know that he just couldn't always hit.

He apparently received as much pleasure over some one else's ability to hit as from his own, for in beating out a favorable bit of cover, he was wont to say, "now you take the first one out, don't hurry and nail him fast, I'll watch for the next bird out if there are more"! You knew that you were to have first shot and you would not have to hurry, for you had all day for it as far as he was concerned.


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In some way he seemed to imbue one with the spirit of clean sportsmanship. He made you glad to acknowledge that the birds who got away were clever and you could not help but admire them as they sailed away to safety. The ability to cheerfully admit your own misplaced shots, the ability to acknowledge the blame where it rightfully belongs more than overcomes the disappointment of a lost bird.

To follow the lines of least resistance seems to be an inherent quality in mankind, if it may be termed a quality. We dislike to be in the wrong, much less admit it, and alibis are so handy, that it seems an easy matter to use a few of them unthinkingly. It is not until we stop and seriously think the matter over that we begin to realize just how we look as an alibi sportsman in the eyes of our fellow sportsmen.

Pheasant hunting here in South Dakota does much towards making one an alibi sportsman. I am sure that there are not very many other game birds that have the variety of curves and angles that our birds exhibit to the hunter, during a day's hunt. They always fly at an angle. Even on a straightaway shot they rise on a vertical angle, and, considering the express like speed with which they go one has to do some rapid calculating or else see the bird rise above your charge of shot and sail on unharmed.

These birds are adepts at three things, viz.: they have speed both in the air and on the ground, and if you don't believe that one of those birds can run, just try catching a winged bird out on the open. A quarter of a mile should convince you. They can hide like an Indian; they will lose themselves in grass that isn't tall enough to cut for hay. They can carry a tremendous load of shot. The feathers next the body are like wool, especially those on the breast and on the rear parts of the body. The covering beneath the wings is not so heavy and a shot there while the bird is flying will bring the bird down with either a shot in the vitals or a broken wing, but a shot in the breast or the rear of the body is a different matter. The dense, wooly feathers wrap around the shot, like paper around an orange, and it requires force to drive the shot through the flesh and into a vital spot.

Here in South Dakota the heavy snow took a large toll from the pheasant ranks winter before last. They sought shelter along the fence rows and deep stubble only to be covered over with the drifting snow. Their heavy feathers and long tails are a hindrance to them and they do not tramp themselves out of a drift like a grouse does, so they are there until the snow leaves or a crow or some animal digs them out for food.

Despite the heavy loss due to the snow, there were more birds at the opening of the season last fall than there were the previous year. Some of the hens must have hatched a second brood for there were many only half-grown birds and at different times we saw young birds that were not very much larger than meadow larks. This made the shooting bad, for the half-grown birds were not full plumaged and it was difficult to distinguish the cocks from the hens and consequently many hens were killed that should not have been. There was not enough snow here last winter to menace them and while their feed was not as plentiful as usual, they seemed to get through very well and we will have a season of great sport in South Dakota next fall.

When you are tired, hungry—have a dry mouth and parched throat—when you need a real refreshment—then draw on your package of WRIGLEY'S

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# The Angler's Notebook

## *Written at Odd Moments* by O. W. Smith

### The Preliminary Cast

A number of very complimentary letters have been received since the last NOTEBOOK was opened in front of our angling readers. That is well. Thank you all. Just can't write you personally. But we are not satisfied, 'deed not. Let us know what you like.

## His Honor, the Gray Wolf o' the North

PERHAPS there is no fresh water fish around which clusters more of legend and story, of mystery and romance, than the muskellunge. Thus Wilcox apostrophizes him:

"Whence and what are you, monster grim
and great?
Sometimes we think you a 'Syndicate,'
For if our quaint cartoonists be but just
You have some features of the modern
'Trust,'
A wide, ferocious and rapacious jaw,
A vast, insatiate and expansive craw;
And, like the 'Trust,' your chiefest aim
and wish
Was to combine in one all smaller fish,
And all the lesser fry succumbed to fate,
When you determined to consolidate."

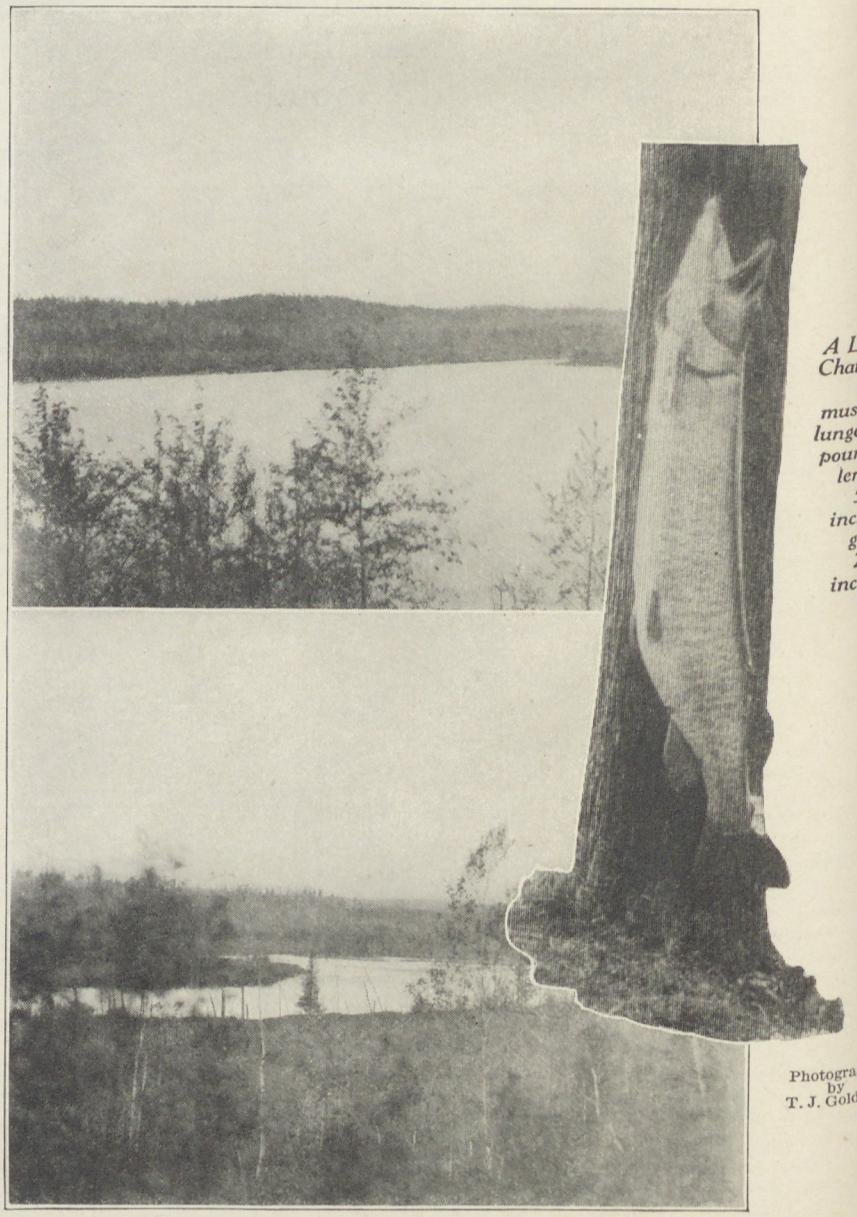
Which, after all, isn't a half bad description of this weir wolf o' the North.

Perhaps one reason for the many legends connected with the fish is because of its somewhat solitary life and comparative rarity, for to most of us, the taking of a 'lunge is something of an event, the stories in outdoor magazines to the contrary notwithstanding. It is a safe assertion that not *all* anglers questing 'lunge get their heart's desire, and not a few of the so-called muskellunge are nothing more or less than great pike. Understand, I have nothing against the great pike, for insofar as I can see, inch for inch and pound for pound he is in every sense the equal of the true 'lunge. I know what some of you will say, but "Lay on Macduff and—" well, finish it yourself.

"What is a 'lunge?" The fish is more widely distributed than some of us realize or will admit, thinking the gray form the only "true" muskellunge. When "American Food and Game Fishes" was first published, the authors were severely taken to task for asserting that the fish were found in the Great Lakes and confluents—the St. Lawrence and Ohio rivers, for you see, those who undertook to set the scientists right held to the opinion that the gray form, found only in the Wisconsin River water-shed, were honest-to-gosh muskellunge. All others were merely "pickerel," which by the way is a term used to cover almost any small member of the pike family. A muskellunge is a muskellunge, whether the "spotted," "tiger" or "gray" form. Dr. Henshall used to express considerable doubt as to the constancy of "forms" you will remember; but read his dissertation on "Bass, Pike, Perch and Others." However, I am not seeking a quarrel with anyone. Believe, if you want to, that the gray 'lunge is the only true 'lunge. Two things I refuse to quarrel over are, ichthyology and theology.

Get this fact firmly fixed in your mind, color is never an absolutely determining factor in identification of fish, depending to a great extent upon food and environment, and the muskellunge is no exception to the rule. You must seize upon some constant anatomical difference. In the case of the pike family, to which the muskellunge belongs, the one outstanding feature easily grasped by the layman, is squamation—scaling—of cheeks and gill-covers. There are other anatomical differences, but this is enough to remember. Where the cheeks and gill-covers are fully scaled, scaled above and below, the specimen is a pickerel. When cheeks are fully scaled, above and below, but the lower halves of gill-covers are undecorated, you have a great pike, or as the books term them, "Great Lakes pike." Should your capture disclose upper halves of cheeks and gill-covers scaled, but with lower halves devoid of such armor, know you have a true 'lunge, and don't let any advocate of the gray, spotted, or what not form disturb your equanimity and satisfaction. As to being able to differentiate between a great pike—usually called "pickerel"—and muskellunge by the battle put up, well, I hae me doots. In cold water of the north I had just as soon fight a

*Two North Wisconsin Lakes.*



*A Lake Chatauqua muskellunge 42 pounds, length 52½ inches, girth 24½ inches.*

Photograph by T. J. Golden.

*The home of the Gray Wolf.*

twenty-one pound great pike as a 'lunge of equal weight, and I had just as readily dine off one as the other. So there! If that be an ichthyic heresy, make the most of it.

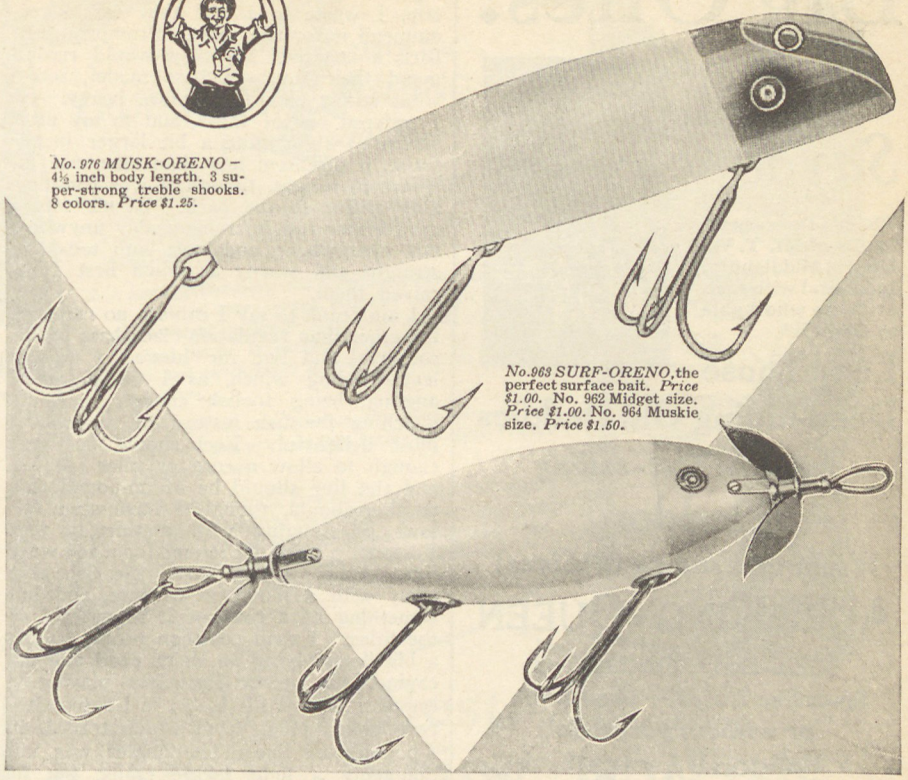
The muskellunge, like all true pike, is a solitary, morose, tempery sort o' fish, a sort of unknown quantity. In mid-summer you will find 'lunge basking near the surface, apparently asleep, if fish sleep. Let him discover you and he just fades away without perceptible motion. You rub your eyes, unable to believe them; but where he was, he is not, that's all. When 'lunge so deport themselves it is almost useless to angle for them, they are not feeding. Anyway, mid-summer is not the best time to go 'lunging. As soon as the season opens in the spring, and again in the autumn, are the preferred seasons. Personally my preference would be for the later season, for when the tang of frosts have chilled the water a wee, and the stricken leaves, gold and red, come eddying down, then does the muskellunge take on new life and activity, battling from the instant the hook goes home until, defeated but never vanquished, he gazes at you out of malevolent eyes as you reach down with gaff. At any season of the year he is a foeman worthy any angler's hook.

Because I am running amuck amid some cherished angling beliefs and superstitions, I might as well make a fist of it, and say that I place little credence in the sore-teeth theory. It is supposed that the 'lunge sheds its teeth during "Dog Days," a period during which it all but refuses food and is in evil temper indeed. In support of the belief, we hear the Indian guides quoted, for they generally have implicit confidence in the theory, but then, they have faith in other things I reject. A number of correspondents have written me that they have taken specimens with loose teeth, jaws red and swollen, and some have gone to the trouble to ship me preserved heads, but unfortunately the condition of the latter have been such that proof was uncertain. There is a provision of Nature, by which a fish unfortunately bereft of its teeth does not need the service of an ichthyic dentist, for lo, beneath are other teeth ready to move in and occupy. Loose teeth are not uncommon amid fish, as a little investigation will soon prove. The whole matter is after all unimportant, though mightily interesting, and a subject of lengthy arguments around the camp-fire. Sore teeth or not, the 'lunge will strike in "Dog Days," and probably more are taken during that period than at other seasons, because it is the vacation season and more anglers are busy.

I can well remember my first investment in 'lunge tackle, when I was ignorant of the fish and of the game. I wrote a certain tackle-house and asked them to send an outfit suitable for the sport. You can't imagine what I received. A 17-ounce salt-water rod, a 200-yard reel, and 100 yards of 48 pound test line. Lucky for me, I had a friend who fished 'lunge, and when I showed him my glittering new outfit, he went into hysterics. After the steenth spasm, he sputtered, "That ain't 'lunge tackle, that's a shark outfit!" He was good enough to keep still about my "investment," also to instruct me in the wherewithal of the sport, and though the rod was a bit heavier than the one I employ today, it was most decidedly not "shark tackle."

Was it in the April "Note-Book" that I mentioned my experience with a certain rod concern, when seeking a muskellunge rod? Pardon me for repeating. I wanted


FISH AND FEEL FIT



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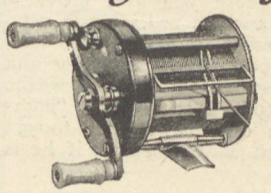

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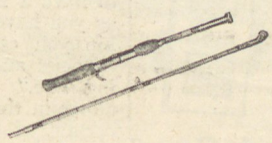

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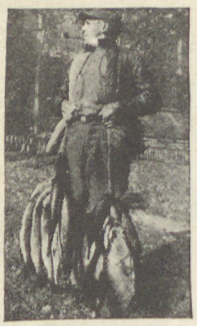

Them's the very remarks of Mr. T. W. Hout of Middlebury, Ind.—and with such evidence who's able to doubt it?

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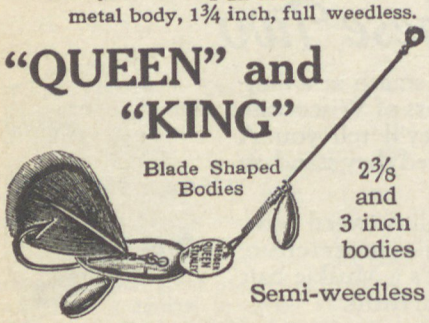

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something light, and I possessed one of their regular bass casters, which I must say was a wonder; thinking of a 'lunge trip, I wrote to ask if they would recommend it for the sport. Promptly came back a negative, but they would recommend their southern bass model, somewhat stiffer and a bit more heavy. So I ordered one of those, and to my utter surprise, while quite a bit larger in the waist, it disclosed less than an ounce increase in weight, though it was considerably stiffer in the back. Result was I used either rod interchangeably anywhere and everywhere, and have both today, as straight and sturdy as when first I received them.

I am frank to say I can see no necessity for other than regulation black bass tackle, rod, reel and line for 'lunge. I want a level-winding winch, as I do for most angling, being foolish enough to think watching the fish instead of the reel is most delightful. Reel should be large enough to allow a core or filler of line, and the line should be of 20-pound test, or thereabouts, though I have seen fellows go 'lunging with a thirteen test. Personally I am not strong for a too weak line. When a line parts, the fish goes away with a mouthful of lure, and has something of a time of it to get rid of the thing. I shall not soon forget finding a big 'lunge lying on shore dead and decaying, the gentle wavelets playing a requiem around his body; in his mouth a two-hooked plug, from which trailed an 8-pound test line. The angler was undoubtedly a light tackle crank, but he was guilty of causing a fish untold suffering before it finally found relief in death. Spent and emaciated was the body, telling its own sad story. That's hardly good sportsmanship, as I see it. Not heavy tackle, no, but a line strong enough to keep the fish from going away with a mouthful of indigestible plug, spoon or hook.

It is always wise to look well to terminal tackle, seeing to it that the wire gimp or leader, is well made and dependable, for the fish has a disagreeable habit of "striking over" and severing the line. We read stories of 'lunge which deliberately attack the line, "snapping and biting at it viciously"; all of which I regard as somewhat apocryphal, not that the 'lunge's sharp teeth would not sever a line, for we know they will, but that it is done deliberately. If the fish secures sufficient slack to double on the line, it may well come in contact with the latter by accident, and the result will be just as though it were done with malice aforethought.

That the muskellunge is as wily and tricky as the black bass or rainbow trout I doubt, depending upon sheer weight and dogged determination instead of wit to win the battle. Not that the fish will not put up a magnificent struggle, for it will, but the angler can quite generally count upon what it will do. Seldom, if ever, do they leap free of the water, clearing the surface as will both bass and trout; rather it is a surface-plunging, splattering effort, no less tackle-testing and thrilling. That perfect curve the artists delight to depict, the angler never sees save in his imagination. And if the reader has ever tried conclusions with a forty pounder he has a perfect right to let his imagination run riot, and we will believe whatever he tells us. I am strong for the 'lunge. Unfortunately he is disappearing, a difficult fish to propagate or even encourage, the work at the Chautauqua hatchery being the most successful. Unless something can be done to conserve and preserve the stock, the muskellunge will all too soon join that rapidly lengthening line of "extinct" birds and animals. Wish I had time to say something about live-bait fishing, but already this page is full.

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BEING asked to define the term "Waltonian" I answered by stating that he was an Anti-Vandal. A vandal, according to my dictionary, is "one who willfully, or ignorantly, impairs or disfigures anything venerable, beautiful or useful"—the exact opposite of a Waltonian.

The typical Waltonian is considerate and adaptable; a philosopher, with feasible notions of comfort and contentment and a limited capacity for disappointment.

Being independent beyond most, he is respectful toward others, minds his own business and knows instinctively the difference between kind helpfulness and officious meddling.

When sojourning with a backwoods settler he acts as he would wish his host to act, were their positions reversed, and he will leave all his edged tools and firearms strictly alone.

Because they might be pets, not pests, he doesn't molest any birds or animals seen in the vicinity of a frontier dwelling.

Wherever he goes his attitude is friendly but never familiar and he doesn't ask impertinent questions about another's personal habits, belongings or religious beliefs.

Regardless of his own opinion as to their wisdom, or the possibility for detection, he never attempts to evade payment of license fees nor to violate the game and fish laws. He cheerfully observes all local forestry regulations regarding the cutting or defacement of timber, camp sanitation and *the absolute extinguishment of fires.*

---

### THE PNEUMATIC MATTRESS

I KNOW of nothing more worth while than an air-bed, whether you are a week-ender, or stay for several days in camp. I have only come to the mattress use quite recently, and to realize I have wasted many a valuable hour cutting browse, and have passed many a needlessly uncomfortable night. Just a few minutes "by word-o'-mouth," and your mattress is blown up and there you are, provided with a really luxurious bed. Don't need to have a mattress "full length;" so long as you have support for the shoulder and hip you can rest comfortably. For the canoeist and auto-camper there is "nothing like." One can make shift to get along in the open with poor eats if he is certain of good sleeps.

### "THE MAIN CHANCE"

TWO Scotchmen were fishing, when one of them fell overboard. The drowning man came to the surface the second time, and Sandy yelled:

"Denny, if ye dinna come up the third time, kin I have the boat?"

* * *

AN Irishman was seated in a train beside a pompous angler garbed a la catalogue, and accompanied by a dog.

"Foine dog ye have," remarked Pat, sociably. "Phawt kind is it?"

"A cross between an Irishman and an ape," was the surly reply as the angler edged away.

"Sure," said Pat cheerfully, "Sure an' it's related to both ave us!"

O. W. Smith is glad to correspond with all readers of his Notebook.

# Florida in the Spoiling

By ROBERT RANSOM

FOR nearly twenty years I have made a study of the Everglades, during part of which time I resided continuously in their very center, about two miles from magnificent Lake Okeechobee. This lake contains about 1,200 miles averaging 16 feet deep and said to be the second largest body of water entirely within the confines of the United States.

I am struck with the parallel that could be drawn between this and the flood waters of the Mississippi as outlined in the article by James Oliver Curwood in the June issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

In spite of the fact that we have not less than ten million acres of fairly good agricultural land in Florida on which not a furrow is turned nor an acre cultivated, vast funds, twelve million dollars have been thrown away in an endeavor to add five million acres more to this unused territory by draining the Everglades and destroying a badly needed source of water supply by draining Lake Okeechobee. Up to date so little impression has been made that for four consecutive years floods have devastated all attempts to reclaim these lands and though not one acre has been made safe for cultivation our Governor has recently made a deal with New York Bond firms to borrow twenty millions more. Now, during a dry season the Miami papers report over 500 square miles of this territory ruined by fires, still burning in the immense peat bogs. Not rain, but another flood is prayed for to extinguish them!

The whole scheme of reclamation has degenerated into political robbery. Every town on the East Coast of Florida is spending untold sums of money to supply themselves with water from inferior sources and of poor quality, and yet sit idly by and watch reckless attempts to drain Lake Okeechobee, which in times of drought such as now threaten us, forbids all ultimate hope of taking advantage of one of the grandest reservoirs of nature ever given by God for man's uses.

One of our most noted writers, a botanist of repute, Charles Torrey Simpson of Little River, Florida, recently remarked in one of his books:

"Wherever I go over the State of Florida I can only think of it as a land favored of heaven, a land with beauty on every hand, one whose resources and possibilities are only just being touched upon, a land in which each section has its own peculiar charms but it seems to me that no one part has any great advantage over the other."

Yet even he agrees perfectly with the statements of Confucius as quoted in Mr. Curwood's article that man is raping and destroying Nature's choicest resources that he may profit his own generation and binding financial burdens on the backs of generations yet unborn to carry out these destructive operations.

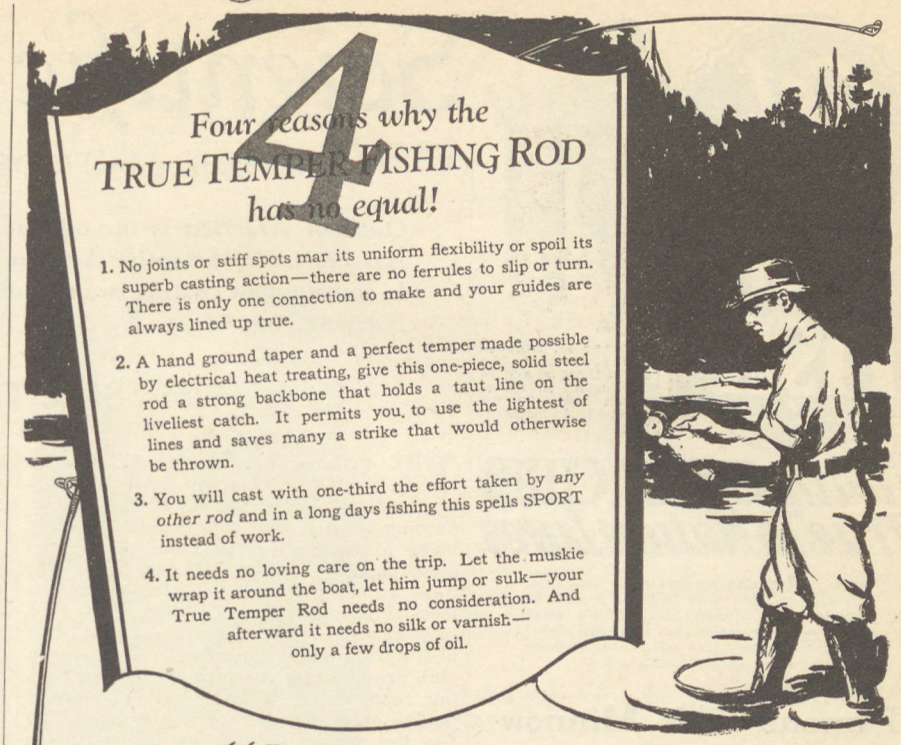
## DID YOU NEVER SEE ONE?

A MAN walking along a country road came to a small pond. On a tree at the water's edge was nailed a board bearing the following badly scrawled warning:

DON'T FISH HEAR.

The man pondered over it for a moment or two, then resumed his journey with the comment: "Blamed if I know."

O. W. S.

Four reasons why the TRUE TEMPER FISHING ROD has no equal!

1. No joints or stiff spots mar its uniform flexibility or spoil its superb casting action—there are no ferrules to slip or turn. There is only one connection to make and your guides are always lined up true.

2. A hand ground taper and a perfect temper made possible by electrical heat treating, give this one-piece, solid steel rod a strong backbone that holds a taut line on the liveliest catch. It permits you to use the lightest of lines and saves many a strike that would otherwise be thrown.

3. You will cast with one-third the effort taken by *any other rod* and in a long days fishing this spells SPORT instead of work.

4. It needs no loving care on the trip. Let the muskie wrap it around the boat, let him jump or sulk—your True Temper Rod needs no consideration. And afterward it needs no silk or varnish—only a few drops of oil.

"My Best Ad is a Good String of Fish"

says Fred Arbogast, champion long distance bait caster and bait manufacturer. Then he goes on to say: "When I go fishing, my outfit is the best that over twenty years' bait casting experience can pick. Therefore, I use True Temper Rods exclusively."

The True Temper rod is lithe and supple with a wonderful action that gives you great distance and outguesses the gamest bass. It keeps the line tight, and its one-piece tempered alloy steel tip will fight the huskiest fish year after year and still be as straight and true as when you bought it. Try one at your favorite sporting goods store.

*Be sure the words "True Temper" are stamped in the steel of your rod.*

THE AMERICAN FORK & HOE COMPANY
*Sporting Goods Division*
*General Offices:* Cleveland, O. *Factory:* Geneva, O.

TRUE TEMPER FISHING RODS

The Green Bay Hunting Boat

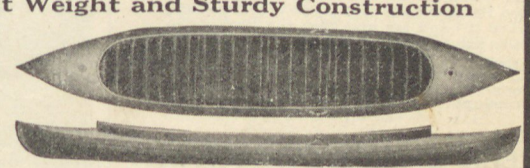
Famous for Its Light Weight and Sturdy Construction

This is the boat you need for duck-hunting. Easy to paddle. Strongly constructed. Safe in rough weather. Skims over shallow water to where the ducks are. You'll get more game with a Green Bay Boat.

Built of white cedar and oak; draws little water; flat bottom; 18 to 20 inches wide. Made in four sizes. The standard for over 45 years.

*Boats on exhibit at the Motor Boat Mart, 1725 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.*

DAN KIDNEY & SONS, INC.
West DePere, Wis.



Built only by Dan Kidney & Sons, Inc.

6c in stamps will bring you the Kidney catalog showing complete line of high-quality hand-built boats.

CHICAGO-VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE
33 SOUTH WABASH AVENUE
New York—Bruno Beckhard, Flushing, Long Island, N. Y.

Chester E. Smith, Jamestown, N. Y., caught these 36 and 24 lb. Muskies in Chautauqua Lake—on the Famous Pikie Minnow! Do you blame him for smiling?

**With CREEK CHUB True To Nature Lures**

These cool evenings—and early morning, too—the big, old wise fish are feedin' in along towards shore! And if you want some real fishin'—the kind you read about in magazines—just toss 'em one of the three guaranteed fish getters below!

**Famous Pikie Minnow**

*Weight ¾ oz. Length 4½ in.* *No. 700 Price $1.00*

This greatest of all lures has multiplied a thousand times the joys and pleasures of fishin'. All game fish go for it—as it represents a natural Pike Minnow in size, shape, color—and above all else—in natural movement! And it gets 'em all—Muskie, Pike, Pickerel and Bass! By all means, don't go fishin' without a Pikie Minnow!

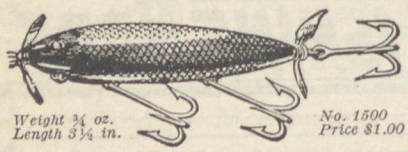
**WEED FROG**

*No. 2800 Length 2 in.*

*Weight ¾ oz. Price $1.00*

This new lure is absolutely weedless! Just toss it back into weeds or pads—or up onto shore! It comes back swimming and splashing along—with the fish! A splendid lure for dark nights, too!

**CRIPPLED MINNOW**



*Weight ¾ oz. Length 3¼ in.* *No. 1500 Price $1.00*

Cast this lure up alongside of weeds or reeds! Reel in slow short jerks—making it look and act like a wounded minnow lying on its side—but able to make a little fuss! Try it—and see and hear the Bass strike this fish gettin' fool—and strike it Hard!

Every Creek Chub Lure sold with a guarantee to Catch Fish—or money back! At your dealer's or direct! Our beautiful new colored catalogue sent FREE upon request!

**CREEK CHUB BAIT COMPANY**

329 S. Randolph St. Garrett, Ind.

Manufactured in Canada by ALLCOCK, LAIGHT & WESTWOOD, TORONTO, ONT., for Creek Chub Bait Company

**CREEK CHUB BAITS CATCH MORE FISH**


# Scientific Angling

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

***Outdoor America is the official publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine***

## Ohio State Tournament

THE fifth annual tournament of the O. A. S. A. C. is now history. This was held under the auspices of the Geneva Casting Club; the tournament grounds being at Geneva on the Lake, one of the most popular resorts on Lake Erie. We were not only royally entertained by the local club, but it is the opinion of all that this was the very finest tournament ever held during our organization. The Geneva club are not only a bunch of good casters, but royal entertainers as well, and credit is due every member of the organization for the very able manner in which the tournament was conducted, however, special mention should be made of Mr. Karl Kinnear, head of the tournament committee, and responsible for the conducting of the meet.

The weather conditions for the bait distance events were ideal, but for the fly and bait accuracy not so good, especially in the dry fly, a strong and intermittent wind prevailed during these events. In view of these conditions, however, five Ohio state records were beaten. Following are the new records:

Half ounce distance, Al Foss, 268 feet; plug distance, Al Foss, 228 feet; distance fly, C. E. Braddon, 109 feet; half ounce accuracy, Fred Arbogast, 99.6; Salmon fly, C. E. Braddon, 145 feet. The All-around was won by Fred Arbogast of Akron, whose feat was especially notable in view of the fact that his victory depended upon the fly events in which he had practiced only once this year and in a branch of the sport in which he seldom participates.

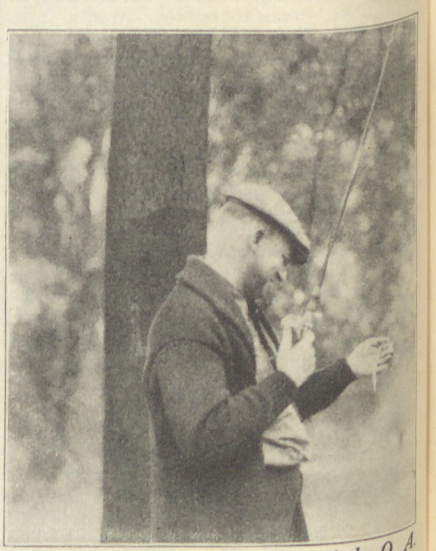
The ladies' plug event was called during the time that the wind conditions were at their worst, but all of the participants casted like veterans. Mrs. Dr. Merriott, Mrs. J. D. Palmer tied for first place; the cast-off going to Mrs. Merriott.

*Fred Arbogast of Akron, the breaker of more distance bait records than any other caster.*

The annual banquet, like the tournament, was not only the best ever with reference to the eats, but on account of the entertainment furnished the casters and their wives by professional talent especially engaged for the occasion. This was an innovation and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The new officers elected are: A. A. Trimble, President, Cleveland, Ohio; Art Herrott, Vice-President, Lima, Ohio; Wade Schrum, Secretary, Cleveland, Ohio; W. J. Buckwalter, Treasurer, Cleveland, Ohio.

The 1928 tournament was awarded to the casters' club of Cleveland, Ohio.



*A. A. Trimble, 1928 President of the O. A. S. A. C. and one of Cleveland's "Aces."*

### Leading Scores at the Ohio State Tournament

½ OZ. DISTANCE BAIT

| Place | Name | Club | Average | Longest Cast |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Foss | Cleveland | 268–1 | 277 |
| 2 | Arbogast | Akron | 222–1 | 260 |
| 3 | Kinnear | Geneva | 221–4 | 252 |
| 4 | Lockwood | Cleveland | 214–1 | 247 |
| 5 | Trimble | Cleveland | 193–3 | 236 |
| 6 | Hurst | Indianapolis | 193–1 | 263 |
| 7 | Bolton | Youngstown | 190–2 | 245 |
| 8 | Braddon | Cleveland | 162–2 | 242 |
| 9 | Herrett | Lima | 156–2 | 221 |
| 10 | Davidson | Youngstown | 147–3 | 227 |
| 11 | Buckwalter | Cleveland | 128 | 228 |
| 12 | Palmer | Cleveland | 73–4 | 138 |

¼ OZ. DISTANCE BAIT

| Place | Name | Club | Average | Longest Cast |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Foss | Cleveland | 210–4 | 227 |
| 2 | Braddon | Cleveland | 200–1 | 229 |
| 3 | Arbogast | Akron | 184–1 | 235 |
| 4 | Herrett | Lima | 177–2 | 189 |
| 5 | Hurst | Indianapolis | 173–1 | 209 |
| 6 | Lockwood | Cleveland | 166 | 213 |
| 7 | Trimble | Cleveland | 163–4 | 176 |
| 8 | Palmer | Cleveland | 160–3 | 183 |
| 9 | Kinnear | Geneva | 138–1 | 189 |
| 10 | Buckwalter | Cleveland | 114–1 | 188 |
| 11 | Bolton | Youngstown | 108–4 | 138 |
| 12 | Davidson | Youngstown | 96–1 | |

*J. Dwight Palmer, Fourth Vice-President, N. A. S. O. C., and, according to evidence shown, a fine bass fisherman as well as caster.*

5/8 OZ. DISTANCE BAIT

| Place | Name | Club | Average | Longest Cast |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Foss | Cleveland | 228-1 | 239 |
| 2 | Arbogast | Akron | 219 | 223 |
| 3 | Kinnear | Geneva | 211-3 | 223 |
| 4 | Bolton | Youngstown | 192-3 | 204 |
| 5 | Herrett | Lima | 188 | 198 |
| 6 | Palmer | Cleveland | 177-3 | 196 |
| 7 | Lockwood | Cleveland | 167 | 208 |
| 8 | Trimble | Cleveland | 156-3 | 218 |
| 9 | Hurst | Indianapolis | 134-4 | 231 |
| 10 | Braddon | Cleveland | 122-2 | 218 |
| 11 | Clark | Geneva | 109-3 | 201 |
| 12 | Quickel | Geneva | 80-3 | 128 |
| 13 | Davidson | Youngstown | 63 | 197 |
| 14 | Buckwalter | Cleveland | 54 | 93 |

July 2nd.

5¾ OZ. DISTANCE FLY

| Place | Name | Club | Average | Longest Cast |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Braddon | Cleveland | 109-1 | 110 |
| 2 | Trimble | Cleveland | 102 2/3 | 103 |
| 3 | Lockwood | Cleveland | 98 1/3 | 100 |
| 4 | Foss | Cleveland | 96 2/3 | 98 |
| 5 | Hurst | Indianapolis | 96 | 98 |
| 6 | Leanord | Cleveland | 91 | 93 |
| 7 | Bolton | Youngstown | 88 | 89 |
| 8 | Marriot | Cleveland | 85 | 87 |
| 9 | Arbogast | Akron | 84 1/3 | 85 |
| 10 | Herrett | Lima | 83 1/3 | 84 |
| 11 | Palmer | Cleveland | 83 1/3 | 83 |
| 12 | Kinnear | Geneva | 80 | 82 |
| 13 | Buckwalter | Cleveland | 77 1/3 | 78 |
| 14 | Davidson | Youngstown | 64 1/3 | 68 |

July 3rd.

¼ OZ. ACCURACY BAIT

| Place | Name | Club | % |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Arbogast | Akron | 99.1 |
| 2 | Buckwalter | Cleveland | 99.1 |
| 3 | Braddon | Cleveland | 98.9 |
| 3 | Trimble | Cleveland | 98.9 |
| 4 | Hurst | Indianapolis | 98.9 |
| 5 | R. M. Caldwell | Akron | 98.8 |
| 6 | Palmer | Akron | 98.7 |
| 7 | Leanord | Cleveland | 98.6 |
| 8 | Kinnear | Geneva | 98.4 |
| 8 | Bolton | Youngstown | 98.3 |
| 9 | Trigg | Youngstown | 98.3 |
| 10 | Foss | Cleveland | 98.2 |
| 11 | Marriot | Cleveland | 97.8 |
| 11 | James | Cleveland | 97.5 |
| 12 | Lockwood | Cleveland | 97.5 |
| 13 | Noyes | Geneva | 97.3 |
| 14 | Herrett | Lima | 97.2 |
| 15 | Shrum | Cleveland | 96.7 |
| 16 | Rote | Cleveland | 96.5 |
| 17 | W. C. Caldwell | Akron | 96.3 |
| | Weakland | Youngstown | 94.9 |

5¾ OZ. ACCURACY FLY

| Place | Name | Club | % |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Trimble | Cleveland | 99 11/15 |
| 2 | Hurst | Indianapolis | 99 11/15 |
| 3 | Marriot | Cleveland | 99 7/15 |
| 4 | Lockwood | Cleveland | 99 6/15 |
| 4 | Braddon | Cleveland | 99 5/15 |
| 5 | Leanord | Cleveland | 99 5/15 |
| | Kinnear | Geneva | 99 4/15 |


# ASHAWAY Fishing Lines

## Record Lines for Big Fish

*Zane Grey and his 1926 World's Record Yellowtail, weight 111 lbs. Taken on an Ashaway Original Cuttyhunk Line.*

ON THE briny or a thousand miles or more inland —when the waters begin to cool with the coming of September it's time for a new spare line or two. A good day will come, fish biting savagely, wind and waves boisterous, your muscles atingle. No place for doubtful dependability! You'll want a husky Ashaway.

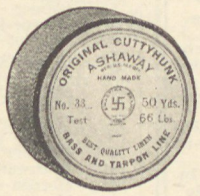
Ashaway Fishing Lines, for more than 103 years made by successive generations of the same expert linemakers, hold the World's Gold Medal for excellence of manufacture. Holders too, for years past, of the outstanding World's Records for the taking of big game fish.

Get the Ashaway Fishing Lines you want today, from your dealer. If away from home you should find Ashaways just the same. Advertised and sold by leading tackle dealers around the world. The choice of famous fishermen, made for every purpose, and moderately priced.

*Always Carry a Spare*

**Ashaway Line & Twine Mfg. Co.**
**Box 535 Ashaway, Rhode Island**

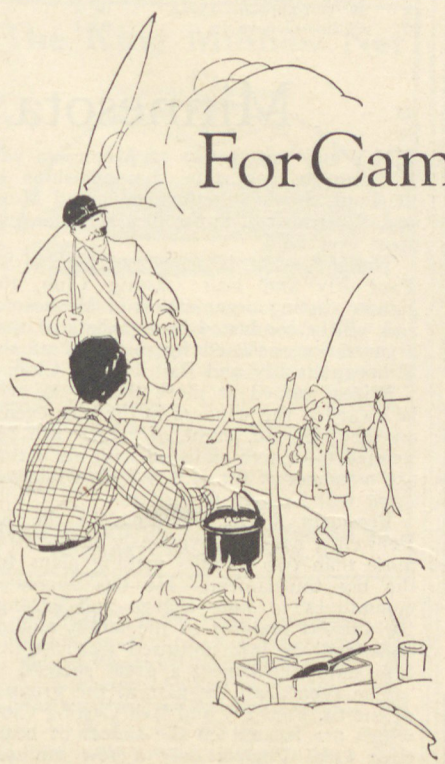
*Manufacturers of Guaranteed Braided and Twisted Silk, Linen, Cotton and Metal Fishing Lines*




**Ashaway Original Cuttyhunk Line.** Hand laid, of selected imported linen; sizes from 12 lbs. dry test up to 72 lbs. Natural color or dark green, as you prefer.

**Ashaway Extra Strength Bait-Casting Line.** This famous black, soft waterproofed, hard braided, pure silk line with the polecat label is what you want for hard Fall use.

*Every Ashaway Fishing Line is Guaranteed Satisfactory or Your Money Back*



# For Camping Appetites

THE wholesome, well-balanced, food you need when you're building health in camp, cannot be had *unless* you have a plentiful supply of good wholesome milk.

Let us send you our little booklet "Food Fit For Camping Appetites." It will show you how to make the days in camp better health-building days for all the months ahead.

EVAPORATED MILK ASSOCIATION
231 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois

WHEN you're up in the real woods 500 miles or more from service shops —

— you'll be glad for Super Elto's trouble-proof, waterproof ignition system

—for Elto's Propello Pump—not a moving part to wear or break!

— for easy quarter-turn starting, a sure smooth running in downpours of rain, as well as in sunshine!

— you'll be thankful for the rugged construction, the flawless performance—you'll be *secure* depending on the Super Elto.

Write today for the Elto book — name of nearby dealer. Elto Outboard Motor Company, Ole Evinrude, President, Mason St., Department 42, Milwaukee.

The Super Elto "Starts with a quarter turn"



Weller Classic Minnow — Wt., 5/8 oz.

Price $1.50 and worth it

Natural Swimming Action

Catches More Big Fish

Finish: Piko, Perch, Chub, Red Devil (red and white)

Order direct if dealer cannot supply.

"Junior Size" Classic Minnow weighs ½ oz., has one joint. Price $1.00 each.

Erwin Weller Co., Sioux City, Ia.

No Angler's Kit Complete Without a "Classic"



**Have you sent your letter in yet?**

Still time to win a prize. Contest closes Oct. 1, 1927. Write your experience with fishing lines. Send for contest folder.

G. H. MANSFIELD & CO.

Dept. OA-4 Canton, Mass.

**MANSFIELD FISH LINES**



**THE DRONE**

With the Lifelike Action Spells Success to All Who Use It. Ask Your Dealer for It

Use 3 foot leader as shown in cut

L. B. HUNTINGTON 115 Hopkins Place BALTIMORE, MD.



**ARBOGAST "TIN LIZ"**

WT. 5/8 OZ. PAT. APP. FOR

Made by the World's Champion. Price $1.00.

FRED ARBOGAST AKRON, O.



**Heinzelmann's Famous Flies** Featuring the long hackle Bass flies as illustrated.

Designed with long hackle and long streamer tail feathers. Streamer feathers have all the action of a pork strip in water, making pork unnecessary. Great bass getters. Last indefinitely because they are made right. Choice of red, white, black, brown gray or yellow. Price 35c—3 for $1.00 postpaid.

HEINZELMANN MFG. CO.

313 E. 12th Kansas City, Mo.


| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 6 | Connolley—Cleveland | 99 | 3/15 |
| 6 | James—Cleveland | 99 | 3/15 |
| 6 | Herrett—Lima | 99 | 3/15 |
| 7 | Foss—Cleveland | 99 | 2/15 |
| 8 | Shrum—Cleveland | 99 | |
| 9 | Bolton—Youngstown | 98 | 14/15 |
| 10 | Arbogast—Akron | 98 | 10/15 |
| 10 | Palmer—Cleveland | 98 | 10/15 |

5/8 OZ. ACCURACY BAIT

| Place | Name | Club | % |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Trigg | Youngstown | 99.7 |
| 2 | Hurst | Indianapolis | 99.5 |
| 3 | Bolton | Youngstown | 99.4 |
| 3 | Foss | Cleveland | 99.4 |
| 4 | Arbogast | Akron | 99.3 |
| 5 | Trimble | Cleveland | 99.2 |
| 5 | Phillips | Cleveland | 99.2 |
| 6 | Clark | Geneva | 99.1 |
| 7 | Lockwood | Cleveland | 99.0 |
| 7 | Kinnear | Geneva | 99.0 |
| 7 | James | Cleveland | 99.0 |
| 8 | Waite | Geneva | 98.9 |
| 9 | Palmer | Cleveland | 98.8 |
| 10 | Noyes | Geneva | 98.7 |
| 10 | R. M. Caldwell | Akron | 98.7 |
| 10 | Shrum | Cleveland | 98.7 |
| 11 | Wellman | Geneva | 98.4 |
| 12 | W. C. Caldwell | Akron | 98.2 |
| 12 | Braddon | Cleveland | 98.2 |
| 13 | Buckwalter | Cleveland | 98.1 |
| 12 | Marriot | Cleveland | 98.2 |
| 14 | Weakland | Youngstown | 98.0 |
| 15 | Herrett | Lima | 97.9 |
| 15 | Gilmore | Youngstown | 97.9 |
| 16 | Warman | Akron | 97.3 |
| 16 | Kelly | Geneva | 97.3 |
| 17 | Leanord | Cleveland | 97.2 |
| 18 | Rote | Cleveland | 97.1 |
| 19 | Quickel | Geneva | 95.6 |

5/8 OZ. ACCURACY BAIT FOR LADIES

| Place | Name | Club | % |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Mrs. Hurst | Indianapolis | 99.0 |
| 2 | Mrs. Marriot | Cleveland | 98.3 |
| 3 | Mrs. Palmer | Cleveland | 98.3 |
| 4 | Miss Perkins | Geneva | 97.9 |
| 5 | Mrs. Buckwalter | Cleveland | 97.8 |
| 6 | Mrs. Shrum | Cleveland | 96.5 |
| 7 | Mrs. Arbogast | Akron | 94.9 |

½ OZ. ACCURACY BAIT

| Place | Name | Club | % |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Arbogast | Akron | 99.6 |
| 2 | Bolton | Youngstown | 99.1 |
| 3 | Trimble | Cleveland | 99.0 |
| 4 | Shrum | Cleveland | 98.9 |
| 5 | Palmer | Cleveland | 98.7 |
| 5 | Hurst | Indianapolis | 98.7 |
| 6 | Marriot | Cleveland | 98.4 |
| 7 | Braddon | Cleveland | 98.2 |
| 8 | Foss | Cleveland | 98.1 |
| 9 | James | Cleveland | 98.0 |
| 9 | Connoly | Cleveland | 98.0 |
| 10 | Lockwood | Cleveland | 97.9 |
| 10 | Trigg | Youngstown | 97.9 |
| 10 | Gilmore | Youngstown | 97.9 |
| 11 | Buckwalter | Cleveland | 97.8 |
| 12 | Herrett | Lima | 97.7 |
| 13 | Noyes | Geneva | 97.6 |
| 13 | R. M. Caldwell | Akron | 97.6 |
| 14 | Davidson | Youngstown | 97.5 |
| 15 | Kinnear | Geneva | 97.2 |
| 16 | Warman | Akron | 97.1 |
| 17 | Leanord | Cleveland | 97.0 |
| 19 | Clark | Geneva | 96.2 |
| 18 | W. D. Caldwell | Akron | 96.3 |
| 20 | Waite | Geneva | 96.1 |
| 21 | Rote | Cleveland | 96.0 |
| 22 | Weakland | Youngstown | 95.7 |

DRY FLY ACCURACY

| Place | Name | Club | % | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Braddon | Cleveland | 99 | 9/15 |
| 2 | Connolly | Cleveland | 99 | 8/15 |
| 3 | Trimble | Cleveland | 99 | 8/15 |
| 4 | Palmer | Cleveland | 99 | 6/15 |
| 5 | Herrett | Lima | 99 | 5/15 |
| 6 | Arbogast | Akron | 99 | 3/15 |
| 7 | Marriot | Cleveland | 99 | 2/15 |
| 8 | James | Cleveland | 98 | 14/15 |
| 8 | Hurst | Indianapolis | 98 | 14/15 |
| 9 | Leanord | Cleveland | 98 | 12/15 |
| 11 | Foss | Cleveland | 98 | 5/15 |
| 10 | Shrum | Cleveland | 98 | 10/15 |
| 12 | Lockwood | Cleveland | 98 | 4/15 |
| 13 | Kinnear | Geneva | 97 | 10/15 |
| 12 | Buckwalter | Cleveland | 98 | 4/15 |
| 14 | Bolton | Youngstown | 97 | 9/15 |

DRY FLY UNKNOWN DISTANCE

| Place | Name | Club | % |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Braddon | Cleveland | 99.4 |
| 2 | Connolly | Cleveland | 99.1 |
| 3 | Trimble | Cleveland | 98.8 |
| 4 | Marriot | Cleveland | 98.6 |
| 5 | Arbogast | Akron | 98.4 |
| 6 | James | Cleveland | 98.3 |
| 7 | Shrum | Cleveland | 98.2 |
| 8 | Lockwood | Cleveland | 98.1 |
| 8 | Hurst | Indianapolis | 98.1 |
| 9 | Herrett | Lima | 97.8 |
| 9 | Foss | Cleveland | 97.8 |
| 10 | Palmer | Cleveland | 97.5 |
| 11 | Leanord | Cleveland | 97.2 |
| 12 | Bolton | Youngstown | 97.1 |
| 13 | Buckwalter | Cleveland | 96.4 |
| 14 | Kinnear | Geneva | 95.2 |

SALMON FLY

| Place | Name | Club | Average | Longest Cast |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Braddon | Cleveland | 145 2/3 | 147 |
| 2 | Connelly | Cleveland | 139 | 142 |
| 3 | Trimble | Cleveland | 132 1/3 | 136 |
| 4 | Foss | Cleveland | 130 1/3 | 133 |
| 5 | Palmer | Cleveland | 120 1/3 | 124 |
| 6 | Lockwood | Cleveland | 116 2/3 | 118 |
| 7 | Hurst | Indianapolis | 116 | 119 |
| 8 | Leanord | Cleveland | 111 | 113 |
| 9 | Buckwalter | Cleveland | 110 2/3 | 120 |
| 10 | James | Cleveland | 108 | 116 |

ALL AROUND POINTS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | Arbogast | Akron 33 |
| 2 | Trimble | Cleveland 34 |
| 3 | Braddon | Cleveland 37 |
| 3 | Foss | Cleveland 37 |
| 4 | Lockwood | Cleveland 50 |
| 5 | Bolton | Youngstown 56 |
| 6 | Palmer | Cleveland 59 |
| 7 | Kinnear | Geneva 62 |
| 8 | Herrett | Lima 64 |
| 9 | Buckwalter | Akron 76 |

99% Buttons: Braddon, Trimble, Arbogast, Hurst

98% Buttons: Palmer, Lockwood, Kinnear, Herrett, Buckwalter, Foss, Bolton, Shrum, Leanord, Marriot, James

# Minnesota Tournament

FLY and bait casters of Minnesota will compete for state championships in St. Paul, Sunday, September 4 and Monday, September 5, in the first state tournament ever held.

The big event is sponsored by the St. Paul Fly and Bait Casting Club, the pioneer casting organization in Minnesota, and will be conducted by members of that organization, assisted by members of the Minneapolis Fly and Bait Casting Club.

Prizes, valued at more than $500, will be awarded the winners in the nine events on the program, eight of which are restricted to casters affiliated with clubs that are members of the N.A.S.A.C., while one event will be open to visitors.

President A. E. Schilling, of the St. Paul club, has been arduously at work for more than two months making plans for the big tournament. He has appointed committees to take charge and arrange for various features of the affair, and no stone will be left unturned to make this first state tournament a great success.

The events will be cast at the grounds of the St. Paul Fly and Bait Casting Club, which are located on the shores of beautiful Lake Phalen, only a few minutes' drive from the heart of the city.

The prize committee has secured ten beautiful trophies which are to be awarded to the winners in the various events on the program and valuable merchandise prizes dear to the hearts of anglers will be put up for place winners.

Officers of the St. Paul club have been exerting every effort during the past two months to induce casters in other cities throughout Minnesota to organize clubs and affiliate with the national body, and it is hoped before the entries close September 1 that a large list of eligible competitors will have been received.

St. Paul, Minneapolis and Gaylord already have organized clubs and most of the members of the three organizations have signified their intention to compete in the tournament and individual casters from many points in the state are expected to participate in the open event for visitors.

The tournament will open at 9 A. M. Sunday, September 4, with the five-eighths ounce distance bait event, for which a handsome trophy has been offered by the Minneapolis Fly and Bait Casting Club.

The second event on the opening day will follow at 11 A. M. It will be the

five-eighths ounce accuracy bait competition and the winner will be awarded a trophy offered by A. G. Siems, St. Paul sportsman.

At 1 P. M. the casters will compete in the open event for visitors. It will be a five-eighths ounce accuracy bait contest.

The dry fly accuracy event will start at 2 P. M., and at 4 o'clock the final event of the day, the quarter-ounce accuracy bait competition, will go on. The trophy for this event was given by Fred W. Kuesel, nationally known caster and coach of the St. Paul club.

The opening event on the second day of the tournament will start at 9 A. M. with the casters competing in the half-ounce distance bait.

At 11 A. M. the half-ounce accuracy bait contest will be staged and the winner will be awarded another trophy, donated by Mr. A. G. Siems.

The accuracy fly competition will be the third event of the final day. It will start at 2 P. M., and the winner will receive a third trophy, given by Mr. A. G. Siems.

The final event of the tournament will go on at 4 P. M., Monday, and in it the casters will vie for the trophy given by A. E. Schilling, president of the St. Paul Fly and Bait Casting Club. This event will be the distance fly for the all-around championship. The St. Paul Fly and Bait Casting Club has offered a beautiful trophy.

Officials of the Department of Parks and Playgrounds of St. Paul are co-operating with the casting club members in preparing the grounds for the tournament and Mr. Herman C. Wenzel, commissioner, has personally done much to insure success of the coming event.

For information regarding entries and other details of the tournament, address Frank C. Doeren, secretary, St. Paul Fly and Bait Casting Club, 695 E. Seventh Street, St. Paul, Minn.

KNOWLEDGE of the art of casting adds a fascination to the "art of angling" not to be attained by any other means. Join a casting club and learn the full joy the scientific angler feels, whether his creel be full or empty. All inquiries addressed to this department will be gladly answered.

## When the Dry Fly Was New

By GIFFORD PINCHOT

in October

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There's a real thrill in having a well oiled, rustless reel—line running smooth and free, gently dropping bait or fly just where you want it.

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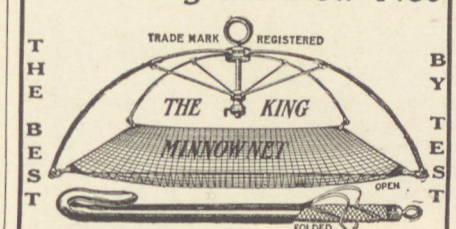


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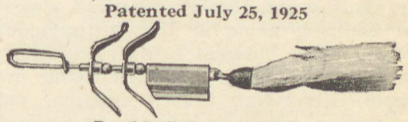

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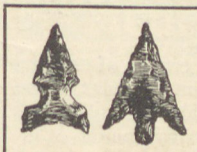

## TINY BIRD ARROW POINTS

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# Camping

*Nothing gives greater pleasure and health than living in the open*

**Camping and motor camping questions will be gladly answered by Paul D. Burress, Field Editor, whose knowledge of camp life is full and practical**

## A Camper's Log

By MURDO GIBSON

THE campfire is glowing cheerfully and has a good backing of green aspen so everything is set for writing some notes about real camping.

For the ten days last past I have been living alone in the open air and have jotted down, from time to time, everything that I thought would interest readers of this department. It is quite likely, therefore, that the following remarks will be rather disconnected, with many digressions, as every genuine diary is bound to be.

Mining business took me to the Canadian shore of Lake Superior about six weeks ago and indefinite postponement of contemplated work permitted me to accept a friend's invitation to occupy his summer cottage at Loon Lake.

Loon Lake is about twenty-five miles east from Port Arthur, Ontario. Along the sandy beach fifty or more summer cottages have been built and most of them are occupied during July and August by families from Port Arthur and its twin port, Fort William.

I had come to Port Arthur prepared for the possibility of having to camp out part of the time. It was also in my mind to take a holiday all by myself should the opportunity present itself. When I saw Loon Lake I felt that I was on the eve of realizing a dream that I have had for many years, that is, to spend a season camping alone in the north woods without other business to distract my attention from the joy of just living the simple life. Not timber cruising, not prospecting, not even hunting or fishing! I wanted only to camp alone and do whatever I wanted to whenever I wanted to, without regard for what another might think or feel as to its reason or propriety.

After spending two weeks at the cottage, I scouted around the west end of the lake and finally located a place that I thought would suit my requirements of shade, shelter, fuel, water and PRIVACY. Although the situation is not all that I could desire yet it has served my purpose and I am thoroughly enjoying every waking minute that I spend here.

I am camped in a grove of second growth spruce and aspen (poplar) that furnishes the aforementioned shade, shelter and privacy. In fact my shelter is invisible at a distance of fifty feet and as it is about a hundred yards from the shore no strangers have yet discovered my retreat. The only human visitors I have are my host and his family and they always shout a loud warning before landing at my trail.

I hear the shrieks of young bathers, the barking of dogs, the rumble of passing trains and, occasionally, on calm evenings, the music of a phonograph from across the bay. But, in effect, I am alone in the wilderness.

Some things that ordinarily might be considered necessaries I am doing without but have suffered not at all from their absence. For instance, I have no tent, but in its place have three silkolene sheets of various sizes that serve admirably to keep myself and outfit cool and dry. Plenty of rain has fallen since I came but none of it touched my stuff and I don't lie awake on stormy nights wondering if the roof is going to leak. I know it isn't.

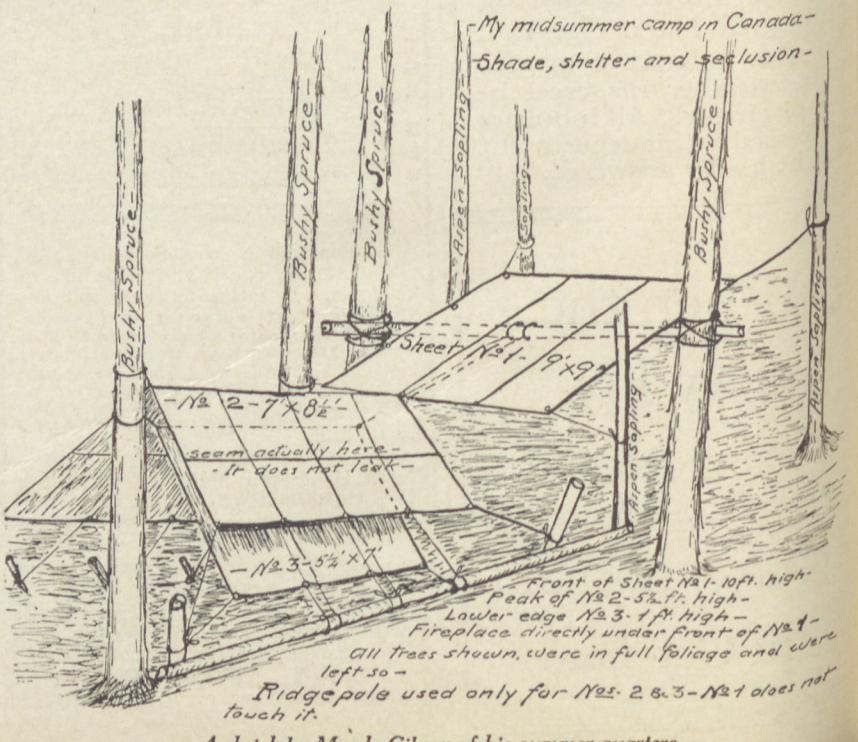
Because of its novelty and proven practicability I will attempt a rough sketch of my shelter. I never before had occasion to pitch my tarps in this manner but it is quite likely that I will do it often again. Really, I am glad that my tent was left at home, otherwise I would not have thought of this arrangement.

My silkolene sheets are not waterproofed. Although I generally advise others to have their tents, flies and tarps treated I seldom do so myself. High grade silkolene, though untreated, will shed water well enough to suit me and it feels nicer to the skin when, during warm weather, I want to use them for bed sheets. The only time they leak is when they are resting upon an inside ridge pole, which is a bad way to pitch a shelter and rarely, if ever, necessary.

If weather reports and the fly situation seem to receive a disproportionate amount of attention in this journal, please remember that the former is always a prime consideration to every creature that lives in the open and the latter competes with it during certain months. July happens to be one of those months.

Sunday, July 3d. Muttering of thunder from time to time all afternoon but only slight sprinkles of rain. Rowed to campsite. Pitched tarps in unusual style to give shelter to steamer trunk, typewriter and other extra equipment. Worked hard and perspired a lot. Feel it now but anticipate a delightful night's rest on my fragrant, springy couch. "Gee, it's great to be crazy." Honestly, I wouldn't exchange my rag house for the best room in the latest Statler hotel. I simply revel in this sort of thing. Nothing else gives me quite so much real enjoyment as camping alone.

Monday, July 4th. The "Glorious Fourth" was not celebrated in a conventional manner but it was enjoyed hugely nevertheless. Mixed cloud and sunshine. Hot for awhile. Made tables, seats and other conveniences. Took life easy but was not actually idle any of the time. Rowed to store and bought some beans and salt pork. Beanhole cooking in prospect. Hard tack, previously ordered from Port Arthur, arrived and tasted as good as ever. Loons yodelling two kinds of


My midsummer camp in Canada—
Shade, shelter and seclusion—
Bushy Spruce
Bushy Spruce
Aspen Sapling
Bushy Spruce
Aspen Sapling
Sheet No 1- 9'x9'
No 2- 7'x8½'
seam actually here—
It does not leak—
No 3- 5½'x7'
Front of Sheet No 1- 10ft. high
Peak of No 2- 5½ ft. high—
Lower edge No 3- 1 ft. high—
Fireplace directly under front of No 1—
All trees shown, were in full foliage and were left so—
Ridgepole used only for Nos. 2 & 3- No 1 does not touch it.

*A sketch by Murdo Gibson of his summer quarters.*

calls; "Cream of Wheat" and "Whooreee." The latter I never noticed before so don't yet know what it means. It was repeated as many as seven times. It is an elusive call to translate into English; flute-like if one can imagine the flute being of pipe organ volume. The former call is very familiar to me. I have noted it for years. It is a prophecy that rain will fall in that vicinity within thirty hours.

I have the feeling that I described this "Cream of Wheat" call of the loon before but it can do no harm to repeat an interesting observation. It sounds to me like "Wheet-cream o'wheet-cream o' wheeet," and is usually repeated three to five times.

July 5th. Boiled a pail of beans for two hours before going to bed last night and left them to simmer over the dying fire. Had some for breakfast this morning. They were not only cooked perfectly but retained the exact amount of moisture I like in morning beans.

Sky overcast most of the day but we had some periods of bright, hot sunshine around noon. It is now 8.00 P. M. and I am thinking that I wouldn't exchange places with President Coolidge in his Black Hills Mansion. Too cool tonight for the mosquitoes. They haven't been really bad yet. In fact, I haven't used either canopy or dope since coming here. I did try spraying blankets and dooryard with an insecticide and it really did drive all the pests into retirement for a while. Used more copiously, I think it would be quite a boon to campers.

No birds nor animals have made friends with me yet, but I heard a squirrel chatter close by and I will likely see more of him, or her, later. Will tempt it with a piece of biscuit and some prune stones; these with a little bacon rind will cause any squirrel to take desperate chances with a human being.

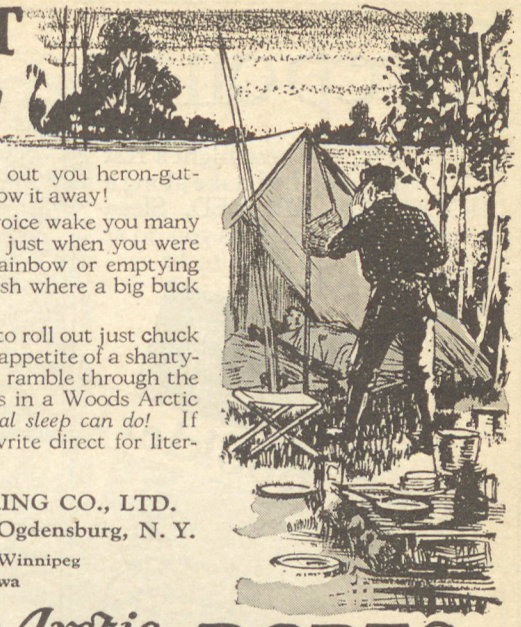
Made two much needed pails from empty tomato cans. They will be used for heating dish and tea water as the other two pails are in constant use, one for water and the other for cooking.

July 6th. Poured rain all night and until mid forenoon today, but my fantastically designed shelter proved equal to the occasion, so nothing is wet. My hopes for a beanhole went glimmering, however, as both it and the garbage pits were, and are, full of water. Soil here contains too much clay. Will have to hunt a sandier spot for a cooking hole. Although the fire is well above the surrounding level it doesn't seem to drain at all. Will fill it up again. Cut and dragged in wood between showers. No sun showing so kept a brisk fire going all day long. Puttered delightfully but did little worthy of note, except cut my hair. It looks all right from the front, and that is all I can see. Squirrel came to make his first formal call, but upon discovering the hard tack I had put out for him decided to make off with the loot at once and postpone further investigation. Wise squirrel.

In the States, a certain tobacco I like, is not generally considered a very high grade tobacco. It is used chiefly by lumbermen, miners and railroad men. But in Port Arthur it sells for $2.50 per pound and is unobtainable at most small shops. For many years this has been my favorite tobacco and I seldom eat or burn any other kind. After trying several Canadian brands I decided to do some experimenting, with the object of obtaining a satisfactory substitute for my beloved brand.

In a cigar maker's establishment I bought two bunches of the natural leaf. These I stripped free from stems and clipped into fine pieces with scissors. The


"DAYLIGHT in the SWAMP"!



Daylight in the swamp! Roll out you heron-gutters! Come and get it or I'll throw it away!

You've heard the cook's sweet voice wake you many times with words to that effect, just when you were dreaming of landing a tricky rainbow or emptying your gun at the hole in the brush where a big buck disappeared.

And man, oh man!, if you want to roll out just chuck full of vim and vigor—with the appetite of a shanty-boy and ready for a hard day's ramble through the jungles—just spend your nights in a Woods Arctic Sleeping Robe, *and see what real sleep can do!* If your dealer can't supply you, write direct for literature and prices.

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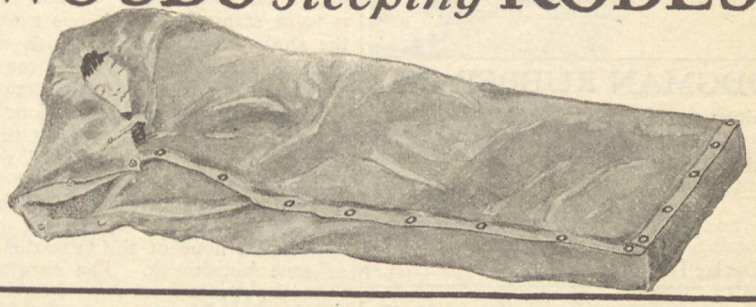

These long evenings in camp

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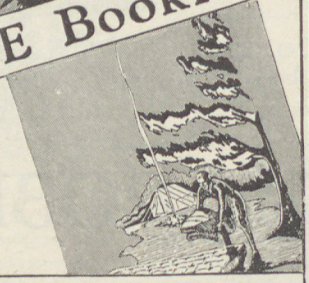

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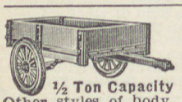

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desiccated product was then pressed into a one-pound coffee can and moistened with salted water. The result pleases me so well that I have no further dread of a tobacco famine. One can buy the natural leaf almost anywhere.

Very soon, however, I will improve my tobacco by mixing with it some "kinic-kinick," which is made from the inner bark of the red dogwood—a shrub that grows abundantly throughout the north woods. It is often called "red willow," but that is a misnomer. Kinickinick, I think, improves the flavor of any tobacco. At any rate it pleases me; although I must admit that opinion is by no means unanimous on this. Campers who have not already tried it might be interested in learning how it is made and used.

I select smooth sticks half an inch or more in diameter and peel or cut off the thin outer red skin. This exposes the green colored inner bark which is "kinic-kinick," or "Indian tobacco." The next step is to make a spiral incision just through this layer. This is done by holding the knife edge against the wood and turning the stick. The pitch of this spiral determines the length of each shred that is to be scraped off and it is governed by the angle to the stick at which the knife is held. I make mine about three-quarters of an inch. The stick is now ready to be scraped, which should be done over a piece of paper, or bark, so that the shreds will not be wasted nor mixed with foreign substances. Care should also be taken that none of the woody pith that lies directly under the green, be taken as this has none of the aromatic qualities of true kinickinick. The shreds should now be put into a sack for curing; a process that is said to improve the flavor and reduce the acridity somewhat. As to this I have no personal knowledge because I have never made enough kinickinick at one time to last me more than a week or two. Perhaps I will on this trip. It is good pastime for a rainy evening beside the fire.

A vesper sparrow is singing sweetly now, so perhaps the rain is over at last. We have had more than twenty-four hours of it now and enough is plenty. On the fire is an old cedar stump that was washed up on the beach. The odor from it is delightful, resembling what I imagine incense smells like. It reminds me of old cedar chests, stored in the attic of my boyhood home, that contained all sorts of aromatic treasures and curiosities from the Orient-souvenirs from nautical kinsmen.

Last night the air felt decidedly cool to my newly shorn head so I made a wind-proof night cap by folding in the edge of a tough paper bag that formerly contained my supply of onions. Have been wearing it all day instead of my usual Stetson which underwent a thorough scrubbing with soap and water and is now hung up to dry into conventional shape.

Have been burning green poplar (aspen) all day. After splitting the pieces I stripped the bark from them and strewed it on the ground around the fireplace and in front of the bed. This will prevent the surface from becoming mucky, as it surely would after so much rain. The secret of maintaining a good, bright fire with green aspen, or with green birch, is to split every stick and keep enough pieces piled closely on the back of the fire so that the sap will have a chance to dry out before the burning sticks in front are entirely consumed. Used in this way, green wood makes a good camp fire, winter or summer.

I could easily fill this number of the magazine with the little incidents that have already occurred at this camp. Perhaps it is fortunate for the readers that my alloted space has now been used. More anon.

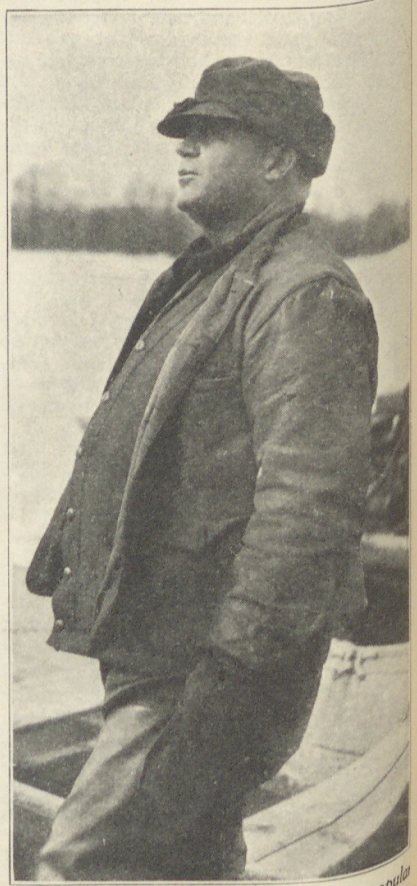
# New President of the Iowa Division

A. C. (Bert) Willford has been elected President of the Iowa Division of the League. Bill Dilg used to refer to the Iowa Division as "His Prize Division." Bert was one of the sponsors of the Iowa Division and has remained loyal to it from the time of its very beginning.

Willford is a man of influence. He is one of the most uncommon common men. He has been a leader in Boy Scout activities. The boys seem to like him and believe in him. He should confine his attention to boys. Older people fall harder! He is an honest man, and he works and fights with a smile.

Willford has given hundreds of dollars to further the League's cause and an incalculable amount of enthusiasm and service.

The staunch element of the Iowa Division to a man is back of Willford and under his administration great work will be accomplished. The membership of the Iowa Division knows of his accomplishments along lines of Conservation, Fish and Game Propagation, Anti-Pollution and the Upper Mississippi Bill. He has played a big and valuable part in all of the Izaak Walton League accomplishments.



*A. C. (Bert) Willford. New and popular President of Iowa Division of the League.*

# *The Devil's Castle*

Up the Orinoco for five hundred miles slipped a little piragua with two Americans and a handful of natives. Hidden treasure, which lures men to the far ends of the earth, was beckoning to them. Intense heat, jaguars lurking near, strange inhabitants of the turgid waters, and the forbidding aspect of the district hindered but did not deter them. On to their goal, come what may—the Devil's Castle and wealth unguessed. The first installment of this splendid story by Arthur O. Friel is in the August 1st Adventure.

## And *three* unusual Novelettes

### OF FRANCE;
*Rub o' the Saddle*
By LEONARD H. NASON

With the doughboys in France; heroic exploits and a most unexpected denouement. You'll like this story a lot!

### OF CHINA;
*Behold My Friend*
By R. E. HAMILTON

Exploration in China and innumerable strange experiences come to a couple of intrepid Americans.

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*Death Warrant*
By F. R. BUCKLEY

A strange document was found on a condemned man; a document which proved even stranger when it had been read.

*And other stories:* of the Sea, by Captain Dingle, of the West by W. C. Tuttle, of Africa by T. Samson Miller; of the Air, by Thomson Burtis, and a humorous story of the West by Alan LeMay.

August 1st Issue

Adventure

25c a Copy

# Your Dog and Mine

Edited by OZARK RIPLEY

## The Come-Back of the Spaniel

IF we look back into matters, it seems rather strange that in the United States, most of the spaniel families went for a while into the discard, and only since the sporting springer through the efforts of certain dog lovers became popular have we seen on the horizon of spanieldom the chance for the revival of the use of these wonderful little dogs.

Personally, I have always had a great love for spaniels. Their keen nose, love for human association, intelligence and other qualities have ever endeared them to me. Even as a boy my first beloved was a little red cocker. He knew a lot more than I did and had a mischievous faculty for getting me into trouble. I hunted everything imaginable with him in and out of season and the result was that I got the first spanking I ever had from my father, due to this dog and to my lack of regard for conservation. Early one spring he chased a cock quail down between a row of potatoes and I shot it running ahead of him on the ground. Pridefully I came home to my father with a truthful story and my kill. My reception was on his knee, violently severe, and my first lesson in what conservation actually meant was given me forcibly through the hinder part of a pair of corduroy pants.

When I began training professionally thirty years ago, a wonderful big, bird finding pointer was left to me. At the same time I had a cross bred cocker and Irish water spaniel. The big pointer was a son of that famous sire, Osborne Ale. He was eleven years of age when he came into my possession and had never been taught to retrieve. At that time, too, I had not the least idea or knowledge of force retrieving. The little spaniel retrieved anything, anywhere, in or out of water. So I began taking him with the big pointer, keeping him in heel and letting him find and retrieve all the dead.

Eventually I got him to back the big dog perfectly. Then I began to let him hunt singles, and the first thing I knew he was pointing as staunchly as the virile pointer, except with a greater love for seeking singles one by one.

I mention this bit of reminiscence because at the present time I am the recipient of many queries about springers and other breeds of spaniels as to whether they could be made to point or not. Here is the answer—for all time—the pointing instinct is in all dogs. Its origin comes from that momentary pause before they wish to pounce on their prospective prey. This trait was bred and inbred in the setter and pointer families until it became a dominant one. The reason that the spaniels never perpetuated pointing traits was simply that it was not bred and developed, though they had bird finding instincts which they transmitted into the setter family.

I love all the spaniels, God bless them! Let's see more of them, from the curly Irish gentleman and diminutive cocker to the virile springer which is giving wonderful results today!

Not long ago I was talking with an old field trial and shooting dog trainer with whom I worked a number of years ago. We were in Alabama and our conversation turned to spaniels and how few were seen in the field among shooting enthusiasts. His theory was, which is just about the truth, that the spectacular speed and pointing qualities of pointers and setters kept the spaniels in the background. And, too, which is also true, they can not stand the heat as pointers and setters can. There was another reason which he overlooked mentioning, and that was that their size made them difficult to see in cover.

We used to do lots of jump shooting years ago. Then how handy were our spaniels! But either we are too lazy to do it now or else the former cover around lakes and rivers where we used to walk has gone.

One of the brainest little spaniels I ever saw was not only a great single bird quail dog but also a marvelous duck retriever. The temptation to flush bevies was pretty strong in him. As soon as he caught sight of me while on a bevy point he was remarkably staunch. But if he thought I was not witnessing his deportment, my, how he chased them to cover! The impulse was irresistible.

He was a wonder on ducks. He analyzed perfectly one swift stream where I shot mallards quite a lot. They pitched for a still pond in the back water. When I made the kill, the little chap ran down stream an eighth of a mile where he knew they were sure to come with the current without any extra swimming effort on his part. If a duck was crippled and went to the opposite shore to hide in the grass or weeds, as is the trait of the tribe, he waited several minutes, swam across the river and, foot-scenting it, picked the duck up from its hiding place. He had a faculty for pointing woodcock, as well as quail, but I never could convince myself that his pointing of jacksnipe wasn't sight pointing.

All these reminiscences came to me while I was thinking of the springers which have for good reasons come into favor. In certain respects they have not all the qualities of setters and pointers, but they meet approval because they fit into the shooting schemes of many individuals. They are for the fellows who like a close ranging dog and a dog which is equally versatile on quail, grouse, chickens and rabbits.

They hunt to gun, that is, close within shooting distance of the handler, and they flush game within shooting range. So far they have been trained only to hunt to gun, but every one of them can be taught to point if the proper efforts are bestowed upon them. The pointing instinct is not dominant because, as I said before, it has not been bred in. Yet they will point and the easiest way to get them to do it is first by means of a force collar, teaching them to back a pointer or setter, and after they have absorbed the idea of backing, begin to work them alone.

Of course you can not expect these wonderful little, short-legged fellows to show speed and range, but unquestionably they have bird finding qualities and it is amaz-

*Champion Ridding's King (Springer Spaniel) owned by W. K. Jenne, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

*Springer spaniel retrieving from rough, cold water.*

ing how they can display them if given the opportunity. They have another quality which endears them to modern sportsmen; they can be kept in a small area in the city, carried easily in a car and hunted both on birds and furry creatures, the last of which would ruin a classy pointer or setter.

If we ever again get back our duck marshes, the Irish water spaniel will come once more into his own. He has never been a favorite in the South because his coat did not meet all climatic conditions. Furthermore, the saw grass in so many ducking grounds cuts all retrieving dogs badly. Another thing which kept the spaniel from being used much in the South on ducks was the adaptability of the light duck boats to float almost on a heavy dew.

In these days of great speed, range, bird sense and body scenting qualities, where single bird work, dead bird finding and other requisites can cause among pointers and setters the habit of foot scenting, raking and trailing, a little springer or cocker kept in heel until necessary will fit in the right place many, many times if only more are given the opportunity.

The retrieving qualities and the sturdy frame of springers are bound to endear themselves to sportsmen. They will enter cover for dead and wounded which often would turn the larger and more robust looking breeds. There is no dog which hunts such a variety of game that is better able to retrieve a duck willingly from far marshes or cold water, and yet will hunt "bunnies" as close to you in a thoroughly acceptable manner.

# The Cottage System of Kenneling

By W. EARL SIMPSON

*Capt. U. S. Army, resigned*

GEORGE WASHINGTON, in his younger days, upon his return from one of his jaunts through the wilderness, notes in his diary that he found his hounds infested with mange and he applied sulphur and lard.

In those days mange in dogs was common as was itch in people. The principles of ordinary sanitation were not understood, much less practiced and it is a generally accepted fact that fairly respectable people in comparatively easy circumstances ordinarily were mightily entertained and feasted upon by the bed bug, and even "head lice" and "body lice" were by no means uncommon. Fleas on dogs were accepted as inevitable and no attempt was made to so house and care for the dogs as to prevent fleas, mange, etc., nor was there at that time any knowledge as to


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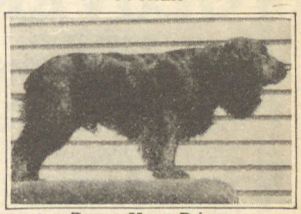

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the ordinary precautions against parasites so their presence on the family dog was not considered disgraceful and a subject of shame.

The dog owner who out of the kindness of his heart builds his dog a brick doghouse, or lets him have the run of the stable or the house for sleeping quarters is inviting trouble from dogs' most bitter enemy and voracious guest, the flea. Better have a small wooden den into which the dog can crawl and to which he is chained each night. This house should be made tight to prevent drafts. It should be not only tongued and grooved throughout, but each board should be laid in lead and all dimension material should be soaked in creosote of good quality before boards are nailed on. This kind of shelter is not inviting to fleas and affords no cracks that cannot be disinfected. All the interior should be painted with creosote and the outside with lead and oil.

The kennel should not be much larger than the dog. Too large a kennel is hard to keep warm and the dog prefers a snug den into which he can merely crawl and turn around, although in summer he likes more room to stretch out.

Make your kennel as plain as possible, avoiding all extra and useless doodads. Make the roof a one-way or shed roof so the dog can jump and lie on top. This affords a lot of exercise and he likes to sun himself up there where he can see around and be off the damp ground. The slope should not be too steep and the high side should extend over for about a foot to provide shade in summer.

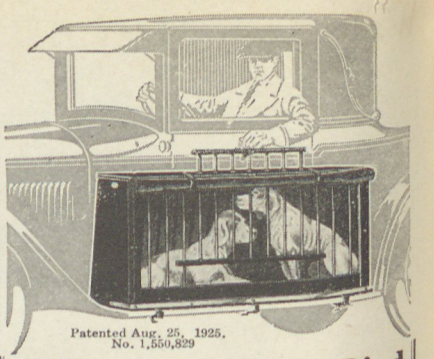
The sills of the floor should be locust or some other rot resisting material, as these will rest upon the damp sod and if made of some other materials may give perhaps fifty less years of service than woods of the locust type.

The floor boards, while not in actual water, are usually subjected to dampness from the ground in spite of the ventilation under the floor and in winter with considerable bedding the upper surface is usually damp also. This necessitates a wood like cypress which is usually selected for work in the interior of greenhouses.

Fir is suggested for the sides, ends and top, as this is a wood that is very little affected by weather conditions in that it does not swell nor contract. It is durable and affords a good finish. The corner posts should be made of some hard, tough material like oak and along with the locust sills should be dipped in creosote completely before being used to nail to.

Care should be taken to have the sides and ends extend down over the edges of the bottom so that rain will not run down the sides and in on the floor. The roof should have a wind flange of wood to extend down over the top to keep out the wind and weather. It should be made so that it can easily be removed for inspection, disinfecting, etc., and for a first class job it is well to build it in sections so that it can be easily taken apart by releasing hooks that hold the top and bottom to the sides and taking out the eight bolts that hold the sides to the ends. This facilitates complete disinfecting, storage and shipping. The entire top can then be lifted off the bottom at will for cleaning.

For the man who keeps a dog in town this type of kennel solves not only the flea problem, but the poison problem, the roving problem, and the health and housing question and this is all the more applicable to the man who rents, as these kennels, not being fast to the ground, remain personal property.



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**Field Editor**

**OUTDOOR AMERICA**
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# Waltonian Activities

(*Continued from page 52*)

receded from this territory. Full descriptions of the places are asked, the exact locality, who owns the land, the depth, width and length of the ponds and whether they can be seined or netted. This information will be sent to the local chapter and the officials of that organization will in turn forward the information to the Arkansas Game and Fish Commission. Men will then be sent from that department to remove the fish from the small pools to the running streams.

### FISHING GOOD AT GREENFIELD

George Smith, president of the Greenfield, Ohio, chapter, reports that they have received their first consignment of fish for distribution in local waters from the Department of Agriculture. This consignment consisted of over twenty-five hundred mature channel cat and black bass, which were planted in local waters. Another consignment is expected about September 1st. The Greenfield chapter is ahead of its membership quota and Mr. Smith states that they are not "resting on their oars" and that they have found that their activities in securing fish from the government, offering prizes in various contests have been a great help in securing members.

### SPLENDID START

Claremont, N. H., held its charter night, June 3rd, preceded by a banquet at the Colonial Hotel. Sixty men were present. After the presentation of the charter by Dr. John W. Ruskin, National Representative officers were elected and nineteen new members were enrolled. A. B. Kellogg, Superintendent of Schools, offered the chapter the use of his pond for the raising of trout and the chapter was given the assurance of Mott Bartlett, Commissioner of Fish and Game, that 1,500 six inch trout will be planted the next week.

### N. H. TO FORM DIVISION

Major A. Erland Goyette, Chairman and Algie A. Holt, secretary of the Convention Committee of the newly formed chapters in New Hampshire state have extended a formal invitation to all chapters to attend the convention of all New Hampshire chapters for the purpose of forming a state division. The meeting will be held at Sargent Camp near Peterborough, N. H., September 2nd and 3rd.

### MINNEAPOLIS ON ITS TOES

Judson L. Wicks, president of the Minneapolis, Minn., chapter, reports May and June meetings:

"The May meeting of the Minneapolis chapter was addressed by James O. Heyworth, national vice president, and by Glen Griswold, president of the Chicago chapter. C. T. Jaffray, president of the Soo Railroad, served as toastmaster. Other speakers were ex-Gov. John Lind and James F. Gould, State Game and Fish Commissioner. About 200 were present at the dinner.

"The League of Minnesota Municipalities held its annual convention and exposition this year in Minneapolis on June 14th, 15th and 16th. This organization consists of representatives of about 265 cities, towns and villages. The Minneapolis chapter was asked to present an exhibit and was given a booth for that purpose. A very interesting and attractive exhibit was staged, under the direction of E. M. Dimond, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Bailey, that served to carry the gospel of Waltonism to a particular public well worth reaching. The success of the exhibit was in no small measure due to a loan of bird and animal cases by Dr. Thos. S. Roberts, State Ornithologist and also to the co-operation from National Headquarters.

"The June meeting was a picnic at the Chapter's Hoover Bass Pond, some ten miles south of Minneapolis. About 300 were present. There was a varied program with archery, bait and fly casting, trap shooting, speaking, etc., as features.

"Hoover Bass Pond was stocked this spring with brood fish and everything seems to indicate that next fall we shall have a good yield of fingerling bass for distribution. Our bass pond project is one of the largest in the United States."


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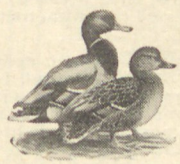

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*Classified for the Convenience of our Readers*

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# CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

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536 LAKE SHORE DRIVE
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GUARANTEED stock. Small size English grey calls and wild grey mallards. These birds are tame and easily handled. Walter Doemel, Harrison & Murdock Sts., Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

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## Dogs

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ARKANSAS best hunting hounds. Extra high class coon hounds $100.00. High class coon hounds $75.00. Extra high class coon, skunk and Opossum hounds $75.00. High class combination tree hounds $50.00. Good average combination tree hounds $30.00 and $40.00. Partly trained. One and two year old hounds $20.00. Coon hound pups $10.00. Extra high class fox hounds $75.00. High class fox hounds $50.00. Good average fox hounds $30.00 and $40.00. Champion Rabbit hounds $20.00. Trial allowed. References in your State. Twenty-two years a shipper. Henry Fort, Fort Smith, Arkansas.

OLD time foxhound puppies selected from the most choice breeding stock of the longest eared and gamiest black and tan type; also other heroic lone-trailing, cold-trailing types, famous since early settler days for their grand voices, salient hound character and sturdy hound conformation, but most renowned for those marvelously developed qualities which enable them to work a trail through where most hounds give up. Stamp for circulars. Address Merritt Bros., Nichols, New York, R. No. 2. (3-9)

SPORTSMEN. Coon-Hunters, fifteen real Bluetick Cooners, none better on water and swamp hunting, $75.00 and $100.00 each. Twenty-five black and tan and redbone Combination hunter's, trained on Coon, Opossum and Skunk, $50.00 and $60.00 each. Old cooners good for a few years' hunting, $40.00 each. Above dogs will deliver the goods alone or in company; all full blood hounds, no trash; every dog tested before being shipped. Catalogue, Photos free; liberal trial. L. J. Adams, Ramsey, Ill.

OAK Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois, offers for sale extra good coon, skunk and opossum hounds; fox, wolf and coyote hounds; rabbit hounds. Also youngsters nicely started, at $15.00 each. High class pointers and setters, foxterriers. Trial allowed. Prices very reasonable. Descriptive price list ten cents. (3x26)

SPORTSMEN. Rabbithounds, gun and field broken, long-eared open trailers, steady drivers, clear voices, price $25 each. Send $5 with order, balance C. O. D. Ten days' trial, no trash, prompt shipment. Write Leo Adams, Ramsey, Illinois.

## Dogs

### Hounds—Continued

SPORTSMAN: I offer you my pair of rabbit hounds for sale, Frank and Bell, 2½ years old. Breeding Kentucky English strain, medium size. O. K. in every respect. All day hunters. Neither man nor gun shy. Will ship anywhere on fifteen days trial. First $30.00 gets them C. O. D. J. M. Erwin, Murray, Ky.

SPECIAL hunting season sale of 25 registered American Foxhounds trained and partly trained on coon, fox or rabbit. Seven special bred litters for your selection. New special mating catalog and sales list 10c. Hermosa Vista Farm, Box 4261, Bannock, Ohio. (3-11)

½ BLOODHOUND, ½ foxhound pups. Take to coon like duck to water or other large game. Will hunt this fall. Price $15.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Stamp. O. A. Ripley, Linden, Michigan. (3-10)

FOR Sale: No. 1 Coon dog 4 years old, full blood hound fast on trail. Extra good tree dog. Guaranteed not to run. Fox, stock or rabbits. Shipped on trial. Noble Cross, Route 9, Mayfield, Ky. (3-11)

PUPS from my Grand-Champion Walker bitch. Sired by a Grand-Champion hound. They make coon dogs. Three months old. Price, female $20.00. Male $25.00. J. A. Craver, Cortland, Ohio.

THE Mt. Yonah Farm Kennels, Cleveland, Ga., offers for sale coon, opossum, skunk and squirrel dogs. Also fox and rabbit hounds. Catalog and special price list free. Trial allowed on all trained dogs.

HUNDRED Hunting Hounds cheap. Trial. Redbones, Blueticks, Blacks, Tans, Spotted. Coon, Opossum, Skunk, Mink, Wolf, Rabbit Hounds. Hunting Supplies. Catalogue. Kaskaskennels, SH25, Herrick, Illinois.

FOR Sale: Coon, skunk, fox and rabbit hounds, trained. Also Youngsters. Ship C. O. D. Trial. Write for prices. W. O. Henson, Xenia, Illinois.

FINE looking high classed hounds, all breeds, noted for voice, earage and hunting ability. Description of fifty hounds ten cents. Lakeland Fur Exchange, Salem, Michigan.

PAIR two year old rabbit hounds, good routers and drivers. C. O. D. $27.50. 10 days trial. O. C. Trobaugh, Millington, Tennessee.

LONG-EARED open trailing, Beagles, Rabbit, fur hounds. List free. Kenneth Plowman, Lakewood, Illinois. (3-10)

RANGER, real coon and O'Possum hound, age four, rabbit proof, extra at tree. $45.00. Trial. C. Hicks, Sedalia, Ky., B 103.

CLAYTON Kennels, Finger, Tennessee, offers coonhounds, combination hunters, rabbit hounds. Trial. Catalog 5 cents. (4-12)

HUNDRED hunting hounds cheap. Hunting supplies. Kaskaskennels, S. H. 25, Herrick, Illinois.

RABBIT hounds, good routers, experienced drivers. All day workers. Sent on trial. Comrade Farms, Galion, Ohio. (3-9)

HOUNDS of honor purple ribbon registered American fox hounds. Honor Kennels, Honor, Michigan. (3-11)

TRAINED coon, fox and rabbit hounds and pups for sale. C. E. Chandler, Sharon Center, Ohio. (3-10)

BEAGLES, rabbit, coon hounds. Trial. M. Baublitz, Seven Valleys, Pa. (4-11)

FIFTY extra well broken rabbit hounds. Harry Welsh, Mayport, Pennsylvania. (3-10)

WALKER Fox Hounds. World's Best hunters. Felix Klein, Hunt, Texas. (3-10)

FOR Sale: Real coon dog. Trial, photo, descriptions. W. E. Hall, McKenzie, Tennessee.

TRAINED rabbit and beagle hounds. Ed. Leichtle, Cold Spring, Kentucky. (3-11)

HUNTING Hounds cheap. Trial. Dixie Kennels, B5, Herrick, Ill. (3-11)

### Labradors

CLASSY Labrador retriever puppies. Also make wonderful sled dogs. G. Bertsch, Glasgow, Montana. (3-10)

## Dogs

### Miscellaneous Dogs

FRYE'S Kennels, Finger, Tenn., offers for sale perfectly trained coonhounds, combination hunters, bird dogs; prices reasonable; sent for trial. Get complete catalogue and how I pay express. (3-11)

FOR Sale. Llewellyn and English Setters. Also rabbit hounds. On trial. Pamphlets free. O. K. Kennels, Marydel, Maryland. (6-9)

FOX terriers, collies, bulldogs, pretty puppies, $10.00 each. Chas. Smiley, Judson, Indiana. (12-5)

GREAT Danes, prize pedigreed, pups $50 and up. Frederikson Great Dane Kennels, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. (3-10)

HUNTING; Toy; Police, Strongheart blood; Wolfhounds. Pauly's Pheasantry, Kahoka, Missouri. (12-11)

FOR Sale. Husky Dogs and Puppies, $40.00 up. Write for information. Arthur Beauvais, Caughnawga, Quebec, Canada.

GREAT Danes, registerable. Tanana Kennels, Steamboat Springs, Colorado. (3-11)

### Newfoundlands

NEWFOUNDLAND Pups—Females only. Registered stock. Large, black, curly. Ready for delivery, $15.00 each. Otto Fritz, Columbus, Wisconsin.

BEAUTIFUL Newfoundland puppies, pedigreed, safest pet and guard for baby. Lone Cedar Farm Kennels, Hartsville, Ind.

FOR Sale. Registered Newfoundlands; great watchdogs and companions; none better. Levi Birky, Pompeii, Michigan.

### Pointers and Setters

POINTERS and setters. Have some extra fine puppies, all ages. Also some partly trained dogs and a few thoroughly trained dogs, in both pointers and setters. All extra fine individuals and the best of bloodlines. They are priced to sell and all shipped on approval. Write us your wants. Oak Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois. (4x27)

THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English, Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeak Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1x25)

60 HIGH class pure bred English Irish Gordon setters and pointers. Broken dogs and young dogs all ages for sale. Some beautiful Stud dogs and bred bitches. Golden West Kennels, Dundee, Minnesota. (3-10)

ENGLISH setter puppies for sale. Three months. $40.00 each. Also female yearling Retriever, broken, $75.00. All registered, healthy, countryrange. A. Bergt, Schuyler, Nebraska.

FOR Sale: English Setter Pups seven months old, registered. Pictures if wanted. $25.00 and $35.00. L. W. Peyton, 407 W. Vernon Avenue, Normal, Illinois. (3-10)

FOR Sale: Four year old male English Setter. Points, backs, finds down birds but will not retrieve. Rare stamina, speed and range. Owner moving to apartment. Sacrifice $65.00. D. P. Johnson, Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin.

FOR Sale: Male Llewllyn setter, four years old, broken. Eighty dollars. 250-3000 Savage A-1 condition, twenty-eight dollars. Arthur T. Hallock, Palmerton, Pa. (3-11)

FOR Sale: Pointers, ten months to two years old. Setters, three years old. Broken. All have been in the Field. John Bowders, State Line, Pa. (3-11)

DARK red Irish Setter Pups. Champion Bran of Boyne breeding, 4 months up. $25.00. Papers. Alva Smith, Clearwater, Nebr. (3-11)

ENGLISH setters three months to one year old, $10.00 to $35.00. John Giblin, Stuart, Nebraska. (3-10)

ENGLISH setter pups, Eugene M. strain, best dogs that ever went afield. H. C. Guinea, Weiser, Idaho. (3-9)

FOR Sale: Irish Setter Puppies, bred and priced right. Hope McDowell, Grove-City, Pa. (2-9)

IRISH setter pups, price $15.00 and $20.00. Write for pedigree. A. Weingartner, Minneota, Minnesota. (3-9)

POINTERS and setters sent anywhere on trial. Write us your wants. McLister Brothers, Brighton, Tennessee.

## Dogs

### Pointers and Setters—Continued

POINTER puppies for sale. Doughboy breeding, eligible, none better. Write for photo and prices. T. R. Lay, Sargent, Nebraska. (3-9)

POINTER pups scientifically bred. Registered proven strains, $35.00 up. Clayton Ansley, Worcester, Mass. (3-11)

REGISTERED and Pedigreed English Setter Bitch, 2 years old, good on quail, $35.00. Lawrence Rippee, Peru, Kansas.

ENGLISH Setter pups, 6 months old. Papers furnished. $10.00 and $15.00 each. Lawrence Rippee, Peru, Kansas.

FARM raised registered pointers, setters, yearling and pups. Approval. J. W. Chapman, Palmyra, Illinois. (3-11)

REGISTERED Llewellyn setter pups. Best of breeding. Prices right. W. Whittingham, Arpin, Wisconsin.

AMERICA'S Best Irish Setters. Finest Puppies. Pedigree, photo, description. Earl Askins, Lakewood, Illinois. (3-11)

POHIC & Comanache Frank breed Pointers, $15.00-$20.00. Lee Nauenburg, Columbus, Nebr.

REGISTERED Pointer Bitch and Puppies for sale at a bargain. W. F. Herron, Houston, Mo.

### Police Dogs

60 POLICE puppies, papers to register, imported and domestic breeding. Sired by nephew of Strongheart. None better bred, all colors. Females $15.00. Males $25.00. Open and bred females. Shipped anywhere C. O. D. on approval. Thomas Dailey, Hannaford, North Dakota. (6-10)

FOR Sale: Pups from a strong, healthy litter of Sheperd Police puppies, sired by Champion Buddy of Swift Run, out of dam of excellent foreign blood lines. Prices reasonable. Write for further information. Nellie Landman, Piqua, Ohio, R. R. 4. (3-11)

FOR Sale: Police pups, grown dogs, bitches, open and bred. Pedigreed Strongheart blood. Shipped anywhere on approval. For particulars and list write Karnak Kennels, Cooperstown, N. D. (3-10)

CHAMPION police puppies above ordinary quality but below ordinary prices. Hermosa Vista Farm, Route 1 AP, Saint Clairsville, Ohio. (6-10)

PEDIGREED German police pups. Females, $20.00; males, $25.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. William Sova, Zumbrota, Minnesota. (3-10)

BEAUTIFUL police dogs, bitches, pups and stud; reasonable. Hedback Kennels, Cumberland, Wisconsin. (3x27)

DOBERMAN-PINSCHERS. Puppies and grown dogs. Reasonable price. Dr. Lueschen, Columbus, Nebraska. (3-9)

GERMAN police puppies, eligible for registration, two to six months old, $25.00 C. O. D. Stanley Jamison, Appleton, Wisconsin. (3-9)

FOR Sale: Imported Police Pups. Good markings. $20.00 each. C. H. Jerdee, Glen Lake, Minn.

### Spaniels

IRISH water spaniels, genuinely curly coated rat-tails. Splendid retrievers, land or water. Wonderful intelligence. Easy trained and handled. All puppies from experienced workers. Also youngsters and trained dogs always on hand. Percy K. Swan, Chico, California. (7x27)

SPRINGER spaniels. A few broken dogs and bitches, also, most promising youngsters. Book on spaniels; their training for sport or field trials. Price 50c. John Stewart, Minot, North Dakota. (3-11)

SPRINGER Spaniel Puppies. Double-cross Dual Champion Horsford Hetman blood. Will make winners and hunters. Cheap prices. Also high-class brood bitches. Frank Finkbine, Storm Lake, Iowa. (3-10)

FOR Sale: Springer Puppies, male and female; sire, champion, Springbok of Ware. Dam, Ch. Yenda of Maple of Maple Grove. Whelped Apr. 5. Some other Springers also. Dr. R. B. Miller, Abilene, Kansas.

## Dogs

### Spaniels—Continued

CHOICE Springers from real field dogs. Blood lines Horsford Harbour and Spring Bock of Ware. Guaranteed to please both as to quality and price. Dr. O. R. Clovis, Canton, Ohio. (3-11)

COCKER Spaniel Puppies, Sired Champion Bellstone Bangson, Dam by Champion Guy Nebo, priced reasonable. B. Wiemeyer, 916 East Chestnut, Louisville, Ky. (3-10)

SPRINGER puppies. Dam, daughter of Horsford Harbour; Sire, son of Flint of Avandale. Inquiries welcome. G. Schuler, Orfordville, Wisconsin. (3-10)

SPRINGER spaniels. Some very choice farm raised pups, registered. $25.00. One trained bitch in whelp, cheap. Ship on approval. H. Robertson, Olivia, Minnesota. (3-10)

SPRINGER spaniel puppies of Beechgrove, Horsford and Avandale bloodlines. Liver and white, nicely marked. Write for particulars. Carl Fletcher, Brookings, S. D. (3-10)

SPRINGER Spaniels. Some fine liver and white puppies sired by "Chief of Iowa." Whelped June first. Chief at Stud. C. F. Widman, McGregor, Iowa. (3-10)

SPRINGER Spaniels. Puppies old enough to work this Fall. Also youngsters and trained dogs. All papers. G. L. Gosney, 130 W. Pattit Ave., Dayton, Wash. (3-10)

SPRINGER Spaniels. Two litters puppies. Real stock, priced right. Two females, nine months old. Tip of Iowa at stud. Fee $25.00. Dr. Grant Newby, Platteville, Wis. (3-11)

TWELVE springers for sale; males and females, open or bred from six months to four years. Two dogs at stud. Fee $25.00. Grant Schopp, Abilene, Kansas.

REGISTERED English Springer Spaniels and Irish Water Spaniels, best of blood lines and from trained hunting stock. Priced reasonable. Pryor & Dosdall, Red Wing, Minnesota. (3-11)

SPRINGER puppies. Best bloodlines. Very nicely marked. $15.00 up. Get photo and pedigree. Liver and White male at stud, fee $15.00. Fred Swanson, Stromsburg, Nebr.

WATER Spaniel youngsters half Irish. Half Cocker. Well bred parents. Retrievers on land and water. Females black or brown $12.50. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-11)

SPRINGER spaniel male pup for sale, 4 months old. Sire Horsford Zig. Dam Barogold. No better field dogs. $35.00. Raymond Smith, Canandaigua, New York.

MUST sell my highly trained Irish Spaniel, 2 yrs. old. A bench winner. Guaranteed. Write for photo, etc. 1121 21st St., Des Moines, Iowa.

COCKER Spaniels, handsome youngsters, from experienced hunters, registered. Peller Farm, Northeast, Pa. (3-10)

FOR Sale. Irish Water Spaniels. Genuine curly coated rat tail strain. C. C. Scharfenberg, Hayward, Wis. (3-9)

FOR Sale: Springer Spaniel puppies out of Avandale stock, Beautiful Pups, Cheap. Leon J. Cherny, Rogers, Nebraska. (3-10)

NORTHERN raised, hardy, Irish Water Spaniels. They find the cripples. M. M. Oliphant, Missoula, Montana. (3-9)

SPRINGER Puppies, 4 months old, for sale. Sired by C. H. Stylish Brand. At stud, Cornhusker Beau. Mahlon Shearer, Hebron, Nebr.

EIGHT Springer Puppies, finely bred, Liver and White. Twenty and twenty-five, delivered. Albert Fogel, Rosholt, South Dakota.

IRISH Water Spaniels. Pups and adults. Finest stock, registered, priced to sell. Walter Magnus, Webster, South Dakota. (3-11)

SPRINGER Pups ready to hunt, priced to sell, shipped C. O. D. Emory Noble, Sinclairville, New York. (3-11)

FOR Sale: A. K. C. Black cocker spaniel, females, 3 years, $20.00 up. L. A. Burkey, Sugarcreek, Ohio.

COCKER Spaniels. Select breeding. Eligible. Farm raised, $10.00 up. Dr. Wooden, Seneca Falls, New York. (3-11)

FIFTY Springers. Send for list. Avalon Kennels (Reg.). Al Nichter, Canal Fulton, Ohio. (3-11)

IRISH Spaniel Pups. Males, $10.00; females, $5.00. Roy Sylvester, Bingham Lake, Minnesota.

## Dogs

### Spaniels—Continued

SPRINGER spaniels, pups, good breeding, papers furnished. Greg Hartmann, Shakopee, Minn. (3-11)

REGISTERED springer spaniel pups, fifteen dollars each. Denver Ackley, Cattaraugus, N. Y.

COCKER Spaniel Pups. Choice breeding. Obo strain. H. M. Butler, Villard, Minnesota.

### Terriers

DARE Devils. (Irish Terriers.) Protection, Playfellow, Pal for Kiddies. Only one man dog, fierce with strangers. Hunter. Noted for Courage and Brains. Litter registered pups for sale, bitch bred to Champion. Red Top Kennels, O. A. Teague, Texas. (4x26)

WIRE Haired fox terriers, classy youngsters, healthy, show prospects by Champion True Sport. Reasonable. Also registered bitch in whelp. Caswell Kennels, Toledo, Ohio. (3-10)

IRISH Terriers. Individuality, gameness. The companion you have always wanted. Registered. Dr. F. G. Dratz, Missoula, Mont. (7x26)

FINE Irish terrier pups by the noted show dog and sire Langolee Rattler. Ellsmere Kennels, Macksburg, Iowa. (3-9)

A FEW choicely bred wirehaired fox terriers. Puppies and grown dogs. Marathon Kennels, Wausau, Wisconsin. (3-10)

### Trainers—Dogs

WANTED: Bird dogs for boarding and training, also spaniels. Yard work and force-retrieving taught; faults corrected in dogs any age. C. W. Tuttle, Ina, Illinois. (4x27)

LET me train ycur bird dog. Paul Otto, Winnfield, La. (3-9)

## Dog Remedies and Supplies

TETRACHLORETHYLENE for worms. A safe treatment for puppies and an effective treatment for grown dogs in cases of hook and round worms and running-barking fits. This new wormer was discovered by the Department of Agriculture and fcund as effective as Carbon Tetrachloride but safer to use in capsules for dogs and puppies. $1.00, postpaid. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (7x26)

WORM your dog, give Revilo the genuine Tetrachlorethylene. Safer and more effective than any wormer yet discovered. Safe for puppies 3 weeks old. Avoid imitations by demanding Revilo—preferred by America's largest kennels. Cures running fits. Assorted capsules for dogs and puppies, $1 postpaid. Bulk prices sent on request. Oliver Products Co., Dept. 18, Quincy, Illinois. (8x27)

KEN-L-DEN scientific, modern dog house. Free, illustrated literature. Kennel Gardens, St. Clairsville, Ohio. (3-9)

REGISTER your dog. Application blanks and rates for stamp. American Dog Breeders Stud Book, Waterloo, Iowa. (3-11)

## Firearms and Ammunition

HUNTING scopes, cleaning rods, Watson sights, bolt-sleeve sights, target scopes and reloading tools. Any folder free. Complete handbook 50c. Belding & Mull, 832 Osceola Road, Philipsburg, Pa. (3-10)

CLOSING out entire stock of genuine Mauser and Mannlicher rifles, Sauer shotguns. Lowest prices in the U. S. Send stamp for list. Baker & Kimball, 38D South St., Boston. (6-1)

EXPERT gunsmithing. Restocking to order from five to eight dollars. Thirty-five years experience. Work guaranteed. William Tietz, So. St. Paul, Minnesota. (3-9)

THE Ovr-Unda gun for trap or field—the greatest improvement in a sporting gun in a generation. Circular on request. Baker & Kimball, 38D South St., Boston. (6-1)

WALNUT gun cabinets—Beautiful high light piano finish. Direct factory prices. Illustrated folder free. Corbett Cabinet Company, St. Marys, Pa. (3-10)

OVERSTOCKED, 30-06 cartridges, $2.50 per 100. D. O. Amstutz, Ransom, Kansas. (3-10)

RIFLE Telescopes for hunting and target. Send for catalog. Malcolm Rifle Telescope Co., Auburn, New York. (3-10)

SEND 10c for printed firearms list. Over 100 new and used guns. N. P. Frayseth, Milan, Minn.

## Fish and Game Attractions

HOW to attract ducks. Grow their favorite foods—Terrell's Wild Rice, etc., in your waters. Seeds for every condition ready for Fall Planting. Write for free illustrated booklet giving expert advice on what and where to plant. Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 63 L. Blk., Oshkosh, Wis. (3-11)

MINNESOTA giant wild rice seed. Write for special price for immediate delivery. MacGregor-Dennerly Company, Aitkin, Minnesota. (3-10)

WILD rice seed. Minnesota Wild Rice Co., Laporte, Minnesota.

## Fishing Tackle and Bait

ANIMATED weedless bucktail and feather Bass flies, $6.00 per dozen; or your ideal from sample or faithful description at reasonable prices. Geo. F. Reinhardt, 1908 Washington Ave., Kansas City, Kansas. (3-10)

BASS Flies, 25c value, assortment of 18, $2.00. Trout Flies, 10c value, asscrtment of 25, $1.00. Guaranteed satisfaction or money back. Eastern-American Mdse. Co., 2621 Olive Street, St. Louis, Missouri. (3-9)

BEST yet, catfish bait, a little better than the best. Doughbait and prepared liver for throw lines. Price 50 cents each prepaid. Dealers wanted. W. W. Hughes, Bayard, Nebraska. (3-9)

CATFISH will bite. Send 50c for secret how to prepare a natural bait. No drugs or anything to buy. Bait easily gotten and prepared. Guaranteed or money back. Carl A. Haberlein, McPherson, Kansas. (5-9)

SOUR clams, best catfish bait, two pounds postpaid, $1.00. Doughbait, guaranteed for carp, two pounds postpaid, $1.00. Curtis Grigg, Hopkinton, Iowa. (3-11)

ANGLEWORMS. Anytime. Formula 10c coin and stamp. Merrill Holmes, Bradford, Ill. (3-9)

GUARANTEED anti-backlash attachment for any reel. $1.00. Circulars. Reel Co., Windfall, Indiana. (3-11)

## Food Products

SPRUCE Gum. Refined from high grade stock fresh from Maine forest. Twenty 5c packages to box, $1.00 postpaid. Eastern Gum Company, Monson, Me. (3-11)

## Forest Tree Nurseries, Plants, Etc.

ALL kinds of evergreens for forest planting. Provide cover for game at a profit to yourself. Write for price list. Keene Forestry Association, Box 378, Keene, N. H. (3-10)

NOW is the time to plant Iris for next season's blooms, 15 hardy, assorted colors, $1. A. Stiles, 76 Bleeker St., Newark, N. J.

## For Sale or Exchange

WANTED to trade, musical instruments, fancy radios, watches and jewelry, typewriters, for Guns and Diamonds. Valuable stock available. Honest dealings. John S. Redshaw, Granville, Illinois.

BARGAINS in new and used guns, binoculars, watches, diamonds. I buy, trade or sell. List free. Robert G. Parman, Arkansas City, Kansas. (3-10)

## For Smokers

PIPE Smokers: Join thousands smoking Scotch Clayschaum pipes. No nicotine bite or parch. Healthy, satisfying, economical. Six, $1.00; three, 50c; two, 35c, post paid. Send postal for description. Clayschaum Pipe Company, Importers, 448 Park Road, Dept. K-2, Washington, D. C. (3-11)

SEND 10 cents silver or stamps for sample package 20 finest quality mild cigarettes. Large tin special smoking tobacco sent for 10c. Direct-to-smoker. French Tobacco Company, Dept. E, Statesville, North Carolina. (3-10)

## Game, Birds and Animals

WE offer extra fine, dark, Northern Minnesota Muskrats from our Battle Creek and Pine River Muskrat Ranches, for breeding stock, for delivery during 1928. $25.00 per pair for single pairs. Special prices for quantity contracts. All orders will be taken care of in the order received. Ten Thousand Lakes Fur Farms Corp., R. F. D., Lake Elmo, Minnesota. (9x27)

CANADIAN Government Registered silver black foxes. 15 years raising foxes. Easy terms. Priced according to age and pelt value. $300 to $700 a pair. Pelts bring $100 to $400 each. We buy all the pelts you raise. Valley Silver Fox Farm, T-2, St. Stephen, N. B. (3-10)

SUPERIOR strain in blue fox. There is a difference. I went to Alaska and personally selected foundation stock, all females had pups in 1925 and 1926 average nine pups. These foxes were selected for dark color; if you want quality fox, write for folder. Superior Fur Farm, Big Bay, Michigan.

ALL Star Silver Foxes. First selection litters. All related to All Star "Sybil," World's Champion. We can supply you with blue foxes, mink, raccoon, chinchilla rabbits, muskrats. Correspondence solicited. Minnesota Silver Fox & Fur Company, 835 Charles St., St. Paul, Minnesota. (3-11)

POULTRY, Pigeons, Canada Geese, Callers, Mallards, Peafowls, Stocking Pheasants and Games. Deer and fur-bearing animals. Milk Goats. Jersey and Holstein cattle. Pauly's Pheasantry, Kahoka, Missouri. (12-11)

LOOK Sportsman: Wild Canada geese $7.00, Mallards $2.00, Black Ducks $5.00, English Callers $4.00 each. Also game Birds, Animals. Claude Clinton, Olive Branch, Ill. (3-11)

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this magazine how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Quebec. (6-10)

SELLING ranch raised mink. Highly illustrated book on building pens and caring for animals mailed for $1.00. Davis Fur Farms, Inc., St. Johnsbury, Vt. (3-11)

FOR Sale: Mink, squirrels, raccoons, foxes, ferrets, muskrats, ginseng, rabbits, skunks, wolf puppies, opossums. B. Tippman, Caledonia, Minnesota. (3-10)

FOR Sale: Northern Mink, young or old, proven breeders; also Raccoon, Muskrat, Red and Cross Fox. Comfrey Fur Farm, Comfrey, Minnesota. (3-10)

RACCOONS—Dark Northern Illinois and Wisconsin Raccoons for fur farming or pets. $50.00 per pair. Elmer Johnson, Hinckley, Ill. (3-10)

MINKS, Raccoons, Skunks. Best foundation stock. Instructive, interesting catalog 10c. Shady Fur Farm, Springfield, Minnesota. (3-11)

GUARANTEED, Genuine Little English Call Ducks. Japanese Silkie Bantams. Audley Russell, Tekemah, Nebraska. (3-10)

MINKS—Best Northern Mississippi Valley Minks. Orders taken any time. Cold Spring Fur Farms, Box E, Homer, Minnesota. (3-10)

RAISE muskrats: Mink, raccoon for big profits. Write, Fur Farms Bureau, London, Ontario, Canada. (3-9)

LIVE muskrats, black or brown, and a new trap for catching them alive. W. A. Gibbs & Son, Dept. D-9, Chester, Pa.

SILVER foxes, highest quality, sturdy, prolific breeders. Money makers. Bert R. Pope, Ogdensburg, New York. (3-11)

FOR Sale: Buffalo, black tail deer, all kinds animals. Johnson Auction Company, Canton, Illinois.

PHEASANTS. Golden and Amherst. Also Japanese Silkie Bantams. S. M. Snyder, Metamora, Ill. (3-11)

## Golf Equipment

FOR Sale: We manufacture full line golf clubs; woods, two fifty; irons, two dollars. Also leads, shafts and grips. I. R. Longsworth Co., Somerset, Kentucky. (3-9)

## Help Wanted

FOREST Rangers, Border Patrol Inspectors, Railway Mail Clerks and other Government positions; $1,500 to $3,000 yearly. Vacancies soon. Particulars free. Write, Mr. Ozment, 119, St. Louis, Mo. (11x26)

MEN wanting outdoor work, qualify for forest ranger position. Start $125 month; cabin and vacation; patrol the forests, protect the game; give tourists information. Write Mokane, Dept. M-17, Denver, Colo. (12-7)

DETECTIVES earn big money. Excellent opportunity. Work home or travel. Experience unnecessary. Write George Wagner, 2190 Broadway, New York, N. Y. (3-10)

MEN, get Forest Ranger job; $125-200 month and home furnished; permanent; hunt, fish, trap. For details write Norton, 249 McMann Bldg., Denver, Colorado. (3-11)

## Indian Goods

BOW, Arrows, $1.60; Beaded Fobs, $1.00; War Clubs, Belts, Moccasins, $4.50; Dozen Arrowheads, $2.50; Beaded Hatbands, Headbands, Necklaces, $2.75; Eagle Feather War bonnets, $15.50; Everything in Ancient and Modern Indian Handicraft. Navajo Blankets. Birchbark Canoe, Catalog 25c. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. OA, Harbor Springs, Michigan. (5x26)

INDIAN Crafts: Send for list of guaranteed hand-made Indian pottery, basketry, buckskin work, woven goods, beadwork, coin-silver jewelry, weapons, birchbark articles, etc. Reservation Prices. Address Mille Lacs Indian Trading Post, Onamia, Minn. (3-10)

## Insurance

WANTED: 10,000 Sportsmen in every State to buy our Special Personal Accident Policy covering accidents while hunting and fishing, including the travel hazard. $1,000 Death Indemnity and $10.00 weekly for Total Disability. Only $1.00 for 12 months protection in a reliable company. It is a remarkable offer. Send $1.00 today with name, address and age. Your policy will be forwarded immediately. "It's worth it, and more." Allen Registry Bureau, Telegraph Bldg., Harrisburg, Pa. (3-11)

## Miscellaneous

SALMON and trout fishing, also elk and stag shooting, interesting offers on application. Reliable information and service from experienced salmon fisher. Personally shot 76 elks. Best references. Bernhd Brekke, Trondhjem, Norway. Established 1880. (12-10)

I TEACH coyote fox trapping, snaring, poisoning. Dozens of successful people started with my instructions. I handle scent. Circulars explain everything. Will Tyson, Kimama, Idaho. (3-11)

WATERWEEDS removed easily and effectively from any lake, pond or river. Write for particulars. Aschert Bros., 309 East 36th Street, Los Angeles, Calif. (3-10)

DON'T suffer. Ingrowing nails and all foot ailments corrected. Twenty years experience. Write Eatons Foot Specialties, D25, Bandon, Oregon. (3-11)

MEXICAN Jumping Beans (alive) Nature's Greatest Curiosity, 3 for 25c or 20 for $1.00 postpaid. Swinden Supply Co., Tilton, N. H.

MINERAL rods on positive all money back guarantee, if not satisfied. Write T. D. Robinson, Box 87-D, Elgin, Texas. (3-9)

CAPITAL. For copy of "The Promoters' Hand Book," a leaflet on financing, send $1.00 to Amster Leonard, East Orange, N. J. (3-11)

PLEASANT Root inexpensively overcomes any tobacco habit. Send address. Paul Stokes, Mohawk, Florida.

## Music and Musical Instruments

CORNETISTS - Trombonists - Saxophonists - Clarinetists. Get "Free Pointers." Name instrument. Virtuoso School, Buffalo, 49, N. Y. (3-11)

## Outing Equipment

RAINPROOF, Rainproof. Do your own proofing with Showerite. Any cotton or woolen goods—men's suits, pants, caps, tents, covers, women's outfits, etc. Not injurious to cloth or color—invisible. Merely soak articles in solution, then dry. Sheds rain like duck's back. Enough to proof entire outfit, postpaid, $1.00. Warranted money back. Utex Chemical Co., 13 Barton Avenue, Utica, N. Y. (3-11)

## Patents

PATENTS. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Send drawing or model for search. Watson E. Coleman, Registered Patent Lawyer, 724 Ninth Street, Washington, D. C. (4x26)

## Pigeons

QUALITY pigeons at reasonable prices. Carneaux, Homers, and eight other varieties. Show birds; stock birds; and youngsters. Write me your wants. W. V. Moore, Sterling, Illinois. (3-10)

## Poultry

LEGHORN pullets soon ready to lay, $1.50. Ella Whitwood, Hudson, Illinois. (3-10)

## Printing, Stationery and Rubber Stamps

MR. WALTONIAN—why not place your printing orders with a firm whose members are Waltonians? This is a positive guarantee that we stand four square behind all our work. We print anything from a card to a carload. Samples free. Waverly Publishing Co., Box OA, Waverly, Iowa. (3-10)

200 SHEETS and 100 envelopes, printed, $1.00. Write for samples. J. Brooks, Printer, 9 Race St., Glasgow, Kentucky. (3-9)

250 LETTERHEADS and 125 envelopes, $1.50, postpaid. Oberman Company, Box 1268, Chicago. (3-11)

500 3-line gummed labels, 30c. Wesley Moore, Martinsville, Ind. (3-11)

## Rabbits

WILD Rabbits. Jacks and Cottontails. Can furnish any number in season. It is getting late, order now. Earl Johnson, Rago, Kansas. (2-10)

MAKE Big Money. Raise fur bearing rabbits. All breeds from prize winning stock. Reasonable prices. Fraverd Rabbitry, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

RAISE rabbits. It pays. Buy pedigreed stock. Illustrated book 10c. Maikranz Rabbitry, New Bethlehem, Pa.

CHINCHILLA Rabbits, Pedigreed. Ten dollars a pair. Henry Rudge, Naturalist, Great Barrington, Mass.

## Real Estate

HAPPY Hunting Grounds. For a small amount insure yourself virgin trout and steel head fishing and big game hunting for the rest of your life. In Central Idaho there is a tract larger than many European Nations that is practically a wilderness. The human population is too small to be computed, the animal population is many thousands. The "River of no Return" flows through this district. I have for sale the only deeded tract in six thousand square miles of this territory. I am well qualified and will superintend developing and maintaining summer homes and hunting lodges. Plane landing on property at small cost. E. C. Pence, 114 E. Randolph St., Huntington Park, Calif.

FOR Sale: I have a very desirable property for rich man's summer home, 35 acres, well timbered with second growth. 1,100 ft. frontage on fine lake, with Musky and Pipe fishing, and fine deer hunting. This tract can be made into an elegant park. In Vilas County, Wisconsin. Write for description and prices to J. H. Weckerly, Whitewater, Wisconsin.

FOUR lakes, 920 acres, North Central Michigan. Wonderful hunting and fishing. Big game and fish. Splendid for resort. Accessible to two Michigan Main Trunk Line Highways. About 5 miles frontage. 20% down, 4 years for balance. G. M. Porter, Muskegon, Michigan. (3-11)

313-9/10 ACRES on railroad and Kootenai River opposite Roosveldt Highway. Natural Deer and Bighorn Sheep reserve. Three sides join Forest reserve. Ever running spring; many buildings; no debt. Price $5,500.00. Elmer E. Ellsworth, Ural, Montana. (2-9)

LOG cabin, forty acres on Flambeau River, Northern Wisconsin, twelve miles from Fifield. Reached by auto. Muskalonge, partridge, deer. One thousand dollars cash. The Flambeau Fishing Club, 222 East Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio. (3-10)

## Real Estate—Continued

FOR Sale: Lake Winneconne, Wis., near Oshkosh, 270 ft. frontage; 3 buildings suitable for family, club or resort. Will divide. Best fishing and canvas back hunting in state. Wm. Wendt, 1338 Irving Park Blvd., Chicago.

3,000 ACRES in Northern Michigan, 3 Lakes, 5 miles lake frontage. $25,000.00 worth of buildings on place. Game and fish on place. Terms. Can be divided. Write Moore & Son, Milford, Michigan. (2-10)

FOR Sale: Lake front lots. Gun Lake, Mason County, Michigan. High wooded banks. Sandy Beach, good fishing, trout streams nearby. Wild and beautiful. Free circular. Hotel and club sites. Isenbarger, Freesoil, Michigan. (2-9)

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks, $100.00, hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (6-12)

SELL your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., 530 Brownell, Lincoln, Nebr. (3-10)

CLEAR title to small house, close to fresh and salt water fishing. Near Tampa, Florida. $350.00. O. E. Lehenbauer, Owner, Ponca City, Okla.

## Stamp Collecting

100 DIFFERENT stamps free to approval buyers. Postage 3c. Write now. Wineholt Stamp Co., Woodbine, 14, Pennsylvania. (3-11)

STAMPS: Mission stamps, mostly U. S.; many precancelled. 1¢, 45c; 5¢, $2.00. Cole, 3019 Wallace Street, Chicago. (3-11)

STAMPS sent on approval. Premiums given. Philip Peyser, 2216 Wyoming Ave., Washington, D. C.

300 DIFFERENT stamps and premium, 10c. Central News, Watertown, South Dakota. (3-9)

## Taxidermy

MUSK Ox head, rare chance. Improved imported glass eyes for taxidermists. Uncalled game heads at cost. Prof. Stainsky's art in taxidermy has world-wide reputation. Colorado Springs, Colorado. (3-9)

TAXIDERMISTS—Mount that next head, fish or bird on American Beauty panels. Your customer will appreciate the difference. Catalogue free. Nippon Panel Co., Williamsport, Pa. (3-10)

F. SCHUMACHER & SONS, Manufacturers of Glass eyes for taxidermists. Taxidermist's supplies. Indian beads, furriers' supplies, 285 Halladay St., Jersey City, N. J. (3-11)

HIGH grade fish mounting. Zoller, Taxidermist, 1102 W. 63rd St., Chicago, Illinois. (3-9)

## Wanted

WANTED to Buy, newly mounted wild game rugs, mounted specimen wild game, anything rare, and reasonable. Sporting Goods Store, Granville, Illinois.

WANTED tarpon rig, prefer Vomhofe. Herbert Griswold, Springfield, Illinois. (3-10)

CASH paid for butterflies, insects. See Sinclair's advertisement on page 72. (5-12)

## Wearing Apparel

REAL Harris Tweed. The Cream of Scotch Homespuns. Direct from the Makers. Best quality only. Suit-lengths available in a large variety of lovely colors. Samples Free on stating shades desired. Newall, 162B Stornoway, Scotland. (12-12)

## Write Your Classified Advertisement Here

**Izaak Walton League**
**536 Lake Shore Drive**
**Chicago, Illinois**

**Classified Advertising Rate**
15c per word for one insertion. 30c per word for three consecutive insertions.

I enclose $_____ for the following classified ad to run _____ times in Outdoor America starting in the _____ issue.

_____

_____

_____

_____

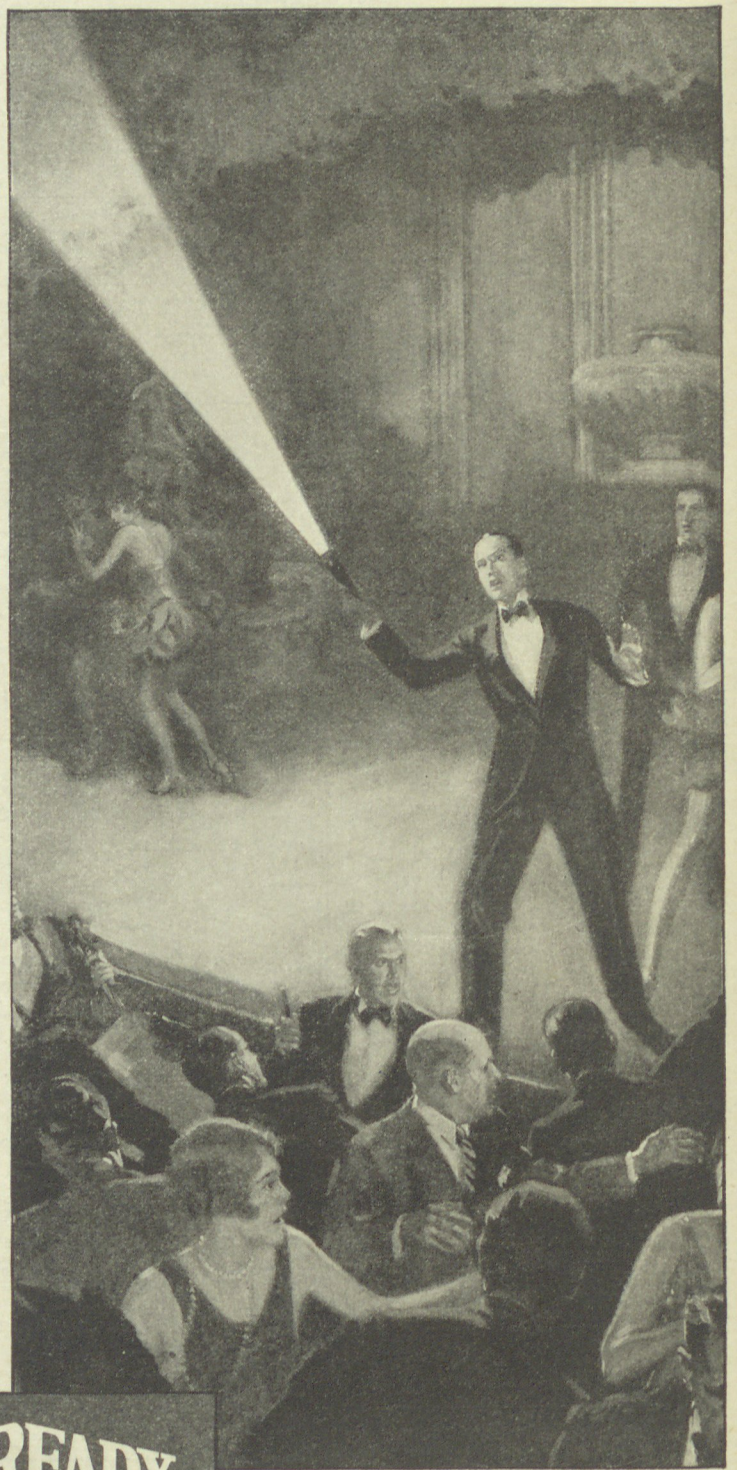
_____

_____

_____

*Ad must reach us by September 5th to appear in October issue.*

# —and then someone SHOUTED "FIRE!"



IT WAS the night of the Club's annual show. The auditorium was simply jammed. Right in the middle of the performance all the lights went out! . . . There were the usual cat-calls, followed by giggles.

*And then someone shouted "Fire"*

Instantly the place was in an uproar. I reached in my coat-pocket for my Eveready flashlight and sprang to the stage. Pointing the light straight at the ceiling, I cried, "There *is* no fire—everything is all right. Look—" and I traversed the light all over the hall.

The effect was magical. The people quieted down and resumed their seats. In another moment, the lights came on again. "You averted a panic," people told me afterward. I said, "Thank you, but the real credit belongs to this little flashlight."

An Eveready Flashlight is always a convenience and often a life-saver. Take one with you wherever you go. Keep it really *ever ready* with fresh Eveready Batteries — the longest-lasting flashlight batteries that can be made. Genuine Eveready Flashlights are $1 and up.

NATIONAL CARBON CO., Inc.
New York San Francisco

UCC
*Unit of*
*Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation*

**EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES**
*–they last longer*

A THOUSAND THINGS MAY HAPPEN IN THE DARK

# —for Rifle Cleaning

## Here's the REAL ROD

(A19)

**No Wobbling—**
**No Bending—**
**No Coming Apart in the Barrel**

**The Secret is in the Steel Swivel and Steel Joint Connections**

# MARBLE'S

## JOINTED RIFLE ROD

**Made of Brass with Long Steel Joints**

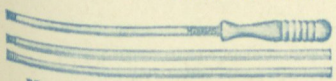
No one-piece rod ever had a better backbone than this Marble Jointed Rod. It won't bend or break in use. It never wobbles or binds in the barrel. It tackles the job of cleaning with a sureness that winds it up in a hurry. The shaped wooden handle fits the grip just right and projects beyond ferrule so you won't mar the muzzle when you push the rod through the barrel.

And down there at the last joint is a priceless feature that has spared riflemen many an explosion of temper. It's the Marble Steel Swivel. Here is a steel roller bearing that withstands the hardest pulls and thrusts and prevents unscrewing of joints. It is a "happy find" for any man who uses a rifle and the cost is but a trifle more than you would pay for an ordinary rod. Made in 2 sizes. Each rod complete in cloth bag with jagged and slotted tips and attachments which make rod fit any size or make of cleaner.

**No. 9622—For .22 and .25 cal. Lengths, 26, 30 and 36 in. Price, $1.25.**

**No. 9728—For .28 cal. and up. Lengths, 26, 30 and 36 in. Price, $1.25.**

For sale by Leading Dealers, or sent postpaid at above prices.



**Marble's Shot Gun Cleaning Rod**

No. 400, made in 3 sections from ¾ in. solid light metal. Light as wood and stronger. Joints heavily threaded. End knob holds rag for cleaning and oiling. Threaded to fit all standard cleaners. Complete in bag. Price $1.00.

**Marble's Rifle Cleaner**

A very soft and flexible brass gauze cleaner that follows the twist and reaches into every angle of the rifling, rapidly removing all lead, copper, rust or powder residue. State calibre of gun. Price, 50c. For shotguns, 75c.

**Marble's Combination for "Good Gun Care"**

Marble's Anti-Rust Wicks and Nitro-Solvent Oil. Easy to use and sure in results. Saturate wick with Nitro-Solvent Oil—pull into barrel and leave there when gun is not in use. Remove and gun is free from rust and ready to use. One oiling of wick will last a year.

Marble's Anti-Rust Wick. Mention caliber or gauge. Price, 60c. For revolvers, 35c.

Marble's Nitro-Solvent Oil, price, 3 oz. can, 30c—postpaid, 40c.

**MARBLE ARMS & MFG. CO.** **5731 Delta Ave. Gladstone, Mich., U. S. A.**

*Western Distributors:*
McDonald & Linforth
Call Building, San Francisco, Calif.

*Canadian Distributors:*
The Fraser Co., 286 St. James St., Montreal
R. H. Conley, 405-A Travelers' Bldg., Winnipeg

FOR EVERY HOUR IN THE OPEN

**Marble Arms & Mfg. Co.,**
**5731 Delta Ave., Gladstone, Mich., U. S. A.**

Gentlemen: Send me Free Book of Marble's Outing Equipment.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

# Remington

## Wise Old Honkers Take Notice!

ONLY young geese will sail into the decoys within easy range. The wise old honkers know where safety lies. That is, they *knew* until Remington Nitro Express shells were developed to upset their experience. Nitro Express Loads will twist up a goose or a greenhead in the air *yards farther away* than you ever before thought reasonable. They will reach and nail the high fliers. Even with their greater range Remington Nitro Express shells give perfect patterns and uniform velocity because they are loaded on the Remington Game Load principle.

Your dealer has them.




*Visit your dealer during Remington Sportsman's Week—October 17th to 22nd.*

THE Remington Model 11 Autoloading Shotgun is the leading shotgun made for waterfowl—the choice of the discriminating hunter. It delivers five hard-hitting shots in rapid succession. Special Remington features and fine construction and rigid inspection insure certainty of operation. You'll get more birds and fewer cripples with a Remington Model 11 Autoloader.

Write for literature on Remington Game Loads.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, INC.

Dept. 9-OA, 25 Broadway *Established 1816* New York City

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REMINGTON UMC

Rifles Ammunition Shotguns Game Loads Cutlery Cash Registers Service Machines